June 23, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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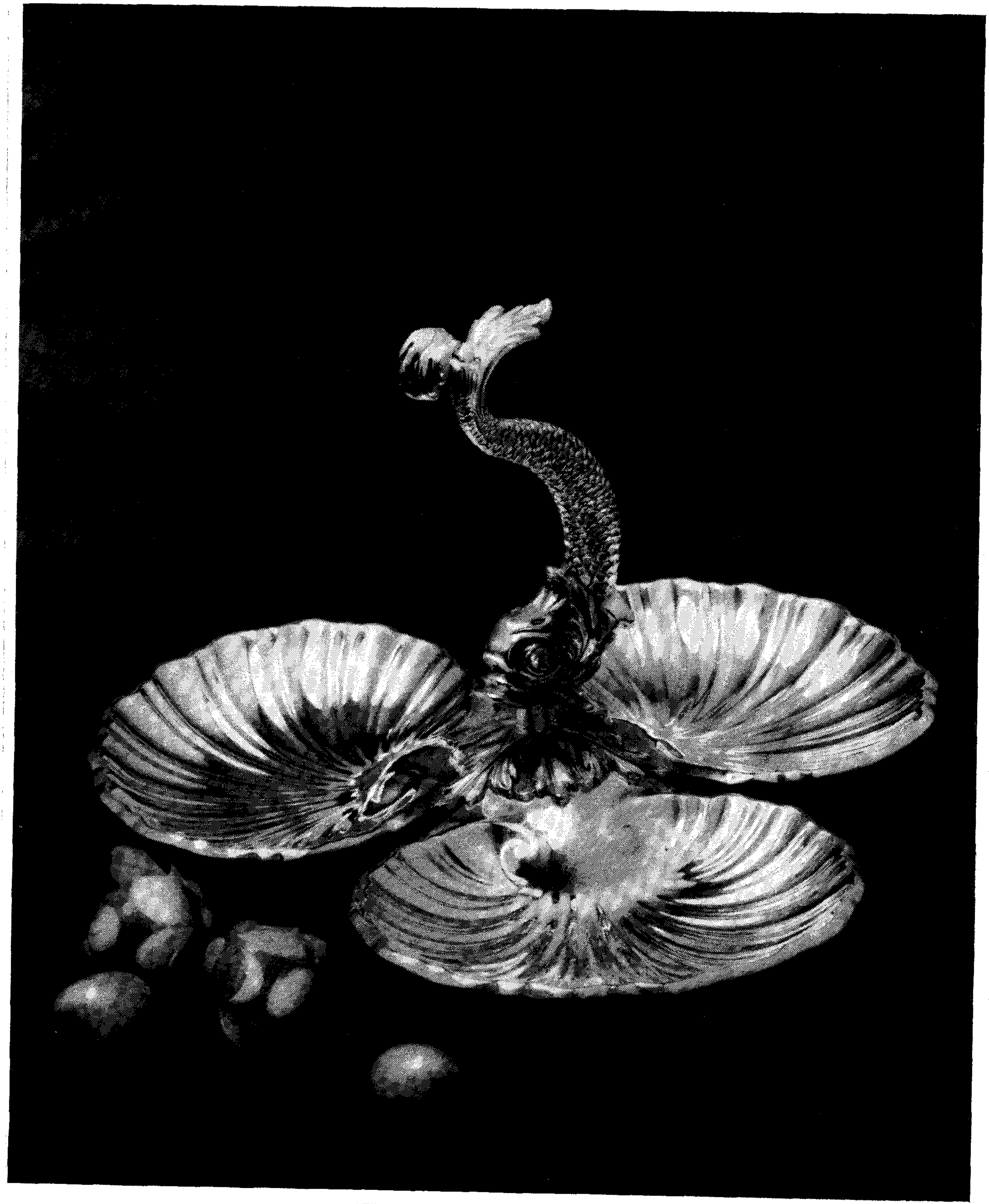

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked, and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is truly mad. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between *6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Thursdays through* Saturdays at 7. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

Antiques—A revue with music and lyrics by Alan Greene and Laura Manning. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Changing Room—A team of mumbling, down-at-heel, semi-professional Rugby players undress and put on their gear and play a match and take off their gear and shower and sing and go home. Little nourishment is to be got from overhearing them, though the cast is able. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cyrano—A musical that doesn't improve on the original heroic comedy by Rostand. Christopher Plummer plays the poet-soldier and failed lover with suitable pomp and authority. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. May close Saturday, June 23.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—The final performances in a six-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Wednesday through Sunday, June 20-24: Israel Horovitz's **SHOOTING GALLERY**, at 7:30.... Irene Fornes's **MOLLY'S DREAM**, at 8.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 7:30 and 10, and Sunday, June 24, at 8: A staged reading of Israel Horovitz's **THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX**. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Lois Nettleton and Robert Forster (who have just replaced Rosemary Harris and James Farentino), is the final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and John Gavin. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called

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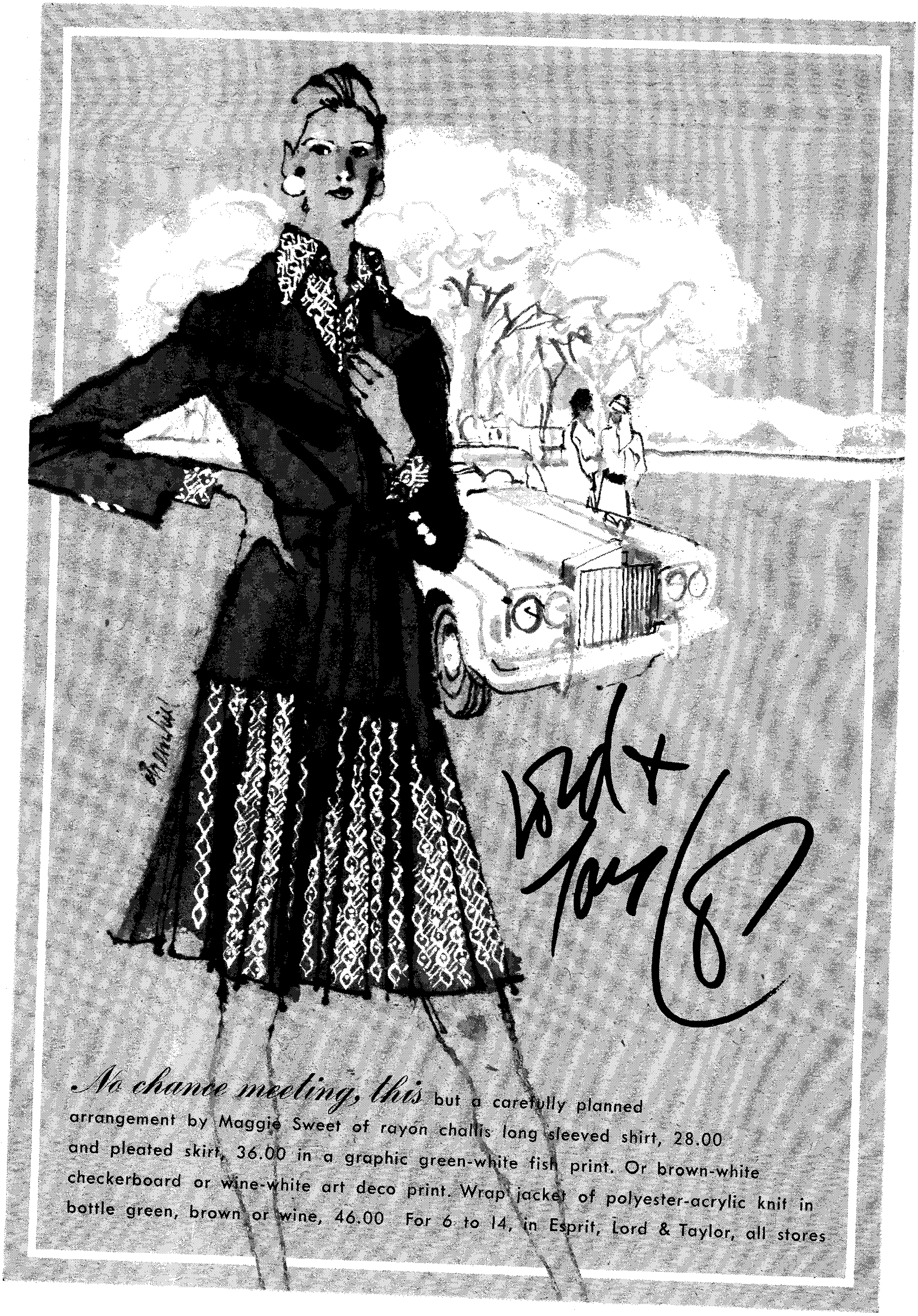

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for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Uncle Vanya—George C. Scott, Nicol Williamson, Julie Christie, Elizabeth Wilson—don't stop! we're only half way—Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, Lillian Gish, and Cathleen Nesbitt in a well-nigh perfect production of Chekhov's sad, funny play. The director is Mike Nichols. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 28.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Nicol Williamson's Late Show—A four-week engagement of his one-man show of songs, poetry, and, as he calls it, "all that jazz." Previews Friday through Monday, June 22-25. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 26. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Nightly, except Sundays, at 10:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WPA Theatre—A four-week festival of sixteen new plays by American, Canadian, English, German, and Israeli playwrights. Five or six plays will be given every night, so the schedule is involved; a phone call to the box office is the best solution. On Saturday, June 23, and Saturday, June 30, all the plays will be given seriatim in a single evening—and night and, no doubt, morning. (WPA Theatre, 333 Bowery, between 2nd and 3rd Sts. GR 3-9345. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,470 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. Starting Monday, June 25, Gabriel Dell and Rosemary Prinz will succeed Mr. Elizondo and Miss Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 20, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Serenade in A," "Pas de Deux," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Thursday, June 21, at 8: "Illuminations," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Scènes de Ballet," "Duo Concertant," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Saturday, June 23, at 2: "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Episodes."...¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Serenade in A," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2."...¶ Sunday, June 24, at 1: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "Duo Concertant," and "La Valse." ...¶ Sunday, June 24, at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Serenade in A," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:** Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, at 8; Saturday, June 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 1, at 1 and 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Bolshoi Ballet and Bolshoi Dance Academy—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, July 22—Tuesday, June 26, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010) and Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, at 8: "Ballet School," "Chopiniana," and "Highlights."...¶ Saturday, June 30, at 2 and 8: Act II of "Giselle," "Highlights," and "Walpurgis Night." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Barbara Carroll—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, from nine to one, through Saturday, June 23.

Wild Bill Davison—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Cornet, with Ed Hubble, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Leeman, Jerry Fuller, and George Duvivier. Nightly, from eight to one.

Blossom Dearie—Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Singing at the piano, between six-thirty and eight, Thursdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505.) Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet that features Slam Stewart and Jo Jones. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio, Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, from ten to three.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, Tuesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven thirty.

Charles Mingus—Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Bass, leading a quintet, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine.

Max Roach—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Drums, leading a quintet. Monday through Friday, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, from nine, beginning Monday, June 25.

Sonny Rollins—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor sax, leading a quintet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, June 26.

Jimmy Rowles—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with Larry Ridley and Mel Lewis, from nine to one, beginning Tuesday, June 26.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five, through Saturday, June 23.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, June 24.

Joe Williams—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Wednesday through Friday, June 20-22, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, June 23, from nine.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew is a trio led by bassist Herman Wright. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Au Sous Sol, 100 W. 72nd St. (874-6606)—**JAZZ UNDERGROUND:** An elaborate recreation basement, this large room has stucco and wood-panelled walls, plus an air-cooling system that competes with the music. Bright pianist Danny Mixon will appear with his trio beginning Tuesday, June 26, and starting Friday, June 29, Betty Carter will put in her inventive vocal stylings. This is audible Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-fifteen to four (three on Saturdays); a Haitian band plays for dancing on Sundays, ten-fifteen to four; no music Mondays. Snacks.... **BILL'S PLACE** offers a respectable Haitian cuisine in a spiffy setting. Trombonist Dick Griffin and his quintet fill the small room with big

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DATSUN
SAVES

sounds Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, followed by the quartet of electric pianist-conga drummer Errol Parker on the Friday and Saturday of June 29 and 30. Music on Fridays from ten-fifteen to four and on Saturdays from ten-fifteen to three.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Pianist Barry Miles, a harmonic construction worker, leads a combo when Murray McLauchlan, a Canadian singer-guitarist, finishes his set. Through Monday, June 25. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The kitchen smothers the pork chops, and the music of saxophonist Sonny Red's quartet smothers the clientele, through Saturday, June 23. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the duo of Mike Abene on piano and Harvey Schwartz on bass from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, pianist Bill Rubenstein plays from nine until one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night, through Saturday, June 23, when he finishes up for the summer. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot showcasing the talents of young stride pianist Brooks Kerr, who plays with trombonist Mathew Gee Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the Victor Borge of Lake Charles (La.) blueswomen, has returned to the limelight, singing and playing piano with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Sundays, pianist Keith Dunham rules the room. Still another pianist, Roland Hanna, applies himself to the keyboard with forceful dignity from three to seven on Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, some not.) Folksingers Mark Ross and Jean Monteray and comedian Carl Waxman all share the facilities through Saturday, June 23. Tuesday, June 26, marks the opening of trumpeter Enrico Rava and his quartet and Joe Gallivan, who solos on Moog synthesizer. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 24, between five-forty-five and eight-thirty, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Cole Porter songs. On Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Currently, a feast: Electric pianist Hampton Hawes and his trio alternate with singer Joe Williams, who has the blues every day. They all will pack up their suitcases and move on down the line after Saturday, June 23. Drummer-mentor Max Roach and his latest quintet and a quartet under tenor saxophonist Turk Morrow enter Monday, June 25. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, from eight until two, Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a big band.

Horn & Hardart, 104 W. 57th St. (489-1414)—A room (the Automat) with a view (the Ritz Thrift Shop). The big space is filled with the Latin sounds of Sweet Lucia, a group under the leadership of Juan and Lucia Santana, Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, from ten to two. Dubious snacks.

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Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts warms the bench. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) does sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—As farsighted as it is far-out, this club seriously cultivates the very best younger musicians working in the city (e.g., Gary Bartz and Norman Connors) and older, more established ones, too (McCoy Tyner and Clark Terry). The music is original, enthusiastic, and very satisfying. Currently featured is organist Charles Earland, who will remain with his band through Sunday, June 24. Mondays belong to composer-saxophonist Frank Foster and his quartet, and to singer Joe Lee Wilson. Music from nine until three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge and his crew cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Larry Davis, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Monday's feature is the trio of singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A beach hut of sorts that might have been intended to attract the New York surfing crowd, had there been one. Crowds, however, *are* lured by an impressive roster of mostly top-notch blues-and-rock artists. On Tuesday, June 26, flashy British singer-organist Brian Auger will carry on with his trio, Oblivion Express. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Singer Tommy Kaye and his band trade sets with the Texas folksinging duo Gladstone; Kaye and company leave after Sunday, June 24, while Gladstone hangs on to the mikes through Monday, June 25. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

ZOO SHOP
LION H
ELEPH
H. Martin

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—The **blue room cabaret,** executed in early Clockwork Orange, offers various rock bands and other groups nightly from ten until two. Should the music ever grow slow, one can always check out the other entertainments in this theatre complex or browse in the boutique.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. Brothers Happy and Artie Traum have a good time playing good-time music, as does folksinger Allan Taylor, Thursday through Monday, June 21-25. On Tuesday, June 26, miscellaneous elements will form a jam session. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. The proficiency of Barbara Carroll is aided by a bassist from nine to one through Saturday, June 23. On Tuesday, June 26, California-based Jimmy Rowles, a pianist of long-standing stature, moves in with two super sidemen—Mel Lewis on drums and Larry Ridley on bass. On Monday nights, a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Chico Hamilton, the organic musician, energizes his trio Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, from ten to three. No live music Sundays through Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz, the latter offered by singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jim Ryan. Entertainment Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Mondays, Nina Sheldon, a straightforward young pianist, plays from seven until twelve, assisted by a bassist. No music Sundays.

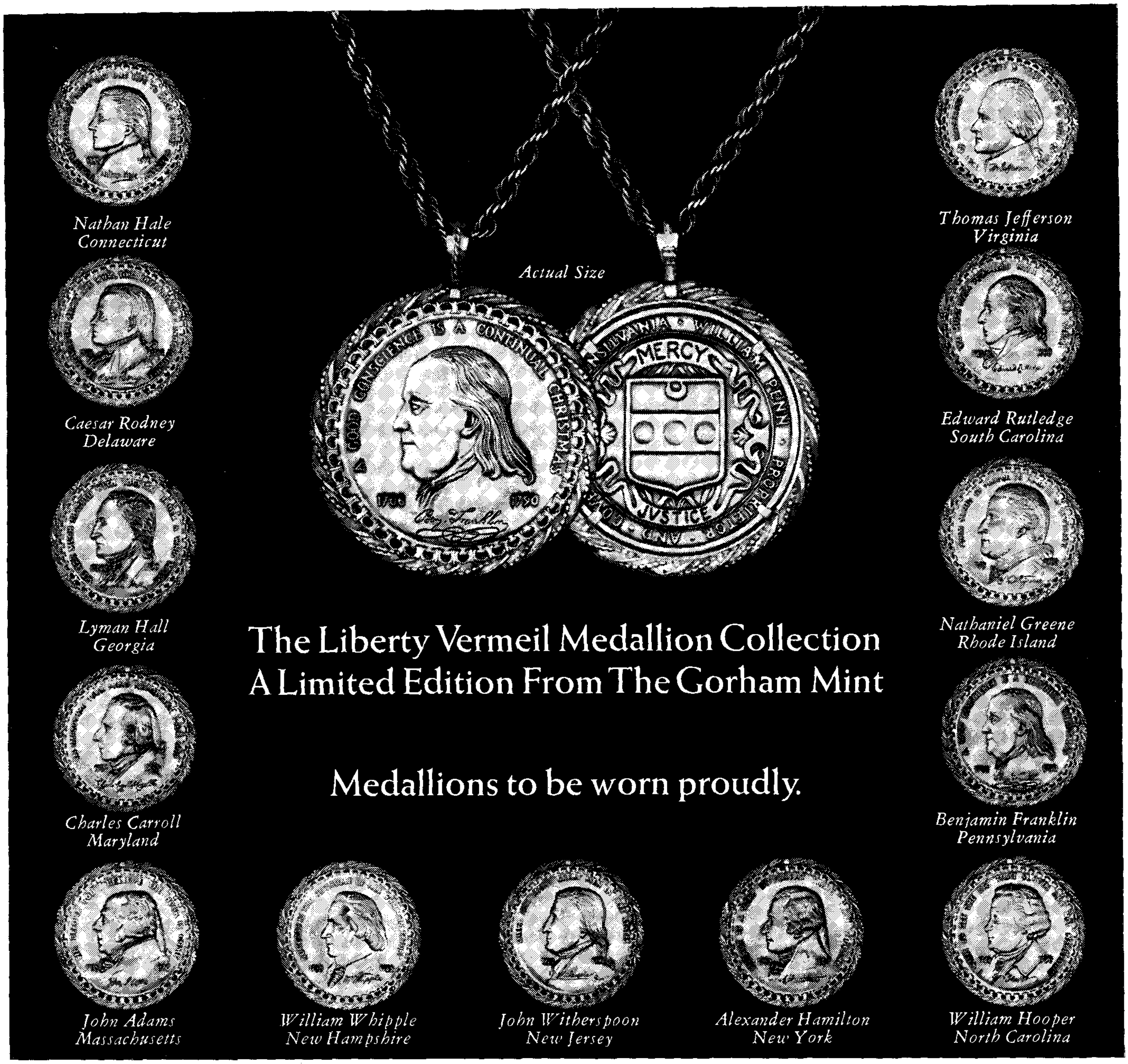
Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A conscientious cabaret. Lee Horwin, a blues singer with a powerhouse voice, joins the permanent cast of singer-host Jimmie Daniels, a man of effortless urbanity; pianist Sammy Benskin, a musician of taste and wit; and clown-guitarist Tiger Haynes. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Mr. Benskin and Mr. Haynes play intermittently from seven-thirty to one. Singer-pianist Barbara Williams and a bassist play Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-forty-five to seven. On Mondays, new talent can be seen. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair as she does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. When Bucky Pizzarelli, who gets ample sounds from his solo guitar, takes five or so, Karen Akers, a folksinger, fills in, from nine-thirty until one. Monday nights, singer Sandra Jordan presents a talent show. No music Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A find for those in the neighborhood, this small, friendly, easygoing establishment remains relatively undiscovered. Pianist Jimmy Sidey works with a trio Friday and Saturday, June 22-23. The following week, on June 29 and 30, vibist Akbar Kahn and his trio perform. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

happens that makes a lot of other singers sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant Thursdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight. She does it concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—The place is nothing much to look at, but Charles Mingus's quintet is a strong reminder of the days when this old establishment was known as the Five Spot. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress continues its tradition of presenting top-flight jazz. The J.S. Blue Trio, which plays a variety of instruments in a variety of ways, shows off its versatility every night except Wednesdays, when harpist Daphne Hellman's trio plays. Joining the proceedings Thursdays through Sundays, June 21-24 and June 28-July 1, is the fifteen-piece gospel aggregation Revelations. Music from about ten. Sundays come alive at five, when Brownie's Revenge, a twenty-nine-piece band, blasts away with many fine solos until eight. On Monday, June 25, from eight to one, Jazz Interactions presents its last monthly concert until the fall with two quartets—Stanley Turrentine's (Turrentine on tenor sax, Harold Mabern on piano, Lisle Atkinson on bass, and Eddie Moore on drums) and the Babs Gonzales Expubidence (Gonzales singing, pianist Luis Ruiz, bassist Wilbur Little, and drummer Ronnie Coles).

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—McCoy Tyner and his quartet end their rhythmic incantations Sunday, June 24. Sonny Rollins, whose methods are frequently utilized by other aspiring saxophonists, takes charge of a quintet starting Tuesday, June 26. On Mondays, which are all too rare, the impressive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation finds its chairs and lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not as serious but every bit as intense is the bright, direct delivery of singer Dee Dee Bridgewater. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, Tyree Glenn's septet alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays. The Steele trio goes it alone on Sundays. The music begins at seven-thirty weekdays, and at five-thirty Sundays.

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Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Muchachos de San Juan bound onstage to sing and dance for both dinner and supper; they are counterbalanced by Puerto Rican singer Sophy. On Thursday, June 28, Mexican singer Chucho Martinez will replace Sophy. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE**, there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, there are song recitals by Marilyn Johnson at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis and Barry Levitt are on the bandstand, heading up their dance crews. Saturday, June 23, ends the current season of this establishment. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A New Orleans Jazz and Food Festival is currently in session, and the entertainers involved are Wild Bill Davison and his Dixieland All-Stars, singer-strutter Ellyna Tatum, and pianist Dill Jones. On Monday, June 25, "Sounds of Satchmo," a program of recordings by Louis Armstrong, will be added. The music runs from eight to one. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Buddy Greco's world begins and ends in show business, which is why he knows what it takes to bring a tune to life, liberty, and happiness. He moves out of the **MAISONETTE** on Saturday, June 23, when the room shuts down for the summer. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the next-door sylvan glade, violinist Jani Sarkozi plays for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Robert Goulet will end his dinner and supper song sessions in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, June 23, after which the Room will close for the season.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Robert Beauchamp—Large oils on canvas by this artist of high-pitched and fantastic subject matter; through July 31. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Robert Breer—Five fibre-glass columns that move about the premises, by a leading maker of self-propelled sculptures; through Sept. 21. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jack Bush—Shapes in color on one-color ground by a Canadian; through Friday, June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures, done since 1939, of animal forms and abstractions; through Friday, June 29. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—Table pieces by the noted British sculptor; through Friday, June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Small Expressionist collages with suggestions of landscapes and sea; through Friday, June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through Wednesday, June 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Herman Herzog (1831-1932)—Romantic landscapes by an artist who was born in Germany but became an American and lived here about sixty years; through Saturday, June 30. (Chappellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, June 30. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Howard Pyle (1853-1911)—Selections of paintings and drawings by one of America's foremost illustrators and teachers; through Friday, June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit retrospective covering sixty years of his paintings; through Saturday, June 30. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; through Thursday, June 28. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dick Stark—Drawings by a physician, including a thirty-foot ink drawing of the East River shoreline from the Battery to Gracie Mansion; through Saturday, June 23. (Thomson, 19 E. 75th St.)

Tomasello—White constructions with cubes; through Saturday, June 23. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ABERBACH**, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Twentieth-century artists—Picasso, Bacon, Schiele, Botero, and others; through Wednesday, June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by eight women, among them Perle Fine, Sylvia Sleigh, Buffie Johnson, and Pat Losch; through Wednesday, June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 23. . . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Dearing, Evans, Gorchov, Jensen, and Pozzi; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Gallery artists; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A benefit show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings relating to the work of Stravinsky, Diaghilev, and their collaborators, by Picasso, Bakst, Larionov, Roerich, and others; through Friday, June 22. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings on the theme of the torso, ranging in time from Greece and Rome to such modernists as Maillol, Arp, Magritte, Archipenko, Giacometti, and de Kooning; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: New works by gallery

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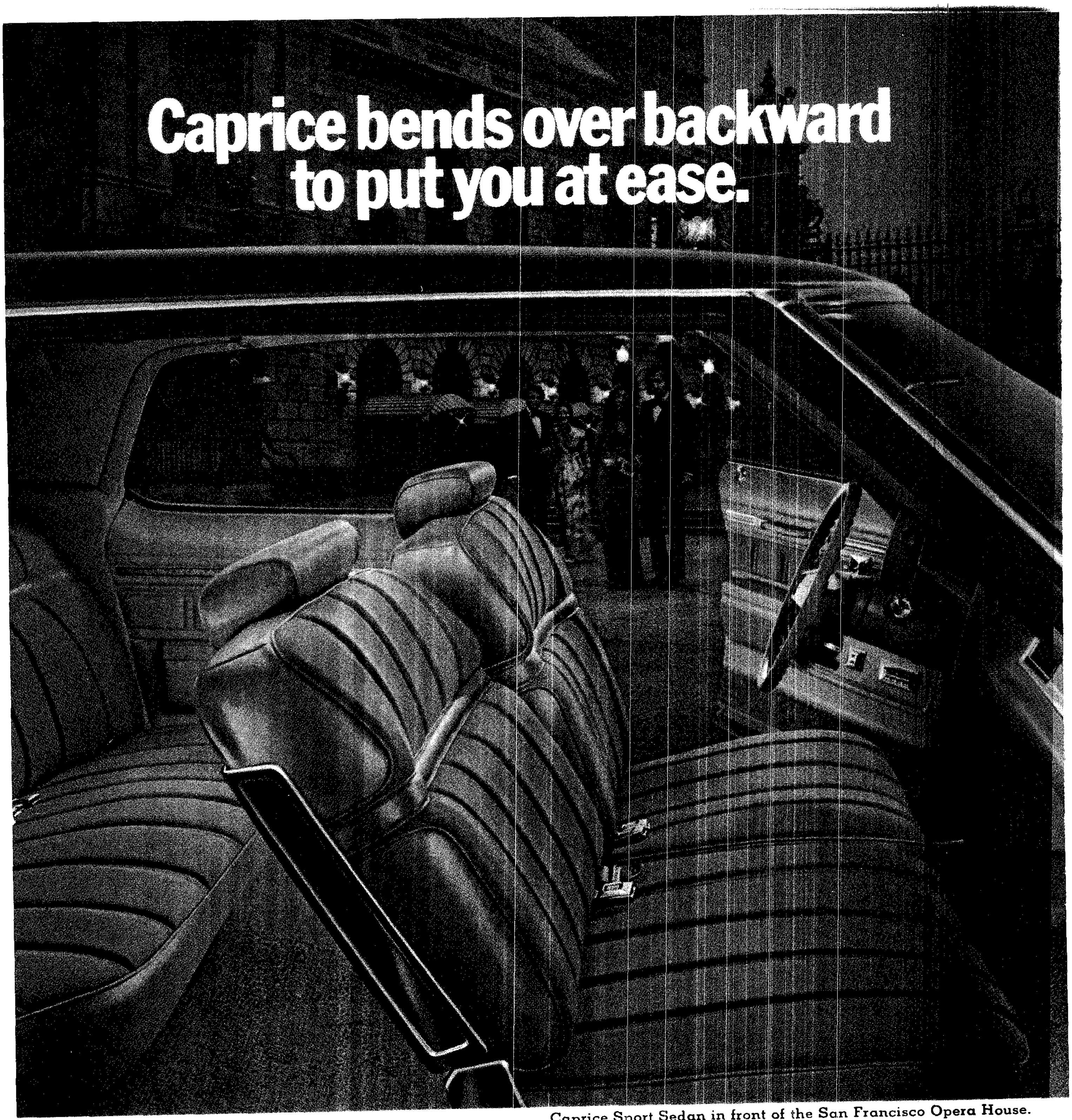

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artists Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych; through Friday, June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and others; through July 13. (Closed Saturdays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A changing exhibition of paintings by Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, Burgoyne Diller, and others; through Friday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Natalie Bieser, William Geis, Jack Tworkov, and others; starting Saturday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A hundred and fifty-five oils, watercolors, and sculptures on themes of the West, by Catlin, Remington, Russell, and others; through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists, including Alechinsky, Jorn, Bury, and Antes; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Robert Vickrey; starting Tuesday, June 26. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **MYERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small paintings by gallery artists, among them Red Grooms, Neil Welliver, Margot Stewart, and Victoria Barr; through Friday, June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century Western European bronzes with emphasis on techniques of casting; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The season for the exhibition of new talent is upon us, and the following galleries are showing it: **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Saturdays.... **HARTLEY**, 50 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays, open Thursday evenings, 7 to 9.... **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.; closed Saturdays. ... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays.... **KOTTLER**, 3 E. 65th St.... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.; closed Mondays.... **55 MERCER ST.**; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRASSAÏ—An exhibition of seventy photographs, most of them black-and-white and taken in Paris during the thirties, by one of the Big Three (with Cartier-Bresson and Kertész) of modern European photography; through Aug. 19. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety in April; through July 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

EIKOH HOSOE—A series of small black-and-white photographs of parts of one or two naked bodies, called the "Embrace" series. Also on view is a group of anecdotal pictures from a surrealistic series called "Kamaitachi," which look like stills from a mythic Japanese movie; through Saturday, June 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE—A number of now historic series of motion studies, taken in 1872 and using animals and people. Also, large, painterly views of Yosemite National Park. Through Saturday, June 30. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Polaroid photographs by Paul Caponigro, Michael DiBiase, Minor White, and twenty others; through Friday, June 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9....¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through July 1.... ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Sixteen paintings from the middle of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth on the theme of nudes in landscapes; among the paintings are Rubens' "Venus and Adonis," Cézanne's "Bathers," and Carpaccio's "Meditation on the Passion." Through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through Aug. 1....¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26....¶ More than a hundred and twenty works on paper, from drawings and watercolors by van Gogh to examples of symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Cubism; through Aug. 19....¶ A hundred boots that Eleanor Antin has been moving around various parts of the United States; also photographs of the adventures of these boots in New York and California, and photographic picture postcards in landscapes and odd situations. Through July 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, June 27) is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty paintings by fifty American artists of the nineteenth century, depicting the image and the myth of the West; among the artists are Bingham, Bierstadt, Catlin, Cole, and Eastman. Starts Tuesday, June 26. ...¶ Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through Sunday, June 24....¶ Two hundred and twenty drawings by eighty-seven contemporaries, among them Twombly, Tworkov, Oldenburg, Joan Mitchell, and Agnes Martin; through July 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

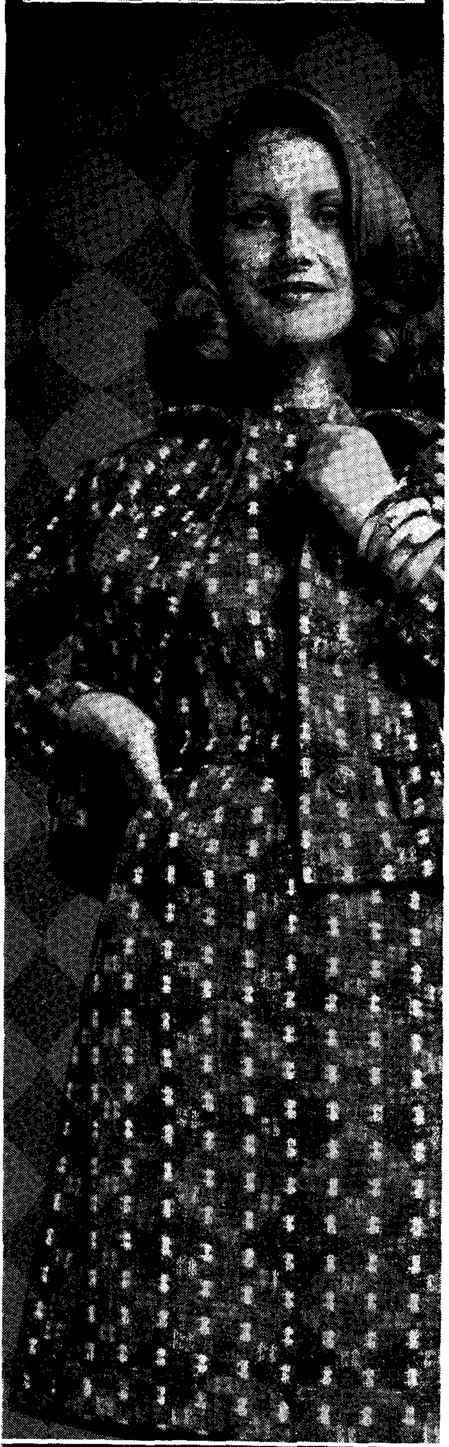
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Approximately ninety oils, watercolors, and drawings by William Trost Richards (1833-1905), an American landscape and marine painter; through July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family; through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dance Collection in the past ten years; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—"Mathews: Masterpieces of the California Decorative Style," which amounts to no more than Art Nouveau tempered by the California latitudes. *Arthur Mathews was Lucia* Mathews' art teacher before their marriage; through July 8. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, collages, and other items made by inmates of the prison in Auburn, New York; through Saturday, June 30. . . . ¶ About eighty experimental ceramic works that incorporate unusual materials by twelve young Canadian artists; through July 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of works by and about Copernicus, celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; included are a first edition of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium," as well as works by Galileo, Newton, and Kepler. Through Saturday, June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription festival—Wednesday evening, June 20: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, and Richard Best; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, John Macurdy, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Robert Goodloe, Andrea Velis, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

FESTIVAL CASALS OF PUERTO RICO—At Carnegie Hall, the last two in a series of concerts—Thursday, June 21, at 8: Victor Tevah conducting, with Luciano Pavarotti, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Alexander Schneider conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Jaime Laredo, viola.

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Everett Lee conducting, with Duke Ellington, pianist-composer. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, June 24, at 3.)

RECITALS

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in a program entitled "The English Victorians." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. *Wednesday, June 20, at 5. No* tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL–NEW YORK—The opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place all over town. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 29, at noon: Gato Barbieri, Charles Lloyd, Gerry Mulligan's Age of Steam, and others. (Wollman Rink.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 7:30: Benny Goodman quartet, plus Ruby Braff and George Barnes. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 6 and 10: B. B. King Blues Barn, with B. B. King, Muddy Waters, Big Mama Thornton, and others. (Philharmonic Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at noon: "Guitar Explosion," with Roy Buchanan, Larry Coryell, Tal Farlow, and others. (Wollman Rink.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 6: Donny Hathaway and Herbie Mann. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 10: Donny Hathaway and Black Heat. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 7:30: Sonny Rollins, Gil Evans, Keith Jarrett, and Mary Lou Williams. (Philharmonic Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 7: New York Musicians Jazz Festival, with Roy Brooks' Artist Truth, Ray Nance, and others. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: "Jazz—the New Generation," with Valerie Capers conducting the Manhattan Contemporary Jazz Ensemble Workshop. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at midnight: A jam session with Roy Ayers, Bobby Brookmeyer, Don Cherry, Jimmy Garrison, Stan Getz, and Roy Haynes, plus a couple dozen others. (Radio City Music Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

NIKKI GIOVANNI—Singing and reciting her latest poetry, with gospel numbers by the New York Community Choir (directed by Bennie Diggs), plus Melba Moore and Wilson Pickett. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—With Jim Dawson. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, June 23, at 8.)

SAVOY BROWN, MANFRED MANN, AND ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 23, at 8 and (plus Status Quo) at 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

THE TEMPTATIONS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 23, at 8.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND AND FABULOUS RHINESTONES—Academy of Music. Tuesday, June 26, at 8.

COUNTSMEN—Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Buddy Tate, Jo Jones, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Jones. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. Tuesday, June 26, at 7:30. For tickets, call 477-9894.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Saturday, June 23, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Charles Russo, clarinet, and Anthony Miranda, French horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 5:30 Margharita Hastings directing the Musica Reservata in an a-cappella program of Renaissance music from the courts of Northern Italy. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in a program of music from Czechoslovakia, with Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 5:30: A piano recital by Gary Graffman. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses for the evening performances leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, at six-thirty; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Sunday, June 24, at 8: The Temptations and Bobby Womack. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: B. B. King and Weather Report. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by the Nikolais Dance Theatre will open the season. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, at 7:30; Saturday, June 23, at 2; and Sunday, June 24, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 29, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 30, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Monday, June 25, at 8:05, and Tuesday, June 26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, June 27, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, June 28, at 2:05.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 28. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 23, and the Saranac, Saturday, June 30. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2;

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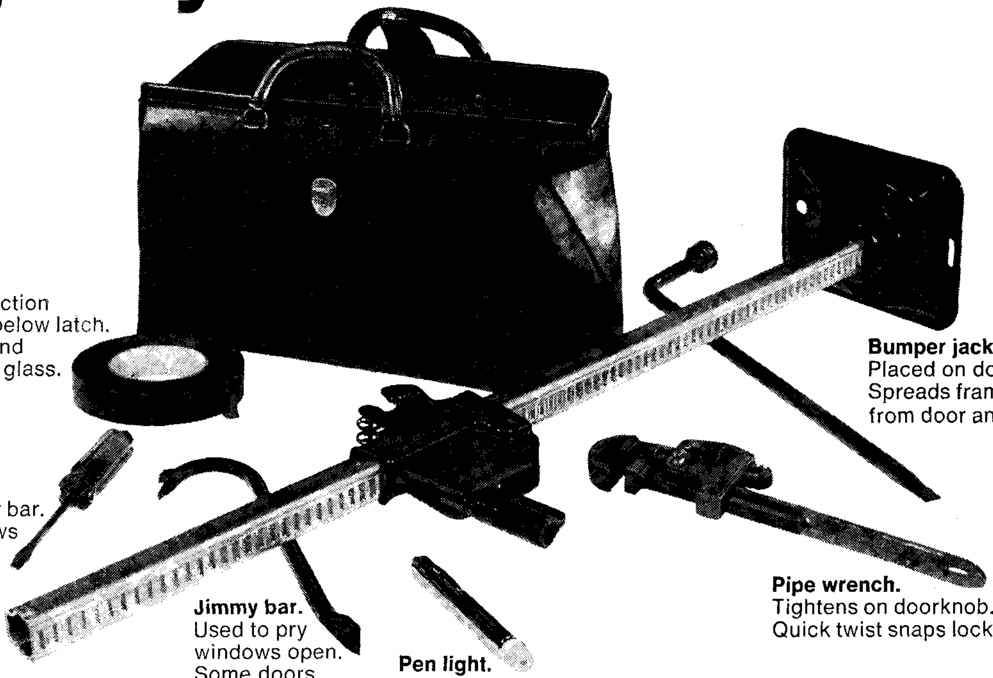

Tape.
On small section of window below latch. Muffles sound of breaking glass.

Bumper jack.
Placed on door frame. Spreads frame away from door and lock.

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Pipe wrench.
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Jimmy bar.
Used to pry windows open. Some doors. Noisier.

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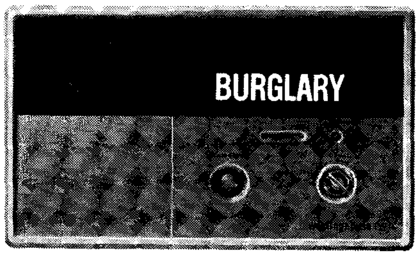
Pinpoints light on specific area. No shadows. Hard to detect.

can't compare with the tools we use to keep him out



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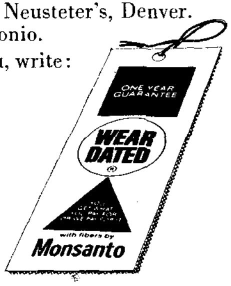


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Tuesday, Aug. 28. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 30.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 24.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 23.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 22), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from a number of owners.... ¶ Friday, June 22, at 10:15: English pottery, Chinese Export porcelains, and glass; from many sources.... ¶ Friday, June 22, at 2: American and English country furniture, from several owners.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 20 at 5:30: "Taxi" (1953), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Dan Dailey and Constance Smith.... ¶ June 21 at 5:30: "Grass" (1925), directed by Merian Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack.... ¶ June 21 at 8 and June 22 at 2: "Yellow Cruise" (1936), directed by Léon Poirier.... ¶ June 22 at 5:30 and June 23 at noon: "The Revolt of the Fisherman" (1934), a Russian film, directed by Erwin Piscator; English and Danish titles.... ¶ June 23 at 3: "Dead Birds" (1963), directed by Robert Gardner.... ¶ June 23 at 5:30: "Yellow Cruise" (1936).... ¶ June 24 at 12:30 and 3: "White Mane" (1953), directed by Albert Lamorisse.... ¶ June 24 at 5:30 and June 25 at 2: "Dead Birds" (1963); and "The Healer" (1972), directed by Tom Cohen.... ¶ June 25 at 5:30: "The Miao Year" (1968), directed by William R. Geddes; and "Gypsies" (1972), from the Documentary Film Studio in Warsaw.... ¶ June 26 at 2: "Too Busy to Work" (1932), directed by, and with, Will Rogers.... ¶ June 26 at 5:30: A program of five short films by Scott Bartlett.... ¶ June 27 at 5:30: "Too Busy to Work" (1932).... ¶ June 28 at 5:30: "The Miao Year" (1968) and "Gypsies" (1972).... ¶ June 28 at 8: "Salamou" (1970), in French, directed by Nicole Echard, no English titles; "Behind the Veil" (1972), directed by Eve Arnold; and "Joyce at 34" (1972), directed by Joyce Chopra and Claudia Weill. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 21: "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed and written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward and Julie Haydon.... ¶ June 22: "In a Lonely Place" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.... ¶ June 23-24: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant.... ¶ June 27-28: "Scarlet Street" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett and Edward G. Robinson. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, Cornell, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (except June 23). No Mondays. On Friday, June 22, at 6 and 8, special screenings of films by Higgins.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

SCHNEIDER/CASALS/STERN—Alexander Schneider conducting the Festival Casals Orchestra, with Pablo Casals, cello, and Isaac Stern, violin. (Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Friday, June 22, at noon.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Kathleen Widdoes, Raul Julia, Susan Browning, Douglas Watson, and John Harkins in **AS YOU LIKE IT.** The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start Thursday, June 21, and will run through Saturday, July 21. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, June 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Tuesday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 28), "Fledermaus" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, John Stewart, Robert Goodloe, and Nico Castel; conducted by Jan Behr.... **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 28), "Tosca," with Phyllis Curtin, Richard Tucker, Morley Meredith, and Richard Best; Ignace Strasfogel.... **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 29, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Fledermaus" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, John Stewart, Robert Goodloe, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr.... **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Saturday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Tosca," with Phyllis Curtin, Richard Tucker, Morley Meredith, and Richard Best; Ignace Strasfogel.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 20—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 22, at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays—except Thursday, June 28—and Sundays, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a single Guggenheim Memorial Concert on the Mall. (Thursday, June 28, at 8.)

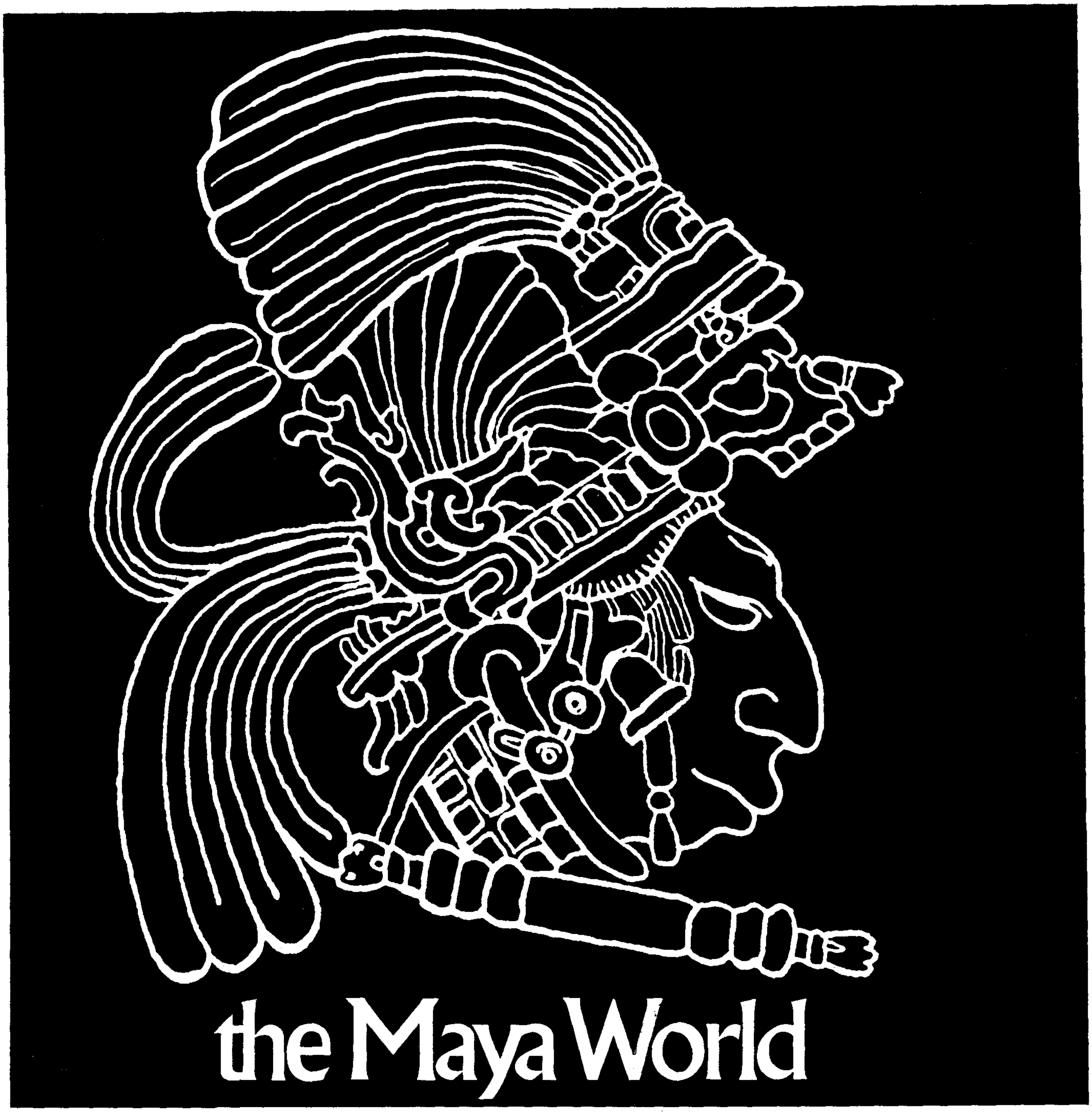
WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Friday, Sept. 7. Wednesday, June 20: Bill Cosby and Little Anthony & the Imperials.... ¶ Friday, June 22: Blues Project Reunion (Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, and others) and the Roche Sisters.... ¶ Saturday, June 23: Lee Michaels and Terry Reid.... ¶ Monday, June 25: King Crimson and Jo Jo Gunne.... ¶ Friday, June 29: Quicksilver Messenger Service and Malo.... ¶ Saturday, June 30: Chambers Brothers and Sons of Champlin. (Evenings at 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **CAROUSEL**, with John Cullum, Barbara Meister, and Eileen Schauler, is this summer's production. Opens Friday, June 22. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"The Classical Bronx," a conducted tour, with get into stride on Sunday, June 24. Meets at the top of the stairs at the Burnside Avenue-New York University station stop of the East Side I.R.T. at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 838-7262.

FLEA MARKETS—**ANTIQUE FAIR AND FLEA MARKET** (Shea Stadium parking lot): Sunday, June 24, from 10 to 6.... **NEW YORK FLEA MARKET** (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Sunday, June 24, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 23: "The Band Wagon" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
June 24-26: "Chained" and "When Ladies Meet."
From June 27: "20 Million Sweethearts" and "Bright Lights."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 26: "Cries and Whispers," "Something for Everyone," and "Women in Love."
From June 27: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Cries and Whispers" and "The Wild Child."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 21: "The Legend of Hell House."
From June 22: "Tom Sawyer."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Interval."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 26: "The Heartbreak Kid."
From June 27: "Live and Let Die."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last of Sheila."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Doll's House."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 26: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From June 27: To be announced.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Touch of Class."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through June 26: "Trader Horn."
From June 27: "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Shaft in Africa."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 26: "Sounder."
From June 27: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"O Lucky Man!"

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 25: "Scarecrow."
From June 26: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
June 20: "Red Psalm."
June 21-27: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Emperor of the North Pole."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Hireling."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Blume in Love."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 26: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 27: "Slither."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Super Fly T.N.T."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Super Fly T.N.T."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 21: "The Legend of Hell House."
From June 22: "Tom Sawyer."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sound of Music."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Day of the Jackal."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Day of the Jackal."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 26: "A Warm December."
From June 27: "Live and Let Die."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Coffy."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Shaft in Africa."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 26: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 27: "Live and Let Die."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 26: "The Women."
From June 27: "Money, Money, Money."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 26: "L'Amour."
From June 27: "Putney Swope" and "Greaser's Palace."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Let the Good Times Roll."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 26 at one or another of the theatres: "Ludwig" and "Fortune and Men's Eyes"/"Slither" and "Little Murders"/"Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"Open City" and "My Night at Maud's" (through June 23)/"Bay of the Angels" and "The Organizer" (June 24-26).
From June 27: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through June 26: "Soylent Green" and "Silent Running."
From June 27: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Fellini's Roma."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 26: "Dirty Little Billy" and "The New Centurions."
From June 27: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 26: "The Nelson Affair."
From June 27: "Cinderella" and "Charley and the Angel."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through June 27: "Mary Poppins."
From June 28: "40 Carats."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 26: Three Chinese documentaries—"Acupuncture Anaesthesia," "Historical Relics," and "2100 Year Old Tomb Excavated."
From June 27: "Playtime."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 21: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 22: "Tom Sawyer."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 21: A Russian film festival.
From June 22: "The Harrad Experiment."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 26: "Money, Money, Money."
From June 27: "Monsieur Verdoux."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
To be announced.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 26: "Dirty Little Billy" and "The New Centurions."
From June 27: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 26: "Lady Caroline Lamb" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 27: "Money, Money, Money."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through June 26: "Trader Horn" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."
From June 27: "Cinderella" and "Charley and the Angel."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Jonathan."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 26: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Where Does It Hurt?"
From June 27: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 20: "Ikiru" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
June 21: "Beauties of the Night" and "Beauty and the Devil."
June 22: "Marat/Sade" and "The Birthday Party."
June 23: "Shanghai Express" and "Morocco."
June 24: "Phaedra" and "Electra."
June 25: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Nazarin."
June 26: "The Devils" and "Bedazzled."
June 27: "Senso" and "Variety Lights."
June 28: "Judgment at Nuremberg."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 21: "The Nelson Affair."
From June 22: "Tom Sawyer."

RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 26: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From June 27: "The Poseidon Adventure" and "Little Murders."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'AMOUR—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 26.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 23.)

BAY OF THE ANGELS (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; June 24-26.)

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT (1954)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia; June 26.)

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY (1968)—The early Harold

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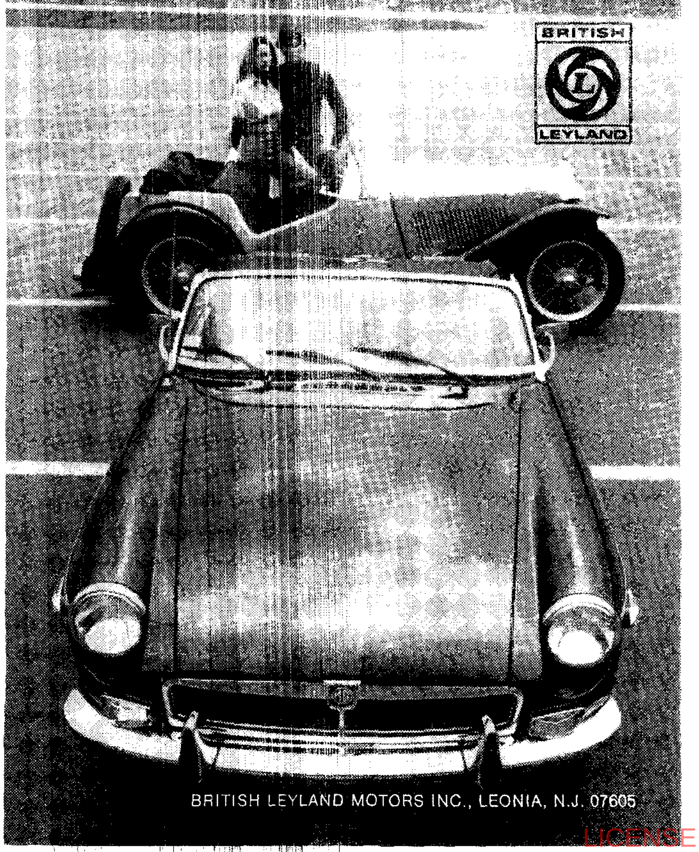

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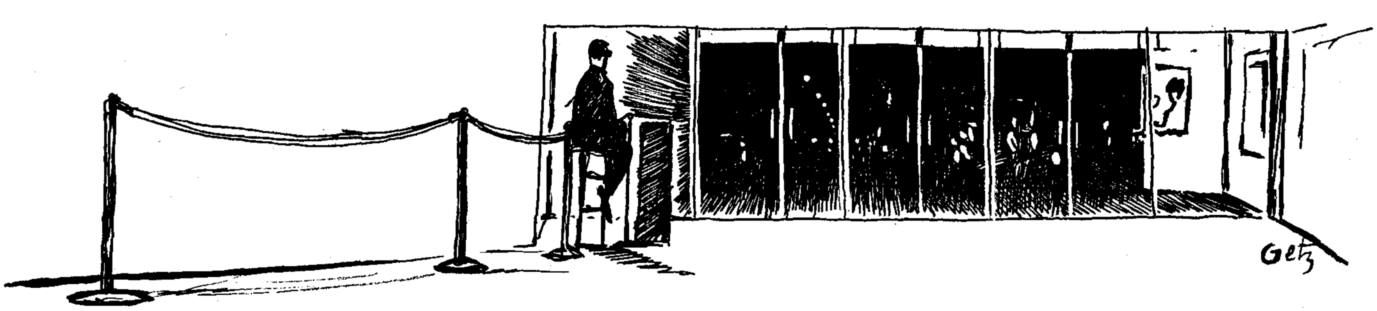
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; June 22.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clod-hopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doge's Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed bv Paul Mazursky (of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve). But there is a very funny expressionless psychoanalyst in this picture, appearing all too briefly, who looks concussed with boredom about his calling. (Loews Tower East.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 27.)

Bright Lights (1935)—Joe E. Brown, but not at his best in this dim musical from First National, directed by Busby Berkeley. With Ann Dvorak and such lacklustre players as Patricia Ellis and William Gargan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 27.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 23.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Playboy; through June 21.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 27.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24-26.)

Charley and the Angel—From the Disney Studios, with Fred MacMurray and Cloris Leachman. Directed by Vincent McEvecty. (Guild and Beacon; starting June 27.)

Cinderella (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (Guild and Beacon; starting June 27.)

Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aida" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival, or . . . (Ziegfeld.)

Coffy—Black melodrama about a tart hellbent on avenging herself on anyone remotely responsible for the dope addiction of her eleven-year-old sister. Retaliation is turned by this film into an ethic of honor. Pam Grier in the title role, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. (In Swedish with subtitles at the Gramercy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; through June 26. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 72nd Street East; through June 26.)

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A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Plaza; through June 26.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by Cabinet Ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Thalia; June 26.)

Dirty Little Billy—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Cinema Studio; through June 26.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Fine Arts.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Thalia; June 24.)

Emperor of the North Pole—Robert Aldrich directs a crass adventure about a train-ride-bumming hobo (Lee Marvin) at loggerheads with a vicious freight conductor (Ernest Borgnine) during the Depression. Blood flows, pity and sense are nowhere, and the actors' faces begin to look like packing cases waiting to be thrown. (Columbia I.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 26.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; starting June 27.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; starting June 27.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes (1971)—Based on John Herbert's play about prison and homosexuality, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer. Directed by Harvey Hart. (Quad Cinema; through June 26.)

40 Carats—Based on the Broadway play, with Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall; starting June 28.)

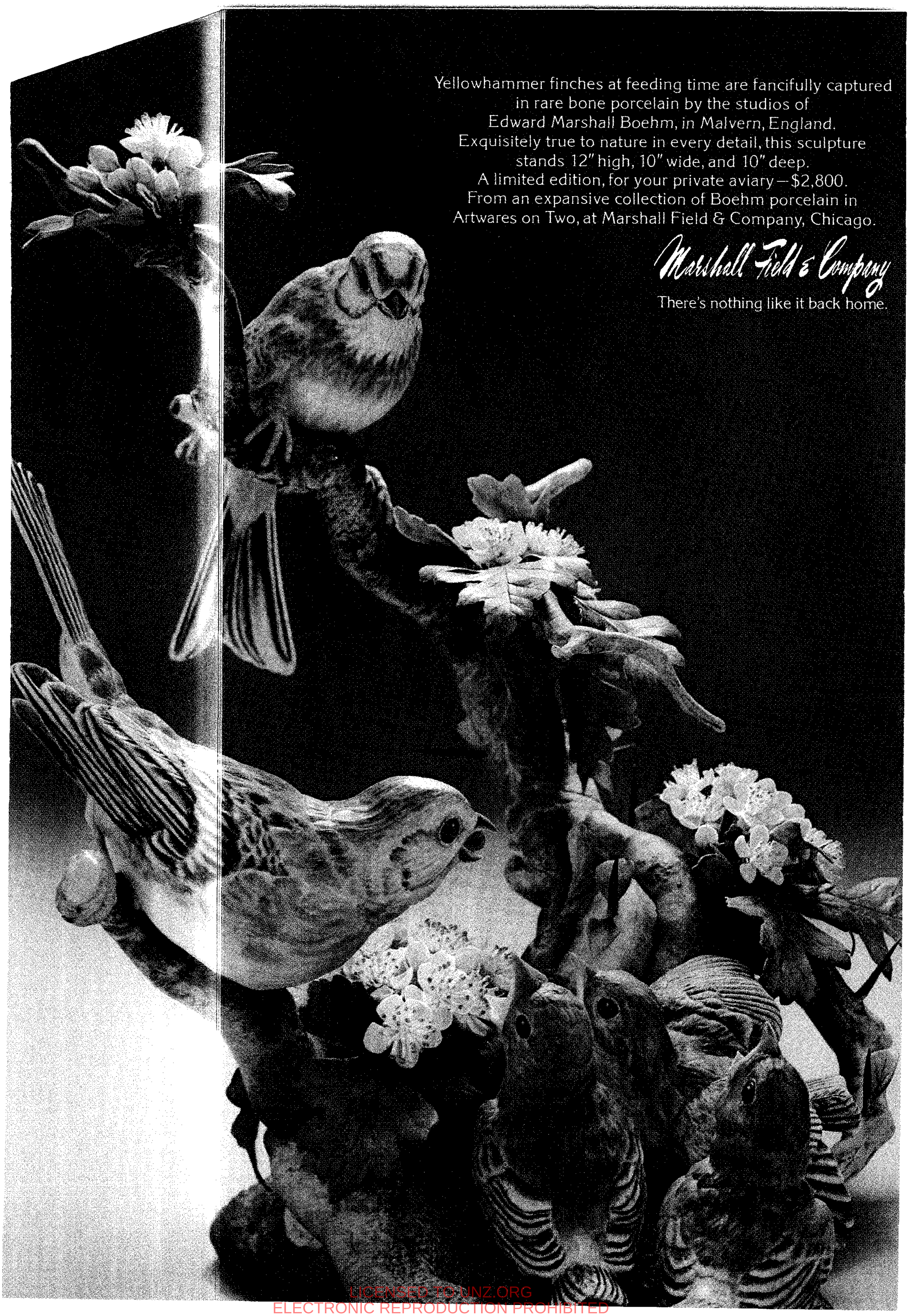
The Friends of Eddie Coyle—With Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle, directed by Peter Yates. (Cinema II; starting June 26.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; June 25.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 27.)

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum (1933)—Revival of the 1933 film with Al Jolson (without blackface, for the first time) and Harry Langdon in a fantasy of hobo life in Central Park. Pretty funny and charming, with songs by



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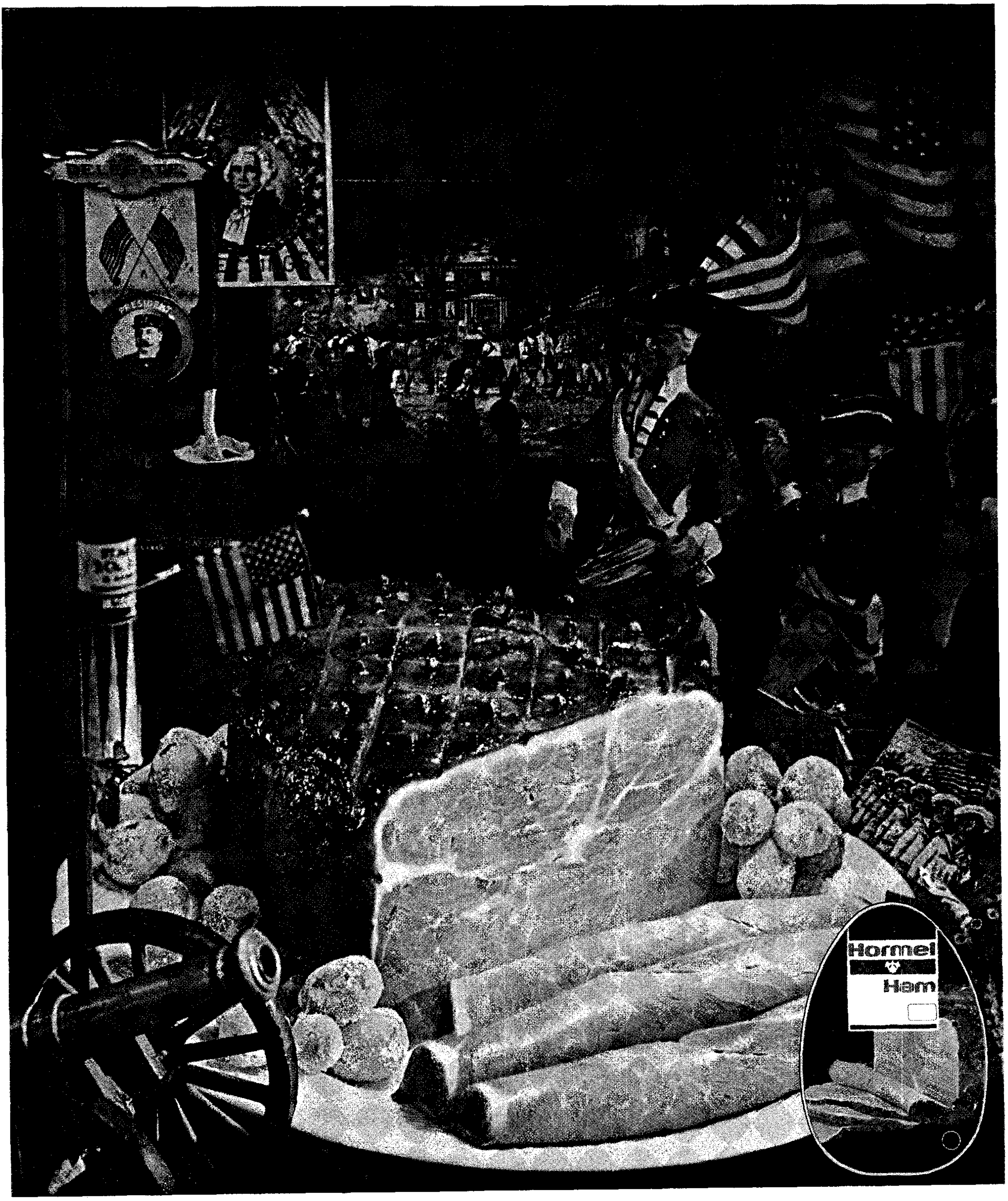

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Rodgers and Hart. The program also includes a Charlie Chase short, a Betty Boop cartoon, a Movietone newsreel, and the coming attractions of a Bela Lugosi horror feature. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 21-27.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Little Carnegie; starting June 22.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Art and Riviera. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through June 26.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could bite to the bone. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this short of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. This is the film that shared the Best Film Award at Cannes for 1973, with "Scarecrow," but it seems diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 20.)

Interval—Merle Oberon, looking as if she might crumble into gold dust, like something out of an Egyptian tomb, in a Daniel Mann picture about the difficulties of being in love if you're over—er, forty. (*34th* St. East.)

Jonathan—Intellectual vampire picture for the birds rather than for fanciers of blood-sucking. Directed by Hans Geissendörfer. (New Yorker.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia; June 28.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 26.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Waverly; through June 26.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of clever, brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Sutton.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Legend of Hell House—With Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 21.)

Let the Good Times Roll—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Greenwich.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Quad Cinema; through June 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 27.)

Live and Let Die—The eighth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond in this one. Directed by Guy Hamilton. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Waverly; starting June 27.)

Ludwig—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Quad Cinema; through June 26.)

The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing—With Burt Reynolds and Sarah Miles, directed by Richard Sarafian. (East 59th Street I; starting June 27.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia; June 22.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall; through June 27.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 20.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris; through June 26. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 27.)

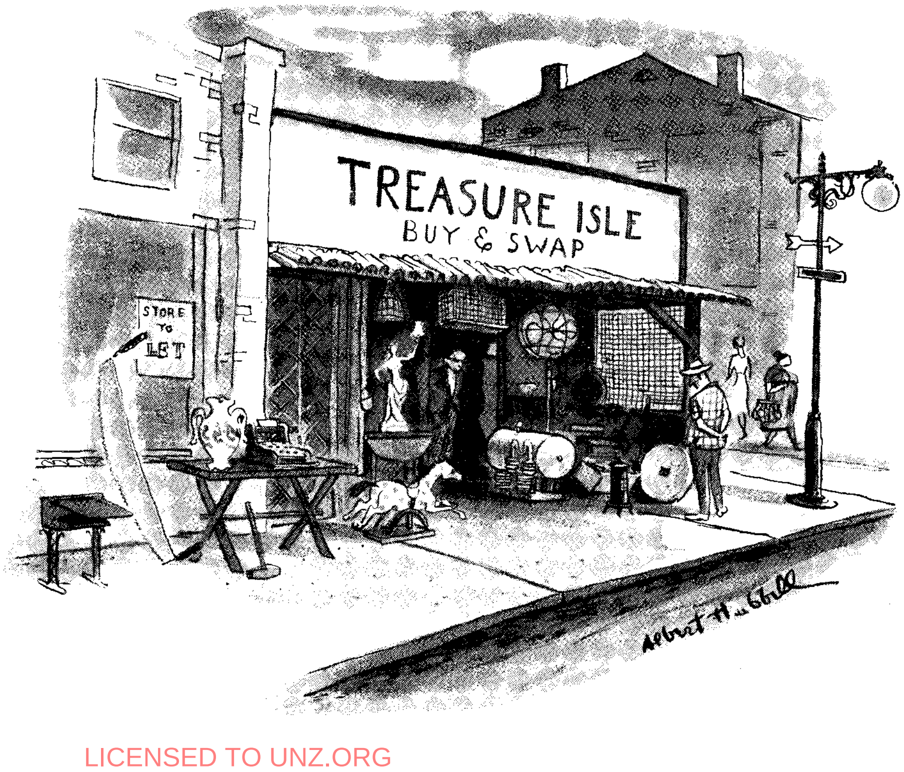
Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Paris; starting June 27.)

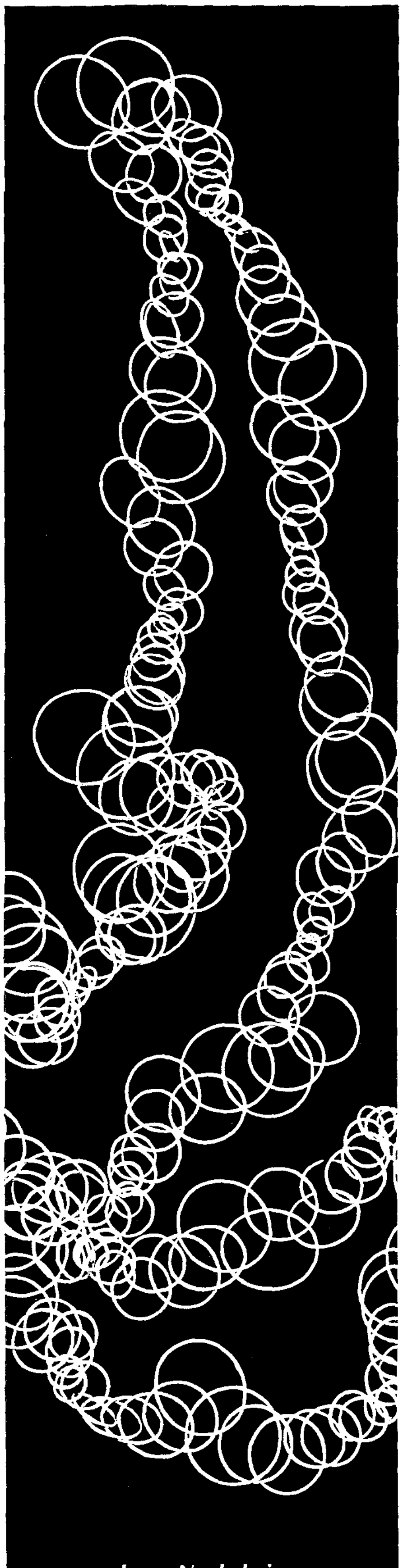
Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Thalia; June 23.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; through June 23.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 25.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get





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some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Riverside; through June 21. . . . ¶ Guild; through June 26.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Cinema Studio; through June 26.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Plaza; through June 26.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress," deliberately schematic, according to a Brechtian pattern that often tells you in advance of each scene what is going to happen. Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Cinema I.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 3; through June 23.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 3; June 24-26.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Coronet.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia; June 24.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Playboy; through June 21. . . . ¶ Waverly and Symphony; through June 26.)

Playtime—Directed by, and with, Jacques Tati. In French and English. (Festival; starting June 27.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Olympia; starting June 27.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 27.)

Red Psalm—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 20.)

Scarecrow—The film that mysteriously shared the Best Film Award this year at Cannes with "The Hireling." A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. The award must presumably have been founded on the rather simplified, raw, stupefied power packed by Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Cinema II; through June 25.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a flat performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Thalia; June 27.)

Shaft in Africa—With Richard Roundtree again in the title role. Directed by John Guillermin. (East 59th Street II and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Thalia; June 23.)

Silent Running (1972)—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Elgin; through June 26.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and off-beat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Quad Cinema; through June 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 27.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 26.)

Sometimes a Great Notion (1972)—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick, directed by Newman. (Beacon; through June 26.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Ciné Malibu; through June 26.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (U. A. East.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (Elgin; through June 26.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost

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the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

Super Fly T.N.T.—Directed by, and with, Ron O'Neal. (Juliet 1 and 2.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Quad Cinema; through June 26.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Murray Hill, Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, and Riverside; starting June 22.)

A Touch of Class—With George Segal and Glenda Jackson, directed by Melvin Frank. (Baronet.)

Trader Horn—With Rod Taylor and Anne Heywood, directed by Reza S. Badiyi. (East 59th Street I and Beacon; through June 26.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema and Olympia; through June 26.)

20 Million Sweethearts (1934)—Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, and Pat O'Brien, and an Al Dubin and Harry Warren score that includes the damned-near-impossible-to-forget "(You May Not Be an Angel But) I'll String Along With You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 27.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Thalia; June 27.)

A Warm December—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East; through June 26.)

When Ladies Meet (1933)—Classy Broadway play about high-toned adultery, turned into a talky talkie. With one of those all-star M-G-M casts: Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, pale, pale Ann Harding, juicy Alice Brady, and Frank Morgan. Directed by Harry Beaumont. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24-26.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Symphony; through June 26.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Gramercy.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 26.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 26.)

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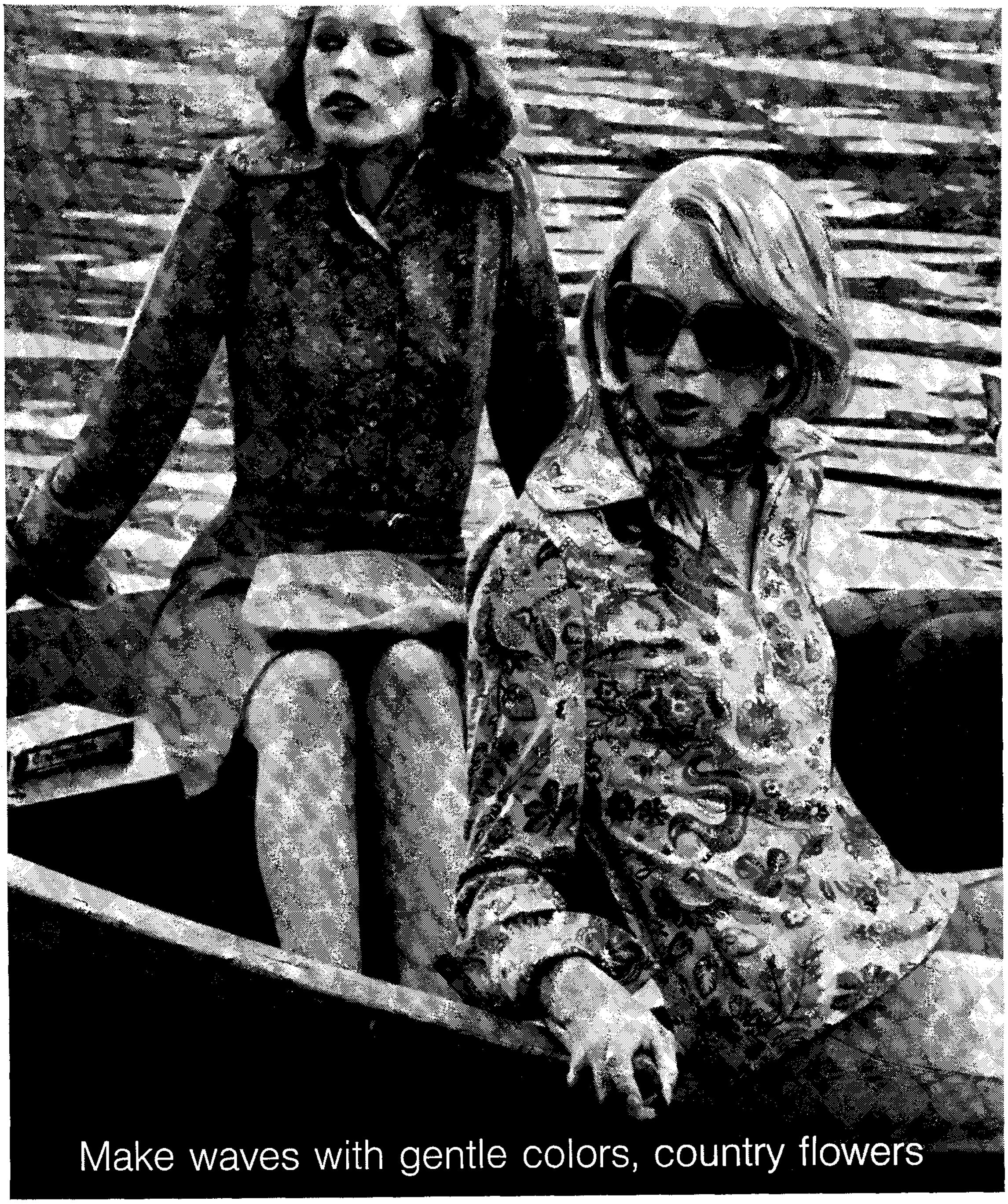
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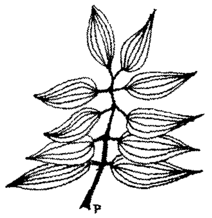
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHATEVER the outcome of the Watergate case, President Nixon has confessed to acts that pose a far graver threat to the Republic than anything that may have been done by his aides and associates to assure his reëlection last year. In the long printed statement he released to the press a couple of weeks ago about the Watergate scandals, he revealed that in 1969 he ordered wiretaps installed—on the telephones of some twenty people, it turned out, including members of the National Security Council, of Dr. Kissinger's staff, and of the press—in an attempt to plug leaks that he felt were endangering his negotiations abroad. In 1970, he went on, the wave of riots, bombings, and disorder in this country led him to recommend the creation of a central command, under White House supervision, to control all intelligence activities conducted by the federal government. That operation was discontinued after five days because of the opposition of J. Edgar Hoover. Some months later, in 1971, the President added, he set up his own secret White House intelligence group—a smaller group—whose "primary mission was to plug leaks of vital security information." The earlier, cancelled program, he stated, had empowered agents to wiretap, bug, break in to, and burglarize the premises of anyone who was suspected of endangering this nation's security. At the time, the President claimed, such activities were legal. However, the truth of the matter is that Attorney General Mitchell merely *said* that these methods were legal—to the astonishment of the legal community—and since the government could not be expected to prosecute its chief law-enforcement officer for breaking the law, the issue had to be settled by the Supreme Court, which emphatically rejected the Administration's contention and ruled that the Fourth Amendment's stricture against this kind of "search and seizure" applied unless the government got court permission to listen in on suspects, as the law provided. In his statement, the President did not say whether the small 1971 White House intelligence squad had been given the same powers to invade the privacy of practically anyone which the cancelled operation allowed. What he did say was that perhaps some members of the White House group had used the earlier program for domestic political objectives, on their own initiative and without his consent—in short, that they had independently embarked on the Watergate adventure and had independently tried to cover it up.

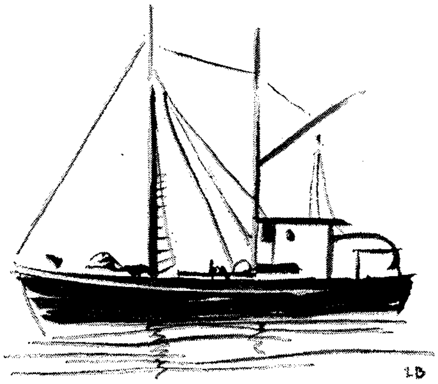
Mr. Nixon failed to mention a couple of other factors that he must have been familiar with and that might have been persuasive in bringing his subordinates to the course they took. One is the report, divulged the other day, that the master spy plan concocted in 1970 was a lot more than a device to coördinate the government's intelligence activities. According to Senator Sam Ervin, who has read the document, it revealed a "Gestapo mentality" in the White House, and it provided for spying on everyone who disagreed with the President. If the contents of the plan were generally known, Ervin went on, they would be "a great shock to the American people." Another factor, which has come out even more recently, is that while the White House said that the plan was not used, except during the five days mentioned in Mr. Nixon's statement, there is now evidence that parts of it were widely used later on, including surveillance and burglary, to keep tabs on people who could not conceivably be a threat to anyone. Still another factor that the President ignored but that he must have been fully aware of is that in politics, particularly politics at the highest level, assistants know that they must often infer what their boss wants done in some areas—most of all, in those seamy political areas that must never be publicly known—without involving him directly in any way. Although President Nixon's request for a central intelligence command, with its full range of "dirty tricks," was apparently withdrawn by the President to mollify Hoover, who must have realized that it would virtually destroy the F.B.I.'s authority in domestic intelligence work, the President's wishes must have been clear to his aides, and they were likely to carry them out, even without his express instructions, once he had set up the White House team. And, given his aides' unflagging failure to grasp the most elementary realities of political life, they were just as likely to assume that the same methods would be acceptable in his reëlection campaign. But for the President to explain now that the Watergate scandals may have grown out of his staff's reckless use of an intelligence operation is like a man's saying that he had loaded a gun and handed it to a small boy but had never dreamed that the boy might pull the trigger. Mr. Nixon's inability to see that his creation of a police-state apparatus was far more threatening to the survival of our democratic system than was the use of the apparatus on his behalf at election time in itself casts some doubt on his fitness to continue serving as President.



The President attempted to justify his covert use of these un-Constitutional methods on the ground of "national security." Ever since his statement was released, everyone has been asking what he meant by those words. The most cynical answer has been that he meant his own political security, and that he was prepared to use the most despotic means to insure it, regardless of the cost to the nation. Details that are now emerging about the master plan give some support to this chilling view. On balance, though, it seems more fair, and yet more disagreeable, to reach another conclusion: that Mr. Nixon has never understood what American democracy is all about. Although he has been active in politics for over twenty-five years, as he often reminds us, his experience may have been peculiarly distorted by having been filtered through what appears to be his strongest instinct: the desire to manipulate and direct rather than to understand and lead people. The simplest way to use people, of course, is by playing on their fears—the technique of every demagogue and tyrant throughout history. As a representative and a senator in the United States Congress, Mr. Nixon did little besides work on the public's fear of Communism. As Vice-President, he was largely excluded from the high councils of state and spent a substantial part of his eight years in that office travelling abroad as a goodwill emissary from the headquarters of the "free world." At election time, however, he returned to the campaign trail, and again took on the task that he seemed to do best—stirring up the public's fears. As a candidate for the Presidency in 1968, he concentrated almost exclusively on the latest popular scourge—crime—and proposed solutions to it that threatened the nation far more than crime itself did. And, as President, he devoted most of the scant attention that he paid to domestic matters to repressing dissidents, encouraging society's more totalitarian-minded members, destroying confidence in the judiciary as "coddling" criminals, and arousing even more racial animosity than already existed. All in all, the period in Mr. Nixon's long political career in which he came closest to the American people was while he was out of office. During those eight years, he ran for governor of California (in a campaign marked by some of the same tactics and conducted by some of the same assistants as in the 1972 Presidential campaign), and then, having recovered from his defeat, he continually crossed and recrossed the country in an attempt to rebuild his ruined fences among local politicians. By national standards, these men are usually concerned with rather paltry issues and with bitterly contentious factions, and the easiest way for a Presidential candidate to avoid making enemies among such potentially powerful constituents is by remaining friendly, interested, and uninvolved. That kind of attitude, naturally, must further remove him from any compelling need to understand the varying local forces and the different kinds of people that make up this complex nation.

In retrospect, it seems that the only extended period of time in which Mr. Nixon served the nation in a positive and constructive manner before he became President was during his term as Vice-President, when he travelled abroad as the spokesman for the Eisenhower Administration. Then he rose above the sordid politics of his past and dealt, in lofty terms, with the aspirations and the determination of the powerful nation he represented, and he met frequently with the leading statesmen of the world. Maybe it was then that he had a vision of himself as a greater statesman than any of them, a man who might one day reorder global politics and bring "a generation of peace" to the world. What better way to wipe out the stains of the past and attain lasting fame at one stroke? Unfortunately, visions have a way of turning into obsessions—a result he abetted by bending all of his best talents and most of his energies as President toward the achievement of this personal goal. Given his character, his ambition, and his past, it was perhaps inevitable that when his dream was imperilled he would resort to any means—to violate the Constitution as no President before him had done; to create a crew of Presidential burglars, snoopers, and blackmailers in order to uncover an overly talkative subordinate or two; and to use police-state methods of intimidation to stamp out domestic dissent and thereby give the foreign leaders he was negotiating with confidence that he was firmly in command and fully supported at home. And his desire for a huge electoral victory that he could consider a mandate to pursue any policies that might bring his goal closer may have driven him to order, or approve, or close his eyes to, his aides' subversive activities.

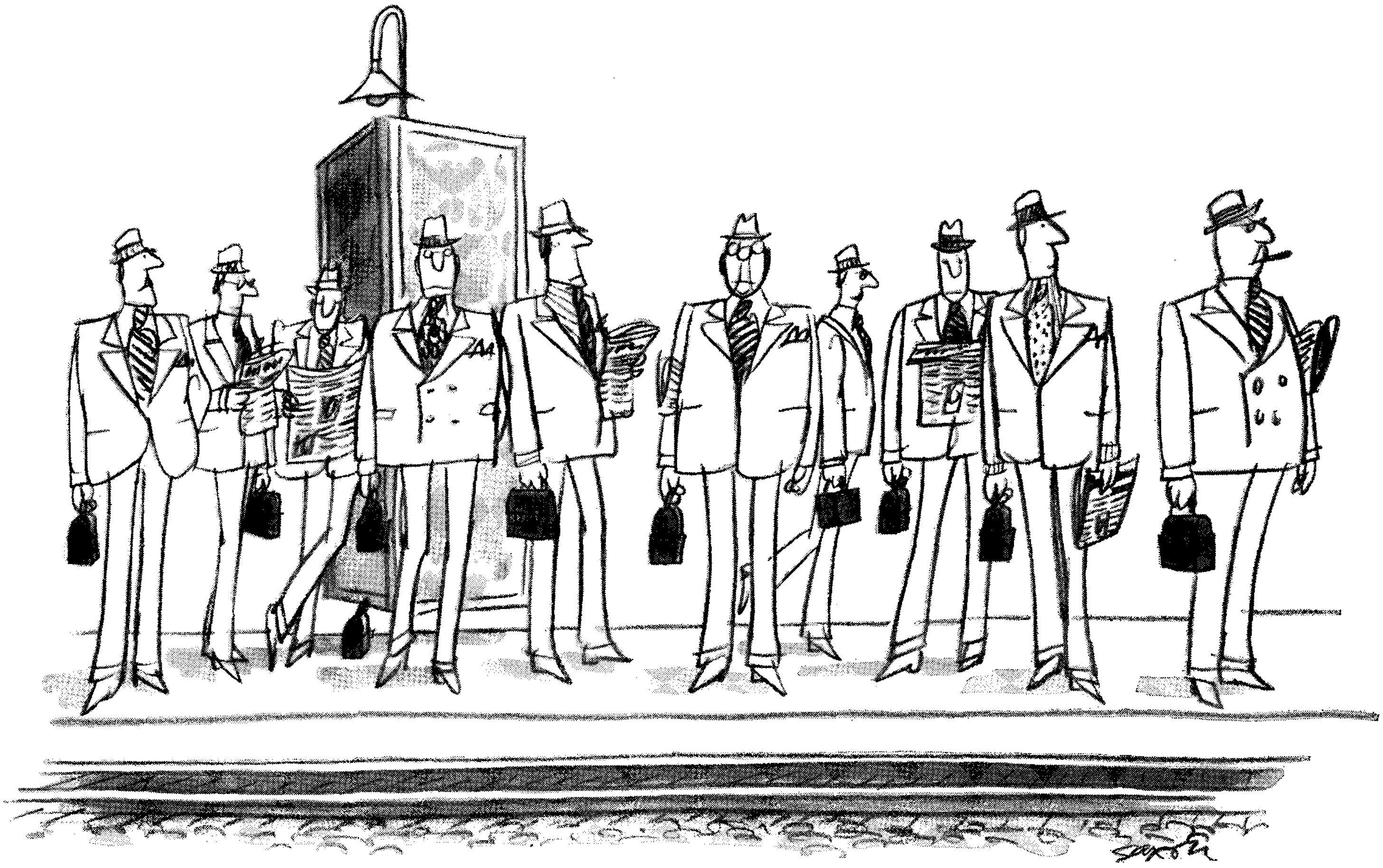
Along the way, President Nixon ignored one primary question: Do the people desire the end he desires sufficiently to accept the means he accepts? To be sure, they want peace, as always. But while the President has offered them *his* generation of peace, he did not warn them that the cost might be the sacrifice of *their* basic liberties. Since in the past the desire to preserve those liberties has led the people to give up peace and go to war, it is unlikely that they would accept such a trade if it were offered openly. But Mr. Nixon has never asked their assent to his undermining of their freedom. In fact, he has not asked their assent to any of his major policies, which were not mentioned during his two Presidential campaigns; rather, he has conceived and carried them out in utter secrecy. It seems even less likely that the people would also agree to allow the President to subvert the American system of government merely to insure that he would reach the initial, and most essential, stage in his progress toward his ultimate goal—that is, to make certain, as he has often promised, that this nation will remain "first" among nations. The chief advantage of this position for the average citizen is a small boost to the ego, but for Richard Nixon it must be an immense feeling of confidence and power and grandeur. In the end, his long reliance on playing upon the baser part of people's nature, his professed conviction that they are children who must be disciplined before they can be trusted with responsibility, his readiness to resort to the most undemocratic means to retain and expand his control over them, and, finally, his apparent belief that his personal interest is identical with the public interest together make up the character of the tyrant—the man who would assert himself by making his will the will of a nation. Such a man can never understand the ultimate political wisdom of Gandhi's remark to an acquaintance when a crowd swept by them in the street: "There go my people. I must catch up, for I am their leader."



Secretariat

A LADY we know decided to go out to Belmont Park last Saturday to watch Secretariat win the Triple Crown, so she went to Macy's and bought a five-dollar straw hat. Then she went to the bank and cashed a check, and after that she came to see us, and we gave her an extra press ticket to the race, and then she was all set. "I'll give you a thousand words early Sunday morning," she said, and so she did:

"Gage & Tollner, the old Brooklyn restaurant, three hours after the race—champagne cocktails and crabmeat Virginia (Secretariat was bred in Vir-



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ginia) to celebrate this satisfying day. I made fifty-five dollars and eighty cents at the track with shrewd bets on the second race and the seventh race, so it's not really extravagant, and, I must say, the hat was a good investment. It must have made me look like an owner, because everybody talked to me, and I heard some good stories and got some hot tips. Did I tell you the last time I went to the races was the Preakness in 1938?

"Belmont Park had a really fresh smell after Manhattan, despite the heat wave and the absolutely incredible humidity. The crowd sort of floated on humidity, very happily anticipating getting higher and higher on happiness. The grass smelled good, and the foliage smelled good, and there was a cigar-smoke smell, but not much horse smell. Very little noise and very few beer cans. Everyone was dripping, but only one person was carried out on a trolley, so far as I could see.

"Oh, look. Two young couples just came into the restaurant. The girls had jackets on, and the boys were in shirt-sleeves. The headwaiter made the boys put on gray waiters' jackets before they sat down, and as soon as they sat down the girls took their jackets off. I just think that's a riot.

"There was always something to do. The nice race track kept people amused by showing reruns of other Belmont Stakes on closed-circuit TV between races. I didn't watch, because I don't like the color on color TV. So I went down a couple of flights to the walking ring and looked at the horses and talked to people.

"A man told me about his friend Edward Evans, of Evans & Co., who has a filly whose father was named Spy Song. Well, naturally, Mr. Evans wanted to name the filly Watergate—that was last December—but the Jockey Club wouldn't let him. So he named her Spycraft. Spycraft, née Watergate, has been doing pretty well, but wouldn't it be nice to read headlines about Watergate?

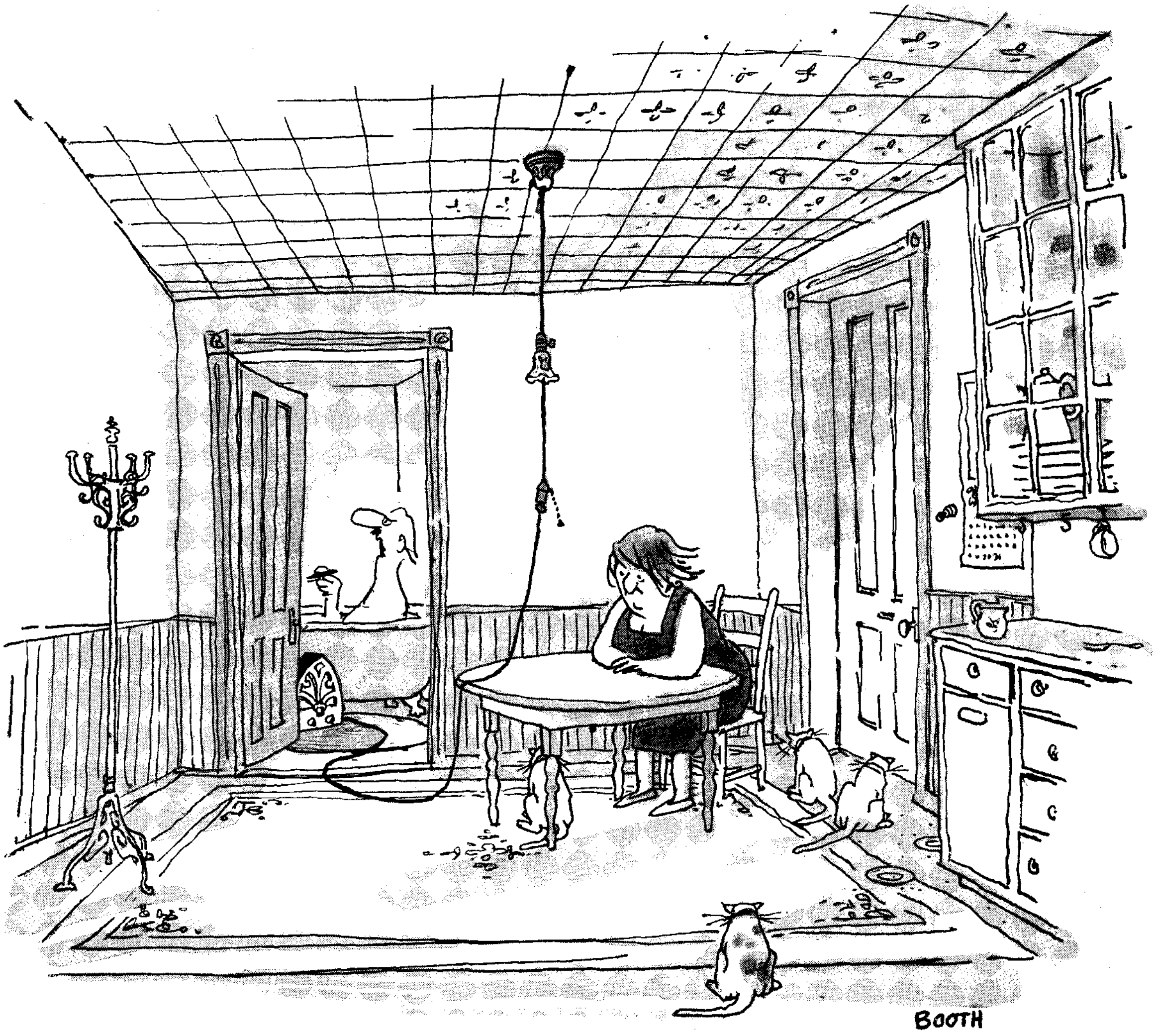
"There was a lot of natural courtesy around all day. Everyone was happy about what was going to happen. I mean, we all knew it just had to happen—something so good and true and beautiful just always does win, you know. Everyone was patient and pleasant on the win lines. I didn't hear any bad temper—it was just like at the Hermitage show last month. There was no reason to be out-of-sorts. The conversation level built up gradually. Just a little higher, just a shade louder all through the afternoon, up to the eighth race, the Belmont Stakes.

"The nicest public-relations man I have ever met, a man named Lou Weintraub, gave me a ticket to the special press buffet, and that was swell, let me tell you. Crab cakes and iced tea (you know, New York really is a Southern town; I used to think the real Mason-Dixon Line was the Hudson River, and New York was the first town in the North, but that's obviously not true; the real Mason-Dixon Line must be the Connecticut River); cut meats, hot and cold; salads of chicken and wonderful shrimp. The specialty was, of all things, rice pudding. I never thought I'd be able to write that I went to the Belmont Stakes and had rice pudding.

"A young politician eating rice pudding told me he would have worked for Mario Biaggi if Matt Troy had stayed with Biaggi, but Matt Troy didn't, so he went and worked for Jacob Fuchsberg for Chief Judge.

"There was a TV in the lunchroom, and in the middle of lunch it started playing the national anthem, and the flag came on the screen. Do you know what happened? Everyone stood up and faced the TV.

"Speaking of politicians, a little old horse named Whole Truth won the sixth race, just after Governor Rockefeller arrived (and got booed, by the



"If you ask me, this thing is going to get a whole lot worse before it gets better."

• •

way). Now, I thought that was quite delicious, but it messed me up, because I had twenty dollars on Judgmatic, a 29–1 shot, who ran a heartbreaker, leading almost all the way, but didn't quite have the wind for the last sixteenth of a mile. Of course, I never would have bet on Judgmatic, the big banana, if I had known the Governor was going to arrive when he did; not this year, I wouldn't, when truth follows politicians.

"The sixth race was a turf race on indelibly green turf—a lovely change from the tan dirt track, especially when the horses come pounding down at you at the finish.

"When Secretariat entered the walking ring, he was tossing his head in a *very pretty manner*. Everyone was on tiptoe to see him. He had something on his mind—probably wanted to start the race. He walked around without a doubt, a qualm, a hesitance. He is a warmish chestnut, with a rump like a barrel. Solid meat. He has converted all those oats into very bonny horseflesh. I was so busy looking at the noble diamond on his forehead I almost forgot to notice his three white socks. Beautiful! So much life in him! Everything about him aligned, attuned, meshed, working, under control.

"Secretariat—I always want to call him Starlight—took an enormous lead and kept it all the way, the way excellence should do.

"The noise when he won! I could feel the concrete of the grandstand moving under my feet. The cheers of the crowd sounded almost like singing.

"Here's to Secretariat!

"Here's to the Whole Truth!"

Commencement, 1973

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN sat under the green Commencement awning in the middle of the Holy Cross College football stadium, wearing an old turtleneck sweater, his long hair tousled, like an urchin's after a street fight. All around him fluttered the solemn vestments of other notable people gathered in Worcester, Massachusetts, to attend the college's one-hundred-and-twenty-seventh graduation ceremonies—the sumptuous crimson taffetas of bishops' capes, dark-blue-banded robes of Jesuits with doctor's degrees, yellow-and-red satin hoods of master's degrees, flowing gowns and ceremonial caps of other faculty members and guests. Yet Father Berrigan, the Commencement speaker, had firmly declined to wear a cap and gown, declaring that "robes are not my thing." A ski jacket was thrown with artful casualness over his shoulders, and he wore around his neck a cross made of two welded iron nails, which a fellow-prisoner had given him at the end of his eighteen-month stay in a federal prison.

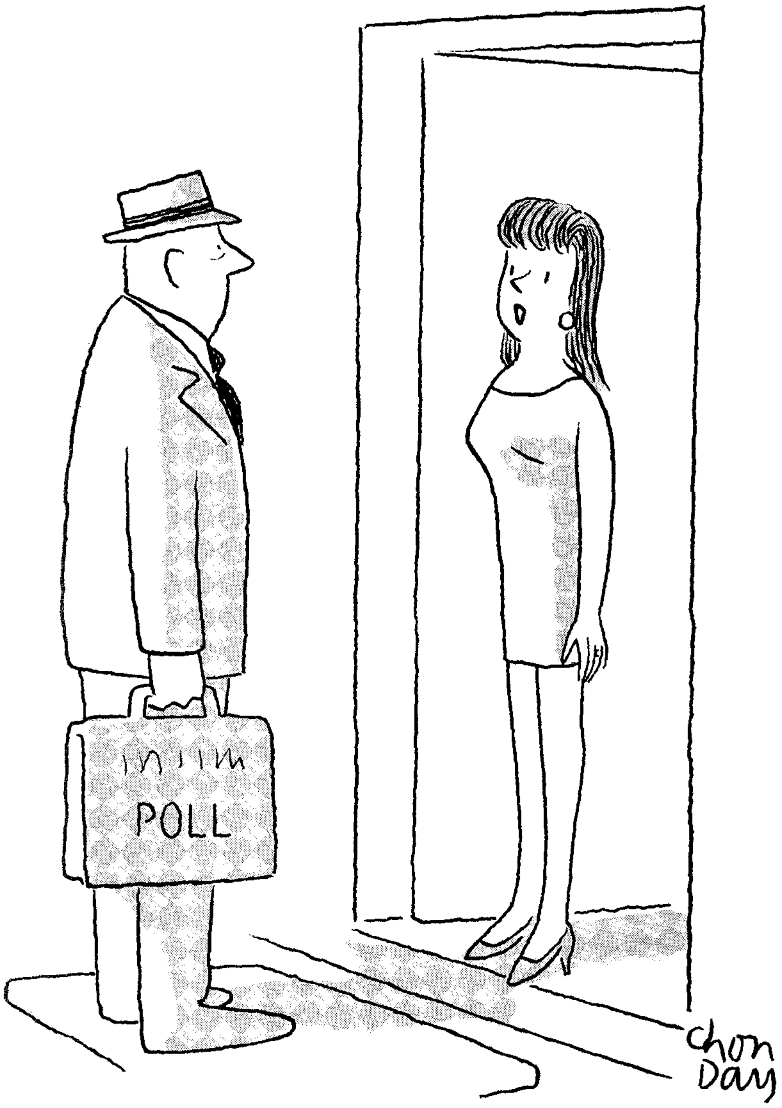
The college band played the college song, "O Holy Cross, O Holy Cross." It was a sunny, placidly windless day. Some eight thousand people had gathered in the stadium to honor an institution often referred to as the West Point of Catholic education. Except for five blacks dressed in colorful dashikis, all of the senior class were obediently wearing caps and gowns of shimmering purple silk. Only one of the students carried a placard. It was small and unobtrusive, and simply said, "SHUN ALL THOUGHTS OF NORMALCY."

Daniel Berrigan had been chosen as the Commencement speaker by a majority vote of the graduating class, whose second and third choices had been, respectively, Art Buchwald and William Buckley. His plane had been delayed half an hour in New York, and he had arrived just after the exercises had begun. While striding across the football field toward the awning, he had asked whether R.O.T.C. officers were being commissioned on the same occasion. "Very good—separate but "equal," he had murmured with a wry smile upon hearing that they had been commissioned earlier that day. After arriving at his seat, he had stood expressionless alongside an American flag while the national anthem was played. There had been noticeable trepidation, an excited current of murmured comments among the formally robed faculty as their colleague walked in. "I'm with him on Vietnam, on the blacks, on poverty, on everything," one of the older priests grumbled, "but why can't he dress more properly?" "Even when he taught me high-school Latin, back in Jersey in the fifties, he had to be theatrical," murmured a young professor. "He wore a flowing black cape and a beret, and inevitably swept in quite late to class." "There's been very little protest over his appearance," still another said. "Can you imagine the furor it would have caused two years ago? It's a symbol of reconciliation, or of the new apathy or something."

For some forty minutes after Daniel Berrigan had taken his seat, purple-robed graduates walked to the platform to receive their diplomas. As the roll call continued, Daniel Berrigan squirmed in his chair, grimacing and blinking. He slumped in his seat, his chin resting on his hands, as the class valedictorian, John D. Cutting, of Wheaton, Maryland, delivered his address. There was polite applause, as soft as the air it fell upon. Honorary degrees were then awarded to a black judge, a woman archeologist, a Protestant businessman, a Catholic bishop, and a Jewish philanthropist. As Daniel Berrigan walked to the microphone, four members of the audience left the stadium. Without waiting for an introduction, he delivered the following address, which we reprint here in shortened form:

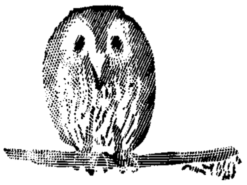
"Dear friends, I must confess that in the course of the last brilliant hour on this platform, I've been undergoing a profound identity crisis. It's quite clear what Holy Cross does with people of distinction in laws and divinity and letters—but what does one do with a token felon? . . . I was trying to understand more clearly our scene today as this thunder of footsteps crossed the platform in front of me. I thought clumsily and have often thought of the implications of such a day for those who take the degrees. Does it mean that they are helping further to reinforce the old American mythology in the world that has to do with the fate of winners and losers? . . . Is this degree, in fact, a credential that one has mounted the escalator, that mechanical ladder which is so often runged with the bodies of the victims, the losers? . . . Does it mean that we, too, seize upon such an occasion in order to reinforce in our own spirits the idea that Americans can continue to win at such desperate cost and bloodshed elsewhere? . . . In trying to explore what else it might mean, can I quote from a recent letter received by friends in Vietnam? They said: 'When we in Vietnam have a particularly difficult task to perform, we think not so much of winners and losers, as, more concretely, of eggs and rocks; and we say the task is that we must take an egg in hand and with it break a rock. And this,' the letter goes on, 'has been the story of the last twelve years of American war in Vietnam. We have, with a simple and fragile egg, damaged the great rock.' . . . A marvellous peasant wisdom, it seems to me. . . . It is in some extension of the old traditional wisdom that we might see ourselves on such a day more clearly, and, in very modest and perhaps unspoken ways might erase from our minds that filthy conception of ourselves which decrees that in order that we win, the many must lose. . . . Perhaps such a filthy mythology might dissolve in the face of a deeper wisdom, whether it be Vietnamese or Jewish or Christian or Hindu, that there are no winners and losers; there is only a human minority, and a minority figure who stands . . . with the victim and the loser—and himself is god of the minority. . . . In memory of the dissolution of the myth . . . I would like to finish with a story. . . . I leave it with you in the Zen manner, without commentary.

"There was once a country in which, willy-nilly—and no one knowing quite how—everyone was divided into prisoners and wardens. This was the name of the game—prisons and wardens . . . and this is how it went. Every night at midnight there was a change of roles. Prisoners became wardens, wardens prisoners; losers winners, and winners losers. Rich men became poor men; the lockups opened, half the country poured out, and the other half streamed in. Poor men and women took over chairs and boards and stock markets and bishops' mitres



"Oh dear, I'm afraid we haven't formed any opinions on national affairs yet. We've only been married a month."

and generals' stars. Everyone was what he was for a day only; everyone played the game like mad, knowing he or she had only twenty-four hours in order to prove something or to get over with what he had to submit to. . . . And this kept him going. Only, one day, the rules of the game suddenly changed. No one knew who first got the idea, but the idea went like this: that winners ought permanently and by rights to be what they had been only on occasion. . . . Decisions followed quickly. The borders of the country were fortified. The military was put on alert. The game was frozen. Constituencies of prisons and wardens held firm. Then the winners declared themselves publicly as winners and wardens forever. They composed a prayer to be recited on a day of national thanksgiving, called 'For the preservation of the Civilized.'. . . At the climax of the cathedral [service], in the national capital, the keys of the dungeon, which since time immemorial had changed hands at the stroke of midnight—those keys were brought forward, plunged in the sacred brazier before the altar, and fused into a white-hot pool of scrap. White-hot, then red, then warm, then solid, then cold. The dungeon was sealed permanently. Under life sentence were the prisoners and their generation of losers. Bad seed. Polluted sources. 'When I was a child,' intoned the preacher the following Sunday from the imperial pulpit, 'when I was a child, I played games, but now that I am a man I have put away the things of a child.' "



As the graduates stood to applaud Daniel Berrigan, the Bishop of Worcester, the Most Reverend Bernard Flanagan, rose to give them his benediction amid great flutterings of his crimson cape.

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"I FEEL like a P.O.W. at the White House," Daniel Berrigan said as he walked toward the awning where a Commencement lunch was being offered to faculty and special guests. "This must be the winners' tent." Newsmen, students, and trustees were gathering about him in droves.

"Watergate?" one reporter asked. "When a government has seized power so firmly, isn't it hard for the people to recapture it?"

"Sure, and sometimes it's too late for the victims," Daniel Berrigan said. "We're lucky to be alive."

"Are you still involved in anti-war activities?"

"The way Cambodian women and children are being killed, the question is when it would be most expedient to go to jail."

"How do you get away from the media?"

"I don't answer my phone, and when I smell flesh burning I run."

"I would like to take your photograph," one of the Holy Cross trustees pleaded. "Let me kneel before you, Father."

"Oh, no, not that," Daniel Berrigan moaned. "No kneeling."

"What have you been up to this past year?" another trustee asked.

"Teaching in New York, at the Union Theological Seminary—mostly on the Revelation of St. John the Divine and Jacques Ellul."

"What are you working on now?"

"*Four* books," he said, holding four fingers up in the air. "Two volumes of poetry, one of prison diaries, one called 'Jesus Christ.' "

"What did you mean by that Commencement speech?" someone asked. "Was it about original sin? About reforming our educational system?"

"Sorry," Daniel Berrigan said, with his mysterious smile. "I told you that parables get no commentary."

"What *did* you think of these Commencement exercises?"

"If those men are willing to stand up in line and be graded like that, they deserve it."

"I want you to see some of the protest letters we got about your speaking today," said Charles Horgan, chairman of Holy Cross's board of trustees, and father of thirteen children. "We were amazed that we only got about fifty."

"Oh, don't show them to me. Let me imagine them."

"Do you think your brother Philip would come back to talk at Holy Cross?" one of the students asked.

"He'd be delighted," said Daniel Berrigan. "Especially if you invited his wife."

"Philip's a lucky guy," one of the older Jesuits standing near Daniel Berrigan remarked. "When the newspapers phone to ask me what I think of that marriage, I just say, 'Lucky guy, lucky guy.' "

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"HOW about a Commencement that would bring in some Buddhist elements or some Quaker silence?" Daniel Berrigan said after lunch as he walked toward a car that would take him to the airport. "That was so formal, like all graduations I've been to. How about a Commencement that would have no sermons or valedictories, only parables? Or maybe simply an hour of silence? Or maybe a combination of both? Can you imagine still letting yourself be branded for life with those *cums* and *magnas* and *summas*? How can any institution have the pride to grade any human being that way? What does it all mean?"

He walked quickly past the recurring clusters of admirers, smiling but firm, refusing to autograph any books of his poetry but promising to return to Holy Cross and occasionally allowing his photograph to be taken with a member of the graduating class. He gave the impression, in 1973, of a man who had tasted stardom and had disliked it, and who was more serene now that he knew he could turn it down. "New York is awful," he said. "New York is exhausting. Besides the teaching, I have to go out and speak for all those causes—Camden, Gainesville, the Vietnam veterans, Ellsberg. They make me feel like . . . What's the word I'm looking for? An appliance? No, something more theatrical. A stage prop—the way I was here. I'm dragged out somewhere and used for a day or a night, and then I never see those people again. I hate it, but how can you refuse any of those causes? At least, *I* can't."

After walking along in silence for a few moments, he continued, "When I'm not in school, I mostly just go out to the Park and meditate. I never go to the East Side, where they stare me down or ask for autographs. I stay on the West Side, where they're really raunchy, where they don't even look at me. This fall, I hope to get to the University of Manitoba, where I've been asked to teach English and religion for a term. I need to go. I need isolation. Have you noticed how quiet the campuses are this year? They need to be shook up. Ah, well, I need to be shook up, too. But how d'you like that Commencement? Something, huh? What are we going to do with this darn educational system? Winners and losers, winners and losers, that's all it can speak to."

Before getting into the car, Daniel Berrigan pointed wryly toward the bleachers of the Holy Cross baseball field, next to the stadium, which were dominated by a large scoreboard that said:

Inning	Runs	Hits	Errors
Holy Cross			
Visitor			
Ball	Strike		Out

LOST

WHEN I was counselling readers for the Yiddish newspaper where I worked, all kinds of people used to bring their problems to me: betrayed husbands and wives; relatives with quarrels from the old country; immigrants who had come to America many years before and wanted to apply for citizenship but did not know the dates of their arrivals or the names of their ships. In most of the cases, my help consisted in listening and offering words of comfort. Sometimes I gave them the address of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society or of an organization that provided legal assistance. Usually, these advice seekers came in the middle of the week—almost never on Friday. During the years I held this job, I learned that even Jews who worked on Saturday looked upon Friday as a day of preparation for the holy Sabbath. Whether this was a matter of tradition or of atavism is of no consequence here.

But one particular man came to me on Friday, late in the day, when I was ready to go home. He appeared to be in his seventies. His back was stooped. He had a white goatee and bags under his eyes. He wore a long, black coat, and I thought he must be a new arrival to America. But the moment he sat down at my desk he said, "Do you see me? I began to read your paper more than sixty years ago on the first day I came to this country."

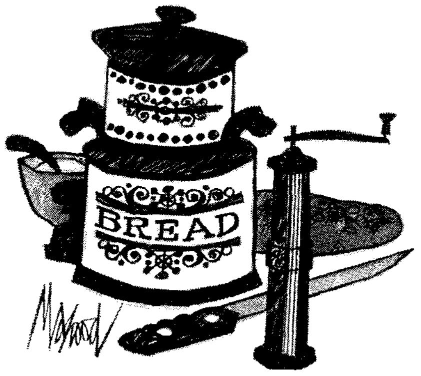
I asked him where he came from, and he mentioned a town in Poland. He told me that he had studied in a yeshiva and had tried to pass examinations to enter the university. Here in America he became a teacher in a talmud torah, and later, with training, a dental technician. Of course, he was retired now.

He said, "I know your job is to give advice, but I did not come to ask that of you. What advice can you give to a man of eighty-three? I have everything I require, and when I die there is a cemetery plot that my *landsleit* have prepared for me. I came to you because I thought that what happened to me might interest you. You often write about the mysterious powers. You believe in demons, imps—what have you. I am not going to argue with you about their existence. Neither you have seen them nor I. Even if demons do exist, they are not in New York. What would a demon do in New York? He would get run over by a car or tangle himself in a subway and never find his way out. Demons need a synagogue, a ritual bathhouse, a poorhouse, a garret with torn prayer books—all the paraphernalia you describe in your stories. Still, hidden powers that no one can explain exist everywhere. I am not speaking just about theories. I have had an experience with them. The Yiddish newspapers wrote about it, and the English ones, too. But how long do they write about anything? Here in America, if the heavens would part and the Angel Gabriel were to fly down with his six fiery wings and take a walk on Broadway, they would not write about it for more than a day or two. If you are in a rush to go light candles and bless the incoming of the Sabbath, I will come back some other time." He smiled and winked. "Though with a man my age one cannot be too sure."

"I am in no rush," I said. "Please sit down and tell me."

"Where shall I begin? I will begin where it all started—on the boat. I did not come here the way the other greenhorns did, a pauper. My father was wealthy. I was his oldest son. He wanted me to become a rabbi, but in those times the Enlightenment had slowly spread from Lithuania to Poland. I secretly read Sokolow's *Morning Star*, and the new ideas enticed me. When I was about to be drafted into military service, my father wanted me to maim myself: cut off a finger, or—forgive the expression—rupture myself. But I was a healthy boy—tall and strong—and I told my father plainly that I would not make myself a cripple. 'So what do you intend to do?' he asked me. 'Serve the Czar and eat army rations?' And I replied, 'I will go to America.'

"In those times, to have a son in America was considered a blight on the family—like having a convert or a suicide. But I insisted, and my parents had to consent. My father gave me five hundred rubles for travel expenses, which was a fortune in those days. Most immigrants came to America penniless. They travelled belowdeck. I travelled second class on a German ship. I discarded my long caftan before I left Europe. I brought a copy of 'Do You Speak English?' with me. In comparison with other immigrants, I journeyed like a count.



"There was a special table in the dining room for those who ate kosher food. I sat there. There were only five or six of us. There was a German rabbi and a rich merchant also from Germany. Right across from me sat a girl who was travelling alone, as I was. She came from Kovno. She was about my age. I was bashful, but when a boy and a girl sit together for seventeen days they are bound to get acquainted. She had finished *Gymnasium*, and a Jewish girl who studied at a *Gymnasium* was such a rarity that I regarded her as a princess. She behaved like one, too. She kept aloof and seldom spoke. She was blond, slim, and quite tall for a girl. She dressed elegantly and spoke both Russian and German. After a few days we began to greet one another and even took a walk on the deck together. She told me that although she did not believe in the dietary laws, she had given her grandfather a holy promise to eat kosher food. I learned that she was an orphan. Her father had been a rich lumber merchant, and her grandfather owned a number of houses in Kovno. I asked her why she was going to America. In the beginning, she avoided answering; then she confided to me that she was on her way to her fiancé—a student who became active in the revolutionary movement and had to escape from the police. The fiancé lived in New York and was supposed to be studying there in a university."

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Anna Davidovna Barzel. One morning she came to breakfast late, and the moment I saw her I knew that something terrible had happened to her. She was as white as the wall. She did not eat the food she was served. The others at the table also noticed that she was miserable and questioned her, but her answer was inaudible. That is how she was—exceedingly proud. After breakfast I saw her standing at the railing, and she leaned over so far I feared what she might be going to do. With some hesitation, I approached her and asked, 'Anna Davidovna, what do you see there below?' She started and almost fell. At first she looked annoyed because I had interrupted her and I was afraid that she might be angry. Then she grew calm. She had undergone a drastic change—she seemed emaciated, sick, and dejected. Somehow, I gained courage and I said, 'Anna Davidovna, I beseech you by all that is holy to tell me what has happened. Perhaps I could help you.'

" 'No, you can't help me,' she said.

"In time she told me the following story. Before she left Kovno, her grandfather had given her one thousand rubles. She had changed the rubles for dollars in a bank, and she carried them in a little pouch around her neck, along with a small notebook with her fiancé's address in it. He had an unusual name—Vladimir Machtei. Last night, when she undressed, she found that both the money and the notebook had vanished from the pouch. Instead, she found the stub of a ship's ticket there and other trivial papers that had been in a valise. She had a cabin to herself, not wanting to share one. She remembered for sure that the previous morning when she had dressed she had the banknotes and the notebook in the pouch. She was also positive that she had not taken the ticket stub and other papers from the valise. What for? A ticket stub had no value.

"In our thoughts we are all a little cynical, and it occurred to me that perhaps she was playing around with some young man and that he might have stolen her possessions. I suggested this idea lightly, and Anna turned even paler than she was already. 'You are rude and I don't want to have anything more to do with you,' she said, and she turned her back on me. I felt ashamed. Actually, there was not one young man in the second class with whom she could have become intimate. I never saw her talk to anyone. She did not have a deck chair. Wherever she went, she carried a book with her. She was a reticent *barishnia* of a type that no longer exists.

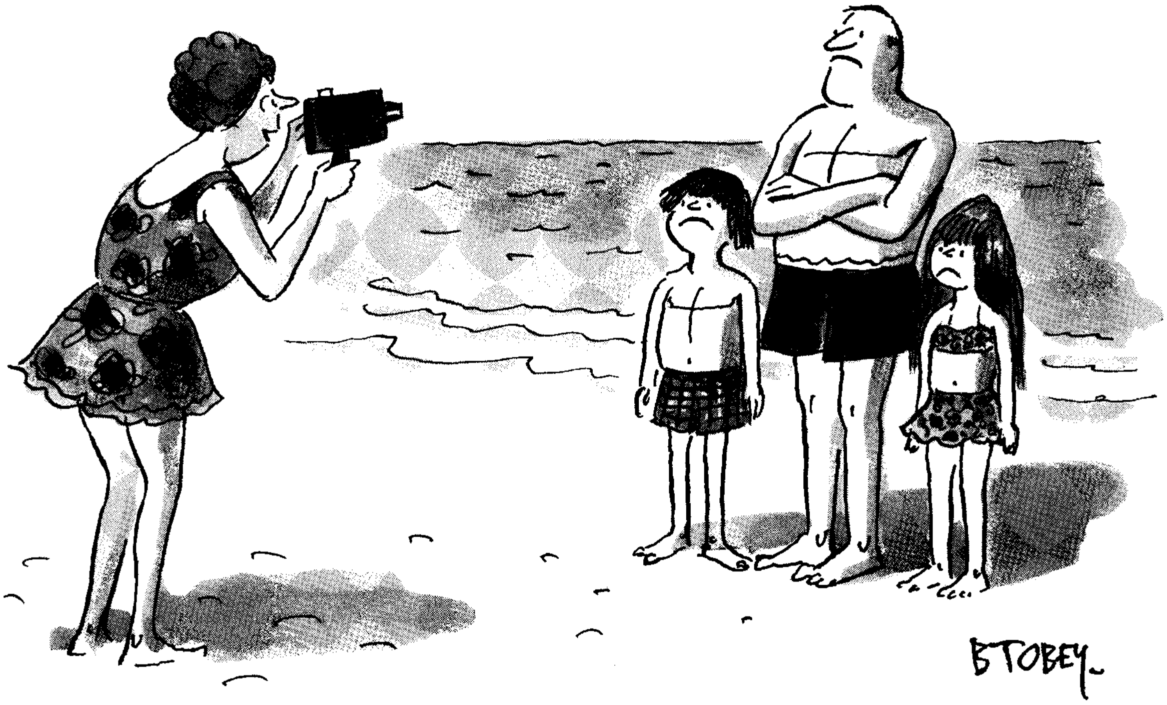
"From that day till the end of the trip, Anna did not speak a word to me. When I greeted her, she did not answer. I went so far as to ask the waiter to take her a note in which I apologized for my discourtesy. The waiter told me that when she saw my name she tore the note to pieces. I have forgotten to tell you my name. In the old country, they called me Shmuel Opalovsky. Here, I am Sam Opal. After the waiter told me about the note, I maneuvered it so that I would come to the table when she had finished eating. I also stayed away from meals. I was fearful of the disdain she showed me.

"We finally arrived in the land of 'the streets paved with gold.' As a rule, immigrants were taken to Ellis Island, but when I showed the money I had brought with me I was allowed to enter without delay. I was about to leave the ship when I saw Anna. She was crying. She tried to speak to the immigration officers in Russian and then in German, but they did not understand her. I asked her what had happened, and when she saw me her eyes showed relief. It seemed that Vladimir Machtei had not come to meet her. Whether she was in despair because they wanted to take her to Ellis Island or because she had no money and no place to go, I don't remember. She was in distress, and this was my chance to correct my stupidity. I helped her get through customs, hired a carriage—there were no cars in those days—and I took her to a hotel on Avenue C. We began at once to search for Vladimir Machtei, but we never found him. As far as we could learn, no person with such a name existed in the United States.

Richter
I'M A GOOD BUG

"I must confess to you that at the time these things were happening I suspected she had invented everything—the fiancé, the money, and the notebook. But later I convinced myself that it was all true. She showed me Vladimir Machtei's letters, although she had thrown away the envelopes. She told me that he came from Poltava. Anna wrote to his aunt there, and the aunt answered that she hadn't heard from her nephew for a long time and did not have his address. My dear friend, I know that you are a busy man, so I will give you the bare facts. We got married. I have a daughter by her, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The baby was born two years after we married.

"But the story that I want to tell you begins only now. I lived with Anna for six years. In this period I became persuaded that I was the husband of a person not of this world. First of all, she was the most silent creature I have ever met. She did not even say yes or no—she merely nodded her head. She became talkative only when she lost something, and this happened so often that even now when I speak about it I shudder. Years later, I discussed it with psychiatrists and they presented me with all kinds of theories: Freud, Schmeud; complex, schmomplex. The fact is that things literally disappeared before her eyes and sometimes before mine. I would bring her a book from the library—a Russian book, for she never learned English. Suddenly it would vanish. I brought her a diamond ring and shortly there was no ring. I gave her household money, and I myself saw how she put the ten dollars into her purse. A half hour later, the money was



"Now engage in affectionate horseplay."

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gone. Each time she lost something, she became hysterical. She cried and turned over everything in the house. She went so far as to rip open the mattress. I am by nature a social person, but as long as I stayed with her I remained practically in isolation. I almost never brought anyone into the house. She refused to speak Yiddish, or perhaps she really couldn't speak it. There was no lack of young people who spoke Russian, but the few times I invited some of them into the house she ignored them. We lived in a state of crisis and constant turmoil because Anna was forever losing things. She would say to me, 'A demon follows me—a fiend.'

"I had read many books of the Enlightened ones and I was far from believing in demons, imps, sprites—the whole lot. I was born a rationalist. After all that has happened to me, I still can't believe in the supernatural. Let's not fool ourselves. Planes fly, trains move, and if you press the right button you can hear Caruso. No demon has ever stopped a plane or a train. But living with Anna made me so jittery that I would wake up in the middle of the night to make sure that my watch, my money, and my first papers had not dissolved. We were not compatible in other respects as well. A silent love is perhaps possible among animals, but to me love involves conversation. She was pregnant for nine months and I don't recall her speaking about it once. The nurse in the clinic where she gave birth told me that she never so much as let out a groan. I had hoped that having a baby would change her character, but no. She did everything a mother should do, all in silence. My daughter began to prattle when she was a year old. At two and a half, she asked her mother innumerable questions. Anna just shrugged. I was still a teacher in the talmud torah, and the moment I came home I would devote myself to the child, trying to answer her questions and playing with her. I must tell you that in her own way Anna loved the child. When toys were lost—it happened often, too often—Anna became frantic. The baby herself also seemed frightened. One day I brought her a Teddy bear. Almost at once the bear disappeared. Our apartment was small, and there was really no place where it could have got to. I was afraid that the child had inherited her mother's dismal fate. Thank God, she is a normal woman.

"I remember the scene with the Teddy bear as if it had happened yesterday. I had gone into the kitchen to make tea—Anna was not much of a housewife and I had to prepare things myself. I heard the baby screaming. I went back to the living room, and Anna stood there, white. 'The Teddy bear is gone,' she said. 'The fiend tore it from her little hands.' I felt furious and I yelled, 'You're a liar! You threw it out of the window.' She said, 'Look out and see.' I did, and of course the Teddy bear was not there. We lived in a decent neighborhood. Things could lie outside for days and nobody would touch them. 'You threw it into the garbage!' I yelled. 'Go and look in the garbage,' she said. I took the house apart, but there was no trace of the Teddy bear. Even today, I say to myself that Anna must have hidden it somewhere—but where and for what reason? Anna seldom cried. This time tears streamed down her cheeks. In all the years, I never spoke about these things—people would have considered me mad. Even after what I am about to tell you occurred, I never told the whole story to anyone. Some time ago you discussed in an article the case of a farmer who vanished before the very eyes of his wife and children. Do you remember this article?"

"Yes, I remember. I read about it in a magazine and a number of other publications."

"What was the name of the farmer? When did it happen?" Sam Opal asked me, with the glint of a reader who prides himself that he remembers what was written better than the writer himself.

"Really, I've forgotten."

"I knew that you wouldn't remember, but I do. The farmer's name was David Lang, and the farm was a few miles from Gallatin, Tennessee. I even remember the date—September, 1890."

"You have a remarkable memory."

"I remember it because it interested me immensely. I decided then that you were the person who would not consider me insane. I even tried to investigate the case myself, and I wrote to the mayor of Gallatin. I never got an answer. I want you to know that precisely the same thing happened with my wife," Sam Opal said. "She vanished in broad daylight here in Manhattan. I wasn't there, because I had left her standing at the window of a shoe store and gone home. But I might just as well have been—it wouldn't have made any difference. She never returned to the house. They wrote about her disappearance in your newspaper, and in others as well. The New York police should have a record of it—they have records of thousands of missing persons. For them, this is an everyday occurrence. Their explanation is always simple: ran away, was kidnapped. Lately, they also use the word ‘amnesia.’ None of these answers fit the case. Could you treat me to a glass of water?”

I went to the faucet and brought the man a paper cup filled with water. All the journalists had left—even the reporters who worked in the city room. Friday they closed the press a little earlier than other days of the week. Sam Opal drank half the contents of the cup and asked, “Do you have any details about David Lang’s case?”

“No, but I have read about it in a number of occult anthologies.”

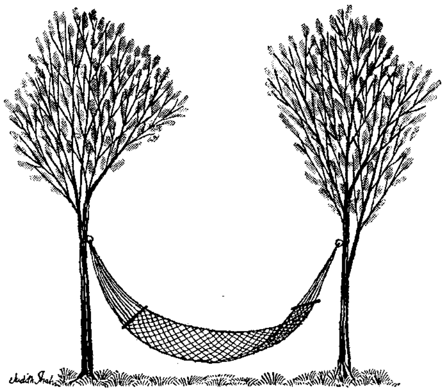
“How do the psychologists interpret an occurrence like this?”

“Psychologists pay no heed to such matters. What cannot be explained is considered unscientific.”

“It happened in 1898, in June,” Sam Opal went on. “Our girl was already more than three years old. I’ve forgotten to mention an important point. Anna was always afraid that she might lose Natasha—that was our little girl’s name. You must understand that I did not choose this name. Anna was in her own way a Russian patriot, although we had no cause to be in love with Czarist Russia. Yes, she always dreaded that the child might disappear. I feared it myself. If it can happen to a Teddy bear, why not to a child? Anna almost never left Natasha alone, and when it was absolutely necessary to go somewhere she took her along.

“That day it was cool and rainy. Anna decided that she had to buy shoes. We were going to a hotel in the Catskill Mountains and she needed a pair of summer shoes. We had a neighbor who had a daughter of fifteen. This girl loved our little Natasha. Her name was Dorothy. Anna had complete confidence in Dorothy, and she left Natasha with her. Because of Anna’s lack of English, I accompanied her. She would never enter a store without buying something, so as not to disappoint the merchant. But when it comes to footwear one cannot be too considerate. I was supposed to see to it that she didn’t buy shoes that would be too tight or a pair that the salesman wanted to get rid of. We lived on Second Avenue and Eighteenth Street, which was then considered uptown, and many wealthy people had moved into the neighborhood. By this time I had become a dental technician. It was a new profession in America, and it paid well. There were many shoe stores on the avenue and we window-shopped, passing from one to the other. After a while I tired of the whole business. I had the laboratory in my apartment and I wanted to return to my work. Anna had already bought socks and panties for the baby, and she gave them to me, saying, ‘If I don’t find the shoes I want, perhaps I will try Fifth Avenue.’

“Those were her last words to me. That was the last time I saw her. Many hours later, I informed the police. It was evening. The Irish policeman considered the whole affair a joke, and he advised me to wait until later that night or until the next morning. About one o’clock I returned to the station, and the policeman on the night shift suggested that my wife was probably visiting her boyfriend. Just the same, he wrote down everything and told me to come the next day if she had not returned. I went back for days and weeks. Anna had disappeared like a stone in the water. People came up with the theories you would expect. Perhaps she had a clandestine lover. Perhaps she had found her lost fiancé, Vladimir Machtei, and the old love had rekindled. Perhaps she had decided to return to Russia and throw a bomb at the Czar. From the police I had learned that not only men ran away in America but women as well. But none of the cases about which I heard compared to mine. Anna had no lovers. The baby was dear to her. If Vladimir Machtei wanted to know Anna’s whereabouts, he could have written to her grandparents. In all the years we had been in America, he never showed a sign of life. Deep inside me, I knew the tragic and unbelievable truth: that Anna was by nature or fate—call it as you like—a person born to lose and to be lost. She lost her money, her possessions, her fiancé. She might have lost the child, too, if she had not got lost herself. I say ‘deep inside me’ because my reason would never accept anything so irrational. What does it mean? How can a thing become nothing? The Pyramids have stood in place for six thousand years, and unless there is an unusual earthquake they may last for another six thousand—or sixty thousand. In the British Museum and here in the Metropolitan, you find mummies and artifacts that have endured for many centuries. If matter can turn to nothing, all of nature is a nightmare. This is what my logic dictates to me. In the case of that farmer in Tennessee, some believed that the earth had opened its mouth and swallowed him the way it is described in the Bible of Korah and his congregation. But if the earth had opened that day on Second or Fifth Avenue it would have swallowed more than just Anna.”



“So you believe that a demon or demons took her?” I asked.

“No, I don’t believe this, either.”

For a long while, we sat in silence. “Did you remarry?” I asked.

POSTCARD

The lightning lizards flicker,
clicking into crevices of lichen,
the white of broom
high over the valley bell
of *perla del mundo*,
the bee-busy yellowbell bushes
lofting soft distances of carillons
and a far sea muffled in a mountain brook.
Just below the breathtaking peak,
an anthill perches,
sufficient foundation for industry,
the one peak we step over
on the heights
in cloud country
on the way to San Fruttuoso,
bird-song miles ahead,
a snail’s descent to the curling sea
silent as these altitudes
echoing the rhythm of clouds.

—John Fandel

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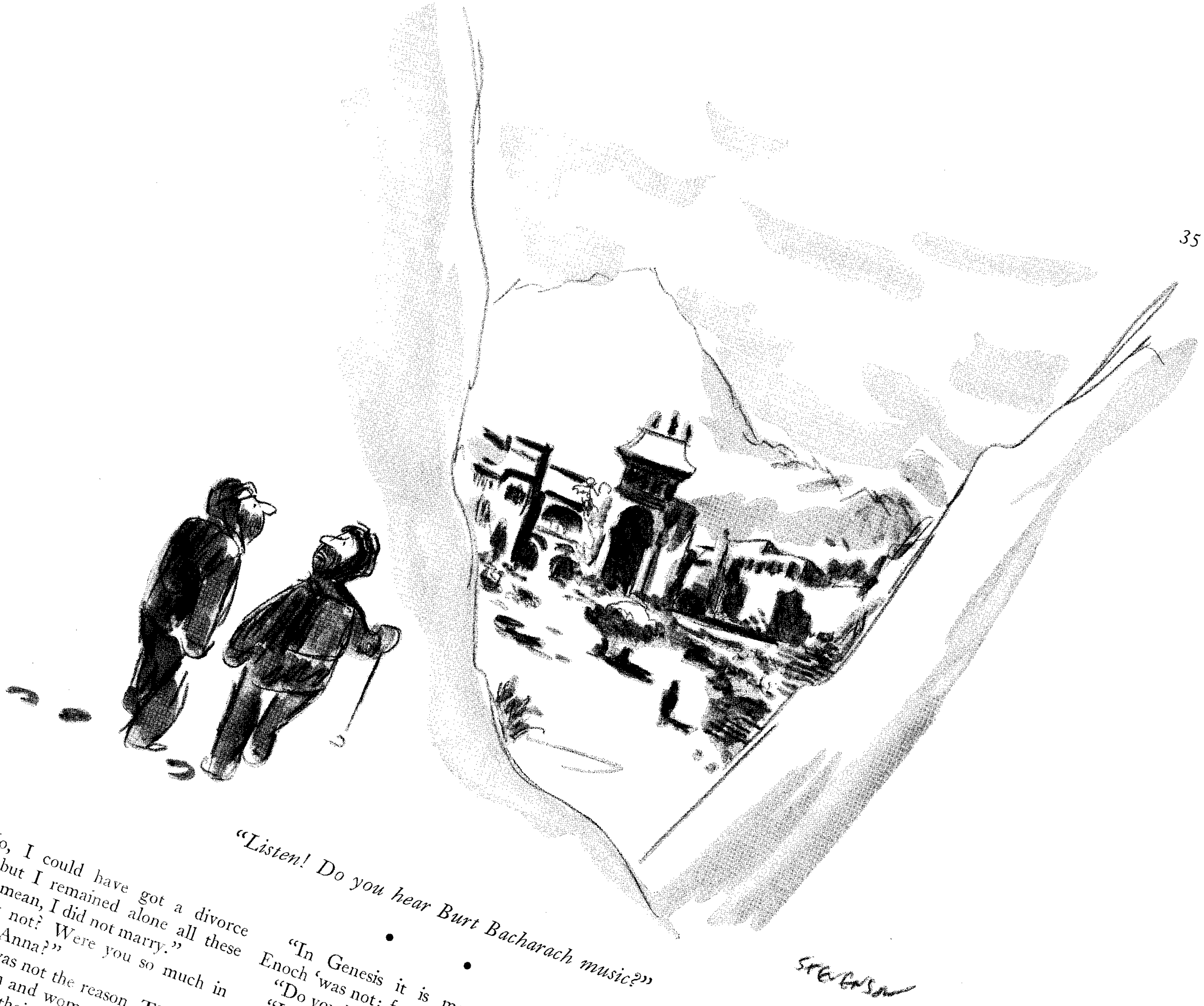

"Listen! Do you hear Burt Bacharach music?"

"No, I could have got a divorce easily, but I remained alone all these years. I mean, I did not marry."

"Why not? Were you so much in love with Anna?"

"This was not the reason. The most faithful men and women remarry after the death of their spouses, but what had happened to me kept me back. I hoped that I would live long enough for the riddle to be solved, but I am at the end of my road and I have found no answer. A person who has witnessed what I did can no longer make plans, build a house, attach himself to people. Spiritually, I became lost myself."

"It's quite possible that she still lives somewhere," I said.

"Where? A woman in her eighties. Yes, it is possible. Somehow, I had hoped that you could give me an explanation. I would be satisfied even with a theory, but it would have to make sense."

"In Genesis it is mentioned that Enoch 'was not; for God took him.'"

"Do you believe in this?" he asked.

"I don't know what to believe in."

"Well, I won't take up any more of your time. But I wonder what a scientist would say if I were to press this story upon him. He would have to find some solution."

"He might say that your wife was a pathological liar, or possibly insane."

"But where is she?"

"In the Hudson, in the sea, back in Russia, or perhaps even here with Vladimir Machtei."

Sam Opal rose from his chair and I rose with him. For a minute we stared at one another and neither of us spoke. Then I said, "Since I am not a scientist I will give you my own unscientific theory."

"What is it?"

"Vladimir Machtei was the demon who stole Anna's money on the ship, took away little Natasha's Teddy bear, and later kidnapped Anna. She was engaged to a demon to begin with."

"Why would he have chosen Anna?"

"They are said to be drawn to the proud and the beautiful."

"But he had an aunt in Poltava."

"A demon's aunt is also a demon."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Rosanna Gerber.)

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MONEY IS THE ROOT. But not of this Evel. Daredevil driver Evel Kneivel showed up yesterday to play in the pro-celebrity section of the Atlantic Golf Classic. He reached into his bag and, to the delight of the fans, threw one hundred $11 bills to the air for them.—*Photograph caption in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The delight of the fans, and the consternation of Ms. Romana Acosta Bañuelos.

THE FIVE BLACK SWANS

PORTENTS accompany the death of monarchs. A white horse trots slowly along the avenue, a woman in streaming wet garments is seen to enter the throne room, vanishes, and leaves wet footmarks; red mice are caught in the palace mousetraps. For several weeks five black swans had circled incessantly above the castle of Elfhame. It was nearly two thousand years since their last appearance; then there were four of them, waiting for Maharit, Queen Tiphaine's predecessor. Now they were five, and waited for Tiphaine. Mute as a shell cast up on the beach, she lay in her chamber watching the antics of her pet monkey.

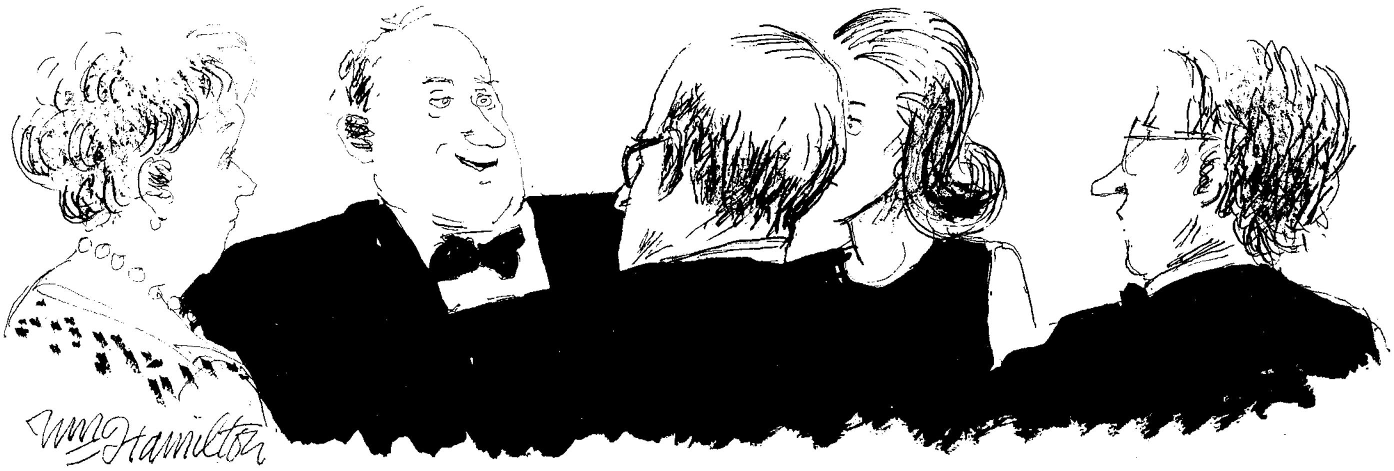
The mysterious tribe of fairies are erroneously supposed to be immortal and very small. In fact, they are of smallish human stature and of ordinary human contrivance. They are born, and eventually die; but their longevity and their habit of remaining good-looking, slender, and unimpaired till the hour of death have led to the Kingdom of Elfin being called the Land of the Ever-Young. Again, it is an error to say "the Kingdom of Elfin": the Kingdoms of Elfin are as numerous as kingdoms were in the Europe of the nineteenth century, and as diverse. Those in Scandinavia are uncouth and excessively formal, and their ambassadors to Brocéliande were referred to as the Trolls. Brocéliande, in Brittany, is the most renowned Kingdom in Western Europe. It is said to have preserved the ancient culture of Persia, where in distant ages the fairy race originated. Vivien, who overcame Merlin, had been governess to two successive queens of Brocéliande.

Tiphaine's Kingdom lay on the Scottish border, not far from the romantic and lonely Eskdalemuir Observatory (erected in 1908). Her castle of Elfhame—a steep-sided grassy hill, round as a pudding basin—had great purity of style. A small lake on its summit—still known as the Fairy Loch, and local babies with croup are still dipped in its icy, weedless water—had a crystal floor, which served as a skylight. A door in the hillside, operated by legerdemain, opened into a complex of branching corridors, one of which, broadening into a set of anterooms, led to the Throne Room, which was wainsco in silver and lit by candles in crystal sconces. It was a circular room, and round it, like the ambulatory of a cathedral—and like the ambulatory of a cathedral fenced off by pillars and a light latticing—ran a wide gallery where the courtiers strolled, conversed, and amused themselves with dice, *bouts-rimés*, news from other Kingdoms and the outer world, needlework, carving nutshells, and placid scandal-mongering. The hum of conversation was like the hum of bees. But at the time of which I write, no one mentioned the five black swans, and the word "death" was not spoken, though it lay, compact as a pebble, in every heart.

Dying is not an aristocratic activity like fencing, yachting, patronizing the arts: it is enforced—a willy-nilly affair. Though no one at Elfhame was so superstitious as to suppose Tiphaine would live forever, they were too well-mannered to admit openly that she would come to her end by dying. In the same way, though everyone knew that she had wings, it would have been lèse-majesté to think she might use them. Flying was a servile activity: cooks, grooms, laundresses flew about their work, and to be strong on the wing was a merit in a footman. But however speedily he flew to the banqueting room with a soup tureen, at the threshold he folded his wings and entered at a walk.

In these flying circles of Elfhame, Tiphaine's dying was discussed as openly and with as much animation as if the swans were outriders of a circus. A kitchen boy, flying out with a bucket of swill for the palace pigs, had been the first to see them. On his report, there was a swirl of servants, streaming like a flock of starlings from the back door to see for themselves. The head gardener, a venerable fairy, swore he could distinguish Queen Maharit in the swan with the long bridling neck: Maharit had just such a neck. Tiphaine's servants were on easier terms with death than her courtiers were. They had plucked geese, drawn grouse and blackcock, skinned eels. The mortals among them, stolen from their cradles to be court pets and playthings, who, failing in this, had drifted into kitchen society, seldom lived far into their second century, even though on their importation they were injected with an elixir of longevity, as tom kittens are gelded for domestication. They had more contact with the outer world, where they picked up ballads and folk stories, flew over battlefields, and observed pestilences. Thus death was at once more real to them and less

"I didn't bring you to the mountains to make trouble!"



"You know what's really going on in America? What's really going on in America is I'm going to have another drink."

• •

imposing. Every day their loyalty grew more fervent. They said there would never again be such a queen as Tiphaine, and had a sweepstake as to which lady (Elfin inverts Salic law) would be the next.

In Elfin the succession is determined by the dying ruler naming who is to come after her. If, by some misadventure, the declaration is not made, resort is had to divination. At sunrise half a dozen flying fairies are sent up to net larks—as many larks as there are eligible ladies, with a few over in case of accidents. During the morning the larks, one to each lady, are caged, ringed, and have leaden weights wired to their feet. On the stroke of noon the court officeholders—Chancellor, Astrologer, Keeper of the Records, Chamberlain, and so forth—wearing black hoods and accompanied by pages and cage bearers, go in torchlight procession to the Knowing Room, a stone cellar deep in the castle's foundations, where there is a well, said to be bottomless. One by one, the larks are taken from the cages, held above the well while the name of their lady is pronounced, and then dropped in. The weights are delicately adjusted to allow the larks a brief struggle before they drown. Its duration is noted with a stopwatch by the Court Horologer and when one by one the larks have drowned, the lark which struggled longest has won the queenship for the lady it was dedicated to. The officials throw off their mourning hoods and go back to the Throne Room, where they kiss the hand of the new queen and drink her health from a steaming loving cup of spiced and honeyed wine which recovers them from the cramping chill of their ordeal in the Knowing Room.

At Elfhame, however, all this was hearsay: Tiphaine and the two queens before her had been named. Lark patties and the loving cup were all anyone expected.

Early in the new year the weather changed. Rain pockmarked the snow that lay in rigid shrouds over the black moorland; the swans were hidden in a web of low-lying cloud. Suddenly they reappeared; the wind had shifted into the north and there it would stay, said the head gardener who remembered Queen Maharit, through the three long months ahead—the starving months, when shrewmice feasted underground, and deer and cattle wandered slowly in search of food, eating frozen heather, rushes, dead bracken, anything that would stay the craving to munch and swallow.

It was warm in the castle, where the walls of solid earth muffled the noise of the wind. Chess tables were laid out in the gallery: matches lasted for days on end, protracted by skillful evasions, long considerings before the capture of a pawn. From the musicians' room came intermittent twangings and cockcrowings, flourishes of melody broken off, begun again, broken off again, as the court band of harps and trumpets rehearsed the funeral and coronation marches which would soon be needed. In Tiphaine's chamber the Head Archivist sat by her bed, waiting to take down her dying command about her successor. Every morning he was brought a new quill pen. Every night he was replaced by the Sub-Archivist, who had a peculiar aversion to monkeys, unfortunate but also convenient, since it kept him reliably awake.

The monkey's life depended on Tiphaine's. Royal favorites are seldom popular in court circles. The monkey had amusing tricks but dirty habits; few would put in a good word for it when Tiphaine's death plunged the court in sorrow. Nothing at all could be pled for Morel and Amanita, Tiphaine's latest importees from the mortal world. Strictly speaking, they were not changelings, for they had been bought with good fairy gold. This in itself was against them; but, however got, they would have been detested. They were twins, and orphans; their parents had been burned as heretics during the Easter festivities in Madrid, and the Brocéliande ambassador, on his way back from the Kingdom of Guadarrama, had stolen them from the convent of penitents to which they had been assigned. Tiphaine had bought them from him. For a while she was devoted to them—as devoted as she had been to the still remembered changeling Tiffany, who for thirteen years she had kept as her lover. Tiffany, in his mortal way, was tolerable. Morel and Amanita were intolerable from the start. They thieved, destroyed, laid booby traps, mimicked, fought each other like wildcats, infuriated the servants, and tore out the Chief Harpist's hair. (Custom dictated that it be worn long and flowing as in olden days.)

For as in the kitchen loyalty grew daily more ardent and more undiscriminating, in the gallery it developed a sense of historical perspective. There had been some regrettable incidents in the past—blown up by scandal, of course; but there is no smoke without fire. Tiphaine was indiscreet in her choice of favorites—the fault of a generous character, no doubt, but she was often sadly deluded. Admittedly, she was headstrong—but to live under the rule of a vacillating queen would be far more exhausting. Beauty like hers could atone for everything—or almost everything. Perhaps her complexion had been a shade, just a shade, too florid? "You would not think that if you saw her now," retorted the Dame of Honor.

"I suppose so, I suppose so." The words sounded slightly perfunctory. The speaker was looking at the chessboard, where Morel and Amanita had rearranged the pieces.

By now, it was the end of March and cold as ever.

The Sub-Archivist had entered the bedchamber, seated himself, wrapped a foxskin rug over his knees, taken the virgin parchment, the day's quill pen. The monkey sat hunched before the fire. Dwindled, mute, a dirty white like old snow, Tiphaine lay among her snow-white pillows, and did not notice the replacement. She was remembering Thomas of Ercildoune.

IT was May Day morning, and she rode at the head of her court to greet the established spring. Doves were cooing in the woods, larks sang overhead, her harness bells rang in tune with them. She pulled off her gloves to feel the warm air on her hands. The route took them past a hawthorn brake and there, lolling on the new-grown grass, was a handsome man—so handsome that she checked her horse's pace to have a completer look at him. She had looked at him and summed him up when suddenly she realized that he had seen her and was staring at her with intensity. *Mortals cannot see fairies.*

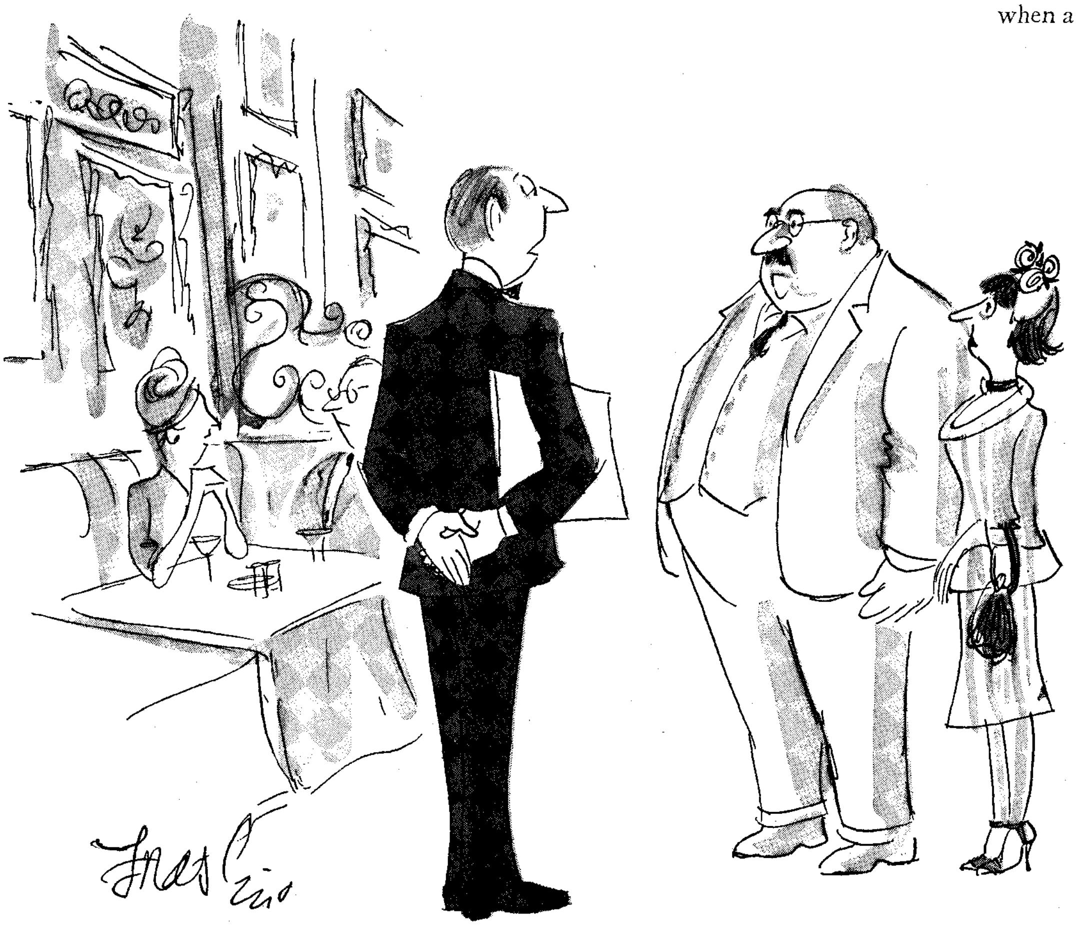
She spurred her horse and rode fast on from the strange encounter.

That afternoon she asked the Court Astrologer if mortals could possibly see fairies.

"Once in a blue moon they might catch sight of one—some very old man, say, who had spent his life studying Art Magic, and never known woman—such a one, if he hit on the right spells, might catch a glimpse, or hear a twang or a voice saying 'Tee-hee.' That's the most they'll get."

But the man who saw her was certainly not a fairy.

That night she couldn't sleep, feeling the weight of her castle stopping her breath. An hour before sunrise she was in the stables, scolding a sleepy stableboy, and hurried a saddle on a horse and rode at a gallop to the hawthorn brake. And he was not there and he did not come. She rode on over the moor. The sun was up before she saw him walking toward her. She reined in her horse, watching him approach. Keeping her pride, she looked down on him when he stopped beside her.

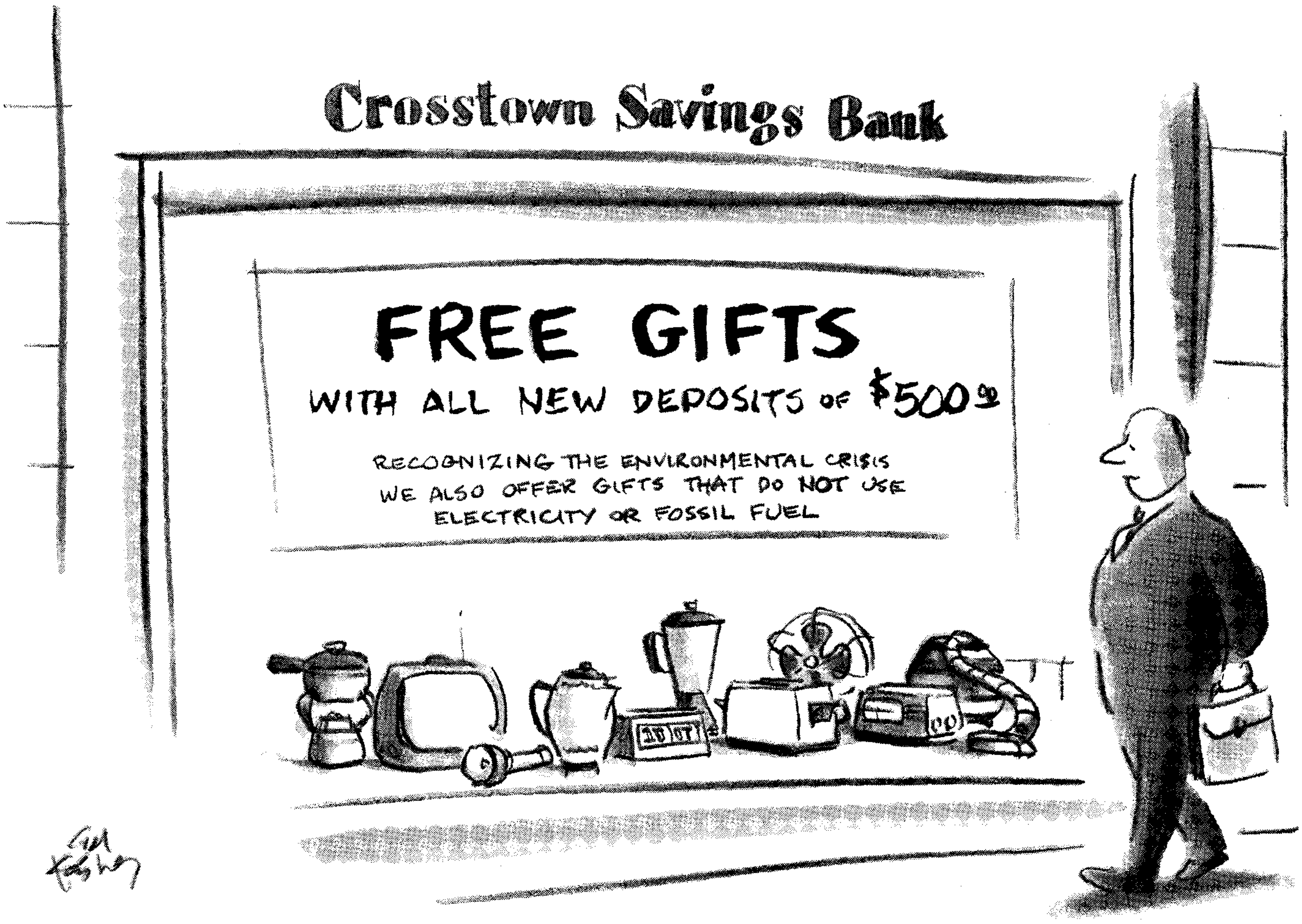


"I'm sorry, sir—we can't serve you. You're too fat already."

"You're out early, Queen of Elfhame," he said. She couldn't think of anything to say. He put his arms round her and lifted her from the saddle, and she toppled into his embrace like a sheaf of corn. The dew was heavy on the grass, and when they got up from their lovemaking they were wringing wet and their teeth chattered.

From then on it was as though she lived to music. To music she followed him barefoot, climbed a sycamore tree to look into a magpie's nest, made love in the rain. Once, they came to a wide rattling burn, with a green lawn on the further bank. He leaped across, and held out his hand for her to catch hold of. It was too wide a leap for her and she took to her wings. It was the first time in her life she had flown, and the sensation delighted her. She rose in another flight, curling and twirling for the pleasure and mastery of it, as a fiddler plays a cadenza. She soared higher and higher, looking down on the figure at the burnside, small as a beetle and the center of the wide world. He beckoned her down; she dropped like a hawk and they rolled together on the grass. He made little of her flying, even less of her queenship, nothing at all of her immense seniority. Love was in the present: in the sharp taste of the rowanberries he plucked for her, in the winter night when a gale got up and whipped them to the shelter of a ruined castle where he kindled a fire and roasted turnips on a stick, in their midnight mushroomings, in the long summer evenings when they lay on their backs too happy to move or speak, in their March-hare curvettings and cuffings. For love-gifts, he gave her acorns, birds' eggs, a rose-gall because it is called the fairies' pincushion, a yellow snail shell.

It was on the day of the shell, a day in August with thunder in the air, that she asked him how it was he saw her, he who had only mortal eyes. He told how on his seventh birthday it had come to him that one day he would see the Queen of Elfhame, and from then on he had looked at every woman and seen through her, till Tiphaine rode past the hawthorn brake. In the same way, he said, he could see things which had not happened yet but surely would happen, and had made rhymes of them to fix them in his memory. She would live long after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10 07
Ed Fisher

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him and might see some of them come true.

With one ear she was listening for the first growl of thunder, with the other to Thomas's heartbeats. Suddenly they began to quarrel, she railing at him for his selfish mortality, his refusal to make trial of the elixir of longevity. He flung away from her, saying she must love him now, instantly, before the lightning broke cover. A time would come when he would grow old and she would abhor him: he could tell her that without any exercise of prophecy. The storm broke and pinned them in the present. When it moved away they made a cairn of hailstones.

THE Sub-Archivist woke with a start. The Queen was stirring in her bed. She sat up and said fiercely, "Why is no one here? It is May Day morning. I must be dressed."

The Sub-Archivist rushed to the door and shouted, "The Queen has spoken! She wants to be dressed."

Courtiers and women servants crowded in, huddling on their clothes. There was a cry of "Keep those two out," but Morel and Amanita were already in the room. They saw their hearts' desire—the monkey. The monkey saw them. It screamed and sprang onto Tiphaine's bed, where it tried to hide under the coverlet. The Court Physician hauled it out by the tail and threw it on the floor. While the court ladies crowded round the bed, chafed the Queen's hands, held smelling salts to her nose, urged her not to excite herself, and apologized for their state of undress, Morel and Amanita seized the monkey. At first they caressed it; then they began to dispute as to which of them loved it best, whose monkey it should be. Their quarrel flared into fury and they tore it in half.

The smell of blood and entrails still hung about the room when the Sub-Archivist took up his evening watch. Everything had been restored to order: the bed straightened, the floor washed and polished, a fresh coverlet supplied. Tiphaine had been given a composing draught, and was asleep. That deplorable business with the monkey had made no impression on her, the Court Physician assured him. She might even be the better for it. Morel and Amanita had been strangled and their bodies thrown on the moor as a charity to crows. With every symptom so benign, they could hope she would return to her senses and name her successor.

As the virgin parchment had been crumpled during the scuffle, the Sub-Archivist was given a new one, and left to himself.

The room was so still that he could hear the sands draining through the hourglass. He had reversed it for the third time when Tiphaine opened her eyes and turned a little toward him. Trembling, he dipped the quill in ink.

"Thomas—O Thomas, my love."

He wrote this down and waited for her to say more. She grunted once or twice. The room was so still he could hear the swans circling lower and lower, and the castle beginning to resound with exclamations and protesting voices. The swans rose in a bevy, and the chant of their beating wings was high overhead, was far away, was gone.

No one at court had a name remotely resembling Thomas, so preparations for the ceremony of divination were put in hand. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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DEAR BUD:

After eating a few raspberries and picking them for about one hour we discovered worms in the berries! That ended my raspberry picking.

What kind of worms are they? How safe is it for parsons to eat the worms?

—*Letter in the Anchorage Daily Times.*

Depends on the location of the parish.

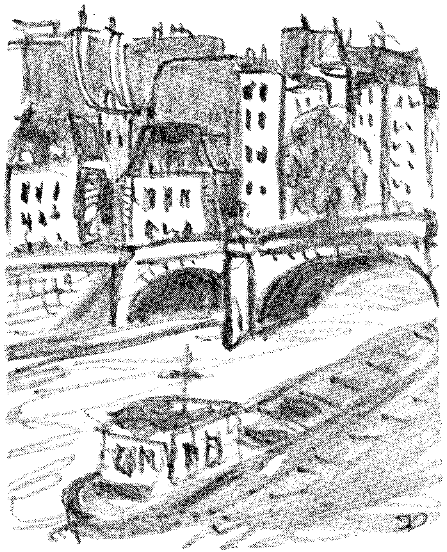
ANNALS OF FINANCE

THE GO-GO YEARS—I

ON April 22, 1970, Henry Ross Perot, of Dallas, Texas, in spite of being technically one of the half-dozen richest men in the United States, was so new to wealth, at thirty-nine, that he was not listed in *Poor's Register* and had just appeared for the first time in *Who's Who in America*. Only a small fraction of his fellow-countrymen had ever heard of him. Many people who had met him by happening to sit next to him on airliners had not found him particularly impressive or interesting. Barely five and a half feet tall, with a naïve, straightforward gaze, an unamused smile, a crooked nose, a short crewcut, and a hillbilly East Texas accent, he was inclined to talk at length and with enthusiasm about things like patriotism and the Boy Scouts of America. More than anything else, he seemed to be a nice, promising young man who was probably selling something. Yet that day Perot achieved a landmark in the financial history of the United States, and perhaps of the Western world. It was hardly a landmark to be envied, but it was certainly one to be remembered: He suffered a stock-market loss, on paper, of about four hundred and fifty million dollars. He still had, on paper, almost a billion dollars left, but that wasn't the point. The point was that his one-day loss amounted to more than the total assets of any charitable foundation in the country after the top four; more than the annual welfare budget of any city except New York; and more—not just in figures but in actual purchasing power—than J. Pierpont Morgan was known to be worth at the time of his death, in 1913. It was also quite possibly more in actual purchasing power than any man had lost in a single day since the Industrial Revolution brought large private accumulations of money into being.

That April 22nd was the first Earth Day; the environment had recently become a national mania, especially among the young, and a group of conservationist leaders headed by Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin, had picked April 22nd as a day of national dedication to the cause of eliminating pollution in all its forms. In Washington, in front of the Department of the Interior building, twenty-five hundred young people milled around shouting "Off the oil!" and "Stop the muck!" to protest government leases to oil producers whose operations were thought to cause pollution. There were antipollution rallies of twenty-five thousand or more (watched by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it became known later) in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. In Bloomington, Minnesota, former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey urged the United Nations to establish an environmental agency to combat pollution around the world, and at Georgetown University, in Washington, Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana, called for a national agency "to conquer pollution as we have conquered space." Interior Secretary Walter Hickel—an authentic hero of environmentalism, since he was a convert soon to be martyred professionally for his views—was in his home state of Alaska, getting a hero's welcome. In New York City, children rode bicycles to school; huge, lighthearted crowds gambolled on an automobile-free Fifth Avenue; at Seventeenth Street, people were offered the opportunity to breathe "pure air" in a block-long polyethylene bubble; and so on, as all the artillery of promotion and public relations was turned, momentarily, in an unfamiliar and uncharacteristic direction.

All this resolution and high spirit fought upstream against one of the gloomiest moods to darken any American April since the Civil War. The first My Lai revelations were five months old; the potentially dangerous New Haven student strike in support of the Black Panthers began that day; the stunningly unpopular invasion of Cambodia was seven days off; and the Kent State University killings of students by National Guardsmen were twelve days off. The gloom, compounded by signs of an approaching national economic recession, had caused a stock-market panic that, though far from over, was already comparable in a number of ways to that of October, 1929. The Dow-Jones industrial average of common stocks had sunk relentlessly through almost all of 1969; then, after holding fairly firm through the first three months of the new year, it had gone into a sickening collapse that by April 22nd had carried it to a level some two hundred and twenty-two points below its peak of sixteen months earlier. What was worse, the Dow did not begin to tell the whole story. Interest rates were at near-record highs, strangling new housing construction and making most industrial expansion impractical. The dollar was in bad trouble in the international markets, with foreigners holding American currency worth many billions more than the national gold hoard. A hundred or so Wall Street brokerage firms were close to failure. As for the Dow, the standard classic stock-market indicator, first compiled in 1896, it was, in a sense, living in the past. The thirty old-line blue chips of which it was composed—among them Allied Chemical, General Foods, General Motors, and United States Steel—were simply not the market leaders anymore, and consequently the Dow had become a pale, watered-down reflection of the real stock-market situation. A better indication is to be found in the fact that in May, 1970, a portfolio consisting of one share of every stock listed on the Big Board was worth scarcely more than half of what it had been worth at the start of 1969. The high-flyers that had led the market of 1967 and 1968—conglomerates, computer leasers, far-out electronics companies, franchisers—were precipitously down from their peaks. And they were down not thirty per cent, like the Dow, but eighty or ninety or ninety-five per cent. It was vintage 1929 stuff, and the prospect of another Great Depression, this one induced as much by despair as by purely economic factors, was a very real one.



The visible parallels to 1929 in the business and financial sphere were enough to make a man agree not merely with Santayana, who said that those who forget history are condemned to repeat it, but also with Proust, whose whole great book, read one way, seems to say that man's apparent capacity for learning from experience is an illusion. Before the crash in 1929, the financial sages had insisted repeatedly that there couldn't be another panic like that of

"*At this point in time, dinner is served.*"

1907, because of the protective role of the Federal Reserve System; before the crash of 1969-70, a later generation observed that there couldn't be another panic like that of 1929, because of the protective role of the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, and the Securities and Exchange Commission. In each case, a severe market break had taken place about eight years earlier (in 1921 and 1962), followed by a period of progressively more unfettered speculation. In each case, huge, shaky financial pyramids had been erected on a minimum of cash base by financiers eager to take maximum advantage of the public's insatiable appetite for common stocks. Before 1929, the pyramids had been called investment trusts and holding companies; now they were called conglomerates. In each case, there had been a single market operator to whom the public assigned the star role of official seer. In the nineteen-twenties, the man to whom the public ascribed almost supernatural power to divine the future prices of stocks had been Jesse L. Livermore, the famous free-lance speculator. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, it was Gerald Tsai, Jr., who made his reputation at Fidelity Capital Fund and later founded the Manhattan Fund.

In both the twenties and the sixties, certain insiders contrived to use privileged information and superior market techniques to manipulate stock prices and thus deceive the public; in the twenties the manipulators had been called pool operators, and in the sixties they were called portfolio managers. (It is curious to note that, while the operations of both the nineteen-twenties pools and the nineteen-sixties far-out performance funds—the so-called go-go funds—were obviously unfair, if not illegal, there was no public disapproval of either as long as people were making money on them.) In each case, the dubious ethical practices started in the untended underbrush on the fringes of Wall Street and moved, eventually, to the very centers of power and respectability. In 1926 (although it wasn't known publicly until more than a decade later), Richard Whitney, soon to be president of the New York Stock Exchange, committed the first of a long series of embezzlements of funds entrusted to his care, and in 1929 the chairman of the Chase National Bank made a personal profit of four million dollars selling short the shares of his own bank; that is, he privately profited from the misfortunes of the institution he headed. No wrongdoing so melodramatic occurred among the Wall Street leaders of the nineteen-sixties—or, at least, none has so far been uncovered. But, just as in 1926 a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co. shocked the financial world, which believed that the Morgans sat on the right hand of God, by openly touting a stock—General Motors—in which his firm was substantially interested, so, forty years later, a not dissimilar shudder went through the Street when it became known that one year earlier a key vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Co.'s successor firm, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, had bought or caused to be bought ten thousand shares of Texas Gulf Sulphur in less than half an hour, apparently on the basis of privileged information about a great ore strike in Ontario.

The parallels go down to certain curious details. In each case, the market collapse occurred under a Republican President who had been elected on the crest of the preceding boom, and who had a strong pro-business orientation. In each case, the crisis was marked by carefully planned and publicized Presidential meetings at the White House with Wall Street leaders. Finally, in each case the crash gave rise to an orgy of recrimination and finger-pointing. Of course, there were tremendous differences, too—not just the fact that the more recent crash did not lead to a catastrophic national depression (though it did lead to a severe one) but differences in style and nuance and social implication. In comparing 1929 with 1969-70, one might even find a certain appositeness in Karl Marx's famous observation that history repeats itself the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce.

ON Friday, May 8, 1970, a number of hardhats—perhaps two hundred of them—who were working in downtown Manhattan swarmed into Wall Street shortly before noon and attacked perhaps a thousand anti-war demonstrators, mostly students, who had gathered in the area to protest the American invasion of Cambodia, a week earlier, and the shooting of four Kent State University students by the Ohio National Guard, on May 4th. While the hardhat attack was going on, everyone above in Wall Street—or everyone privileged to have access to a window—looked out. The mar-

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"Hadn't you best drop in?"

• •

ket was virtually unaffected. Most of Wall Street's élite working population watched the carnage from high, safe windows, and, indeed, there was little else they could have sensibly done; no purpose would have been served by their rushing down and joining the fray. Nevertheless, there is an all too symbolic aspect to professional Wall Street's role that day as a bystander, sympathizing, unmistakably, with the underdogs, the unarmed, the peace lovers, but keeping its hands clean—watching with fascination and horror from windows that looked out over the lovely (at that distance) Upper New York Bay, with its green islands and its proud passing liners, and down into the canyon from which there rose, inconveniently, the cries of hurt or frightened children.

The event—like the unreal gyrations in the fortunes of Perot—called attention to the relationship, or the lack of one, between Wall Street and the nation in the new times. Did it make sense anymore to live—and live at the top of the heap—by playing games with paper while children screamed under the window? Could not one almost hear the tumbrels rattling to the revolutionary guillotine? Well, at any rate, if you were a Wall Streeter in 1970, you were at least no longer directly profiting by war. As late as the Eisenhower era, the market had adhered to its age-old habit of greeting war news with complacency, if not with outright glee, and of greeting peace news—"peace scares" was the local term—with panic and hysteria. But sometime in late 1967 Wall Street had come to the conclusion that the Vietnam war was bad business, and had broken all precedent by turning decisively bearish on war and bullish on peace. The defense contractors were no longer blue chips; one of the biggest, Lockheed, would soon be in danger of bankruptcy. The peace initiatives of early 1968 had caused or contributed to a huge bull market of record volume. It was an unheard-of phenomenon; an old shame of Wall Street ended, to sighs of relief from financiers with consciences. Or again: if you were a conscientious Wall Streeter, you could tell yourself that you were contributing to progress by financing industrial expansion that would help reduce poverty and would finally abolish it. But now you knew, or had at last been compelled to reflect, that industrial expansion was not an unalloyed blessing, and that each new factory, however modern and antiseptic, would mean new money for many but might also mean—through pollution—ugliness, suffering, and death.

Wall Street at that time claimed, of course, to be more broadly American than ever before. Even at the height of the 1929 boom, as Wall Street could, and did, point out, there were at most four million Americans in the stock market, or one in every thirty. In the summer of 1970, the New York Stock Exchange proudly unveiled a survey showing that the country now held over thirty million shareholders, or one in every six. "People's capitalism" had arrived, then—there were the figures to prove it. Yet, in a perhaps more significant perspective, the stock market was not more closely related to American life in 1970 than in 1929; in fact, the contrary was true. In 1929, America was still thought of by most social commentators as being essentially a small country of people possessing either land or money. Everybody else was considered to be simply beneath notice. As the majority consisting of slaves is ignored in idyllic histories of the democracy of ancient Greece, so the majority of the poor was ignored in the social histories of America circa 1929. By 1970, social commentary at all levels had become democratic; minorities, black and other, had consequently become self-conscious, aware of their right to be included and noticed even though they remained as they were instead of remolding themselves in the white Protestant image, as the Jews and the Irish had so largely done in earlier times. Even among the affluent, discussing the stock market on social occasions—a custom not just sanctioned but approved in 1929—had come to be considered generally dull or boorish. In the national context, the four million stockholders of 1929 loomed far larger

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than the thirty million of 1970. And in 1970 people's capitalism—as almost any black, Mexican, Puerto Rican, Appalachian poor white, unemployed laborer, or hardscrabble farmer could tell you—was still largely a myth.

Wall Street—sometimes so beautifully, so patly metaphorical that it could break a poet's heart—not only was a place sorely in need of physical greening but had been almost the first place in the nation to be literally ungreened. A print made in 1847—long before the coming of large-scale industrialization and the age of asphalt—hangs in Sweets, the famous old restaurant on Fulton Street. It shows almost the whole six-hundred-yard stretch of Wall Street, looking toward Trinity Church, and the scene contains exactly one tree. The physical ungreening had—and has—its spiritual concomitant, a certain dehumanization. For generations, Wall Street has tended to represent what is hardest, coldest, and meanest in America. This is not to say that life there has been (or is) all mean and inhuman. There has always been extraordinary enterprise, generosity, courage; villainy on a grand scale; the drama of success and failure; even now and again a certain nobility. In the nineteen-sixties, Wall Street still had a stimulating tendency—as it had had for a century and more—to project humanity (and specifically American humanity) on a wide screen, larger than life; to be a stage, perhaps almost the last stage, for high, pure moral melodrama on the themes of possession, domination, and belonging.

But at a cost. As few plants bloom in Wall Street, so do few people. While the Wall Street kings play out their classic dramas in the filtered air behind the high windows, the vassals, the footmen, and the ladies-in-waiting of the Street are short of the little satisfactions that make life bearable. Numbers and machines that they don't understand benumb them. One gets off the subway at Broadway and Wall and begins to feel depressed. Men's faces seem pinched and preoccupied. Pretty women seem flesh without magic. In winter, a savage wind curls around the corners of those canyons. In summer, the air lies heavy, dank, and sunless. The debaters of theology who cluster outside the Bankers Trust strike one as disturbingly psychotic, not engagingly zany. Not greed or avarice but footling bad temper is too often the prevailing mood. In a revolutionary time like 1970, could it be that Wall Street, the summary of so much that is worst about our national tradition, was coming to be—in the cliché of the moment—irrelevant?

"Dear Lord! Why don't my ball-point pens ever work?"

• •

Ross Perot never thought of Wall Street as irrelevant. To him it was a Puritan's Hell, dangerous and fascinating, and also, as he well knew, the source of his almost incredible riches. He had entered Hell, conquered it, and remained pure. By environment and temperament he was a perfect Western populist, feeling toward "city slickers," including those in Wall Street, fear and suspicion mixed with both contempt and envy. His boyhood in East Texas—he was the son of a Depression-ridden small-town cotton broker and horse trader—had set the pattern of his life: he had broken horses for pay before he was ten (and repeatedly broken his nose in the process), become an Eagle Scout, embraced the cult of self-reliance, and learned to make a holy Calvinist doctrine of the pursuit of the honest dollar by honest effort. In some respects, he was an anachronism. He had grown up, before and during the Second World War, believing that the frontier not only existed but still dominated American life.

Perot was of pioneer stock; his great-grandfather Perot had emigrated from France to Campti, Louisiana, before the Civil War, in the true frontier days. Ross Perot's grandfather had later made his way up the Red River and overland to New Boston, Texas, where he hacked out a clearing, hewed timber and built a general store, and became a cotton broker. Ross Perot, after high school and two years of junior college in nearby Texarkana, had wangled an appointment to the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in 1953 with an average academic record but with a capacity for leadership that had been recognized in his election as class president. Already, he showed promise as a supersalesman. After four years of active Navy duty, he took a job as a computer drummer, on commission, for International Business Machines in Dallas. He soon turned out to be such an overachiever that any promotion to a salaried job would have involved a cut in pay, so the company had taken drastic steps to control his income. It cut his commission on sales by four-fifths and assigned him an annual sales quota beyond which he would get no commission. For the year 1962, he had made his annual quota by January 19th, thus putting himself effectively out of business for the next eleven months and twelve days. After brooding on his dilemma, he quit I.B.M. that June and incorporated his own company—Electronic Data Systems Corporation, which designed, installed, and operated computer systems for commercial organizations—and took with him a couple of brilliant young I.B.M. colleagues named Milledge A. Hart III and Thomas J. Marquez. He had no investors or backers; his initial investment was a thousand dollars, the minimum required for incorporation under Texas law; his di-

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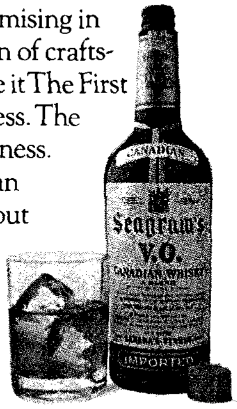

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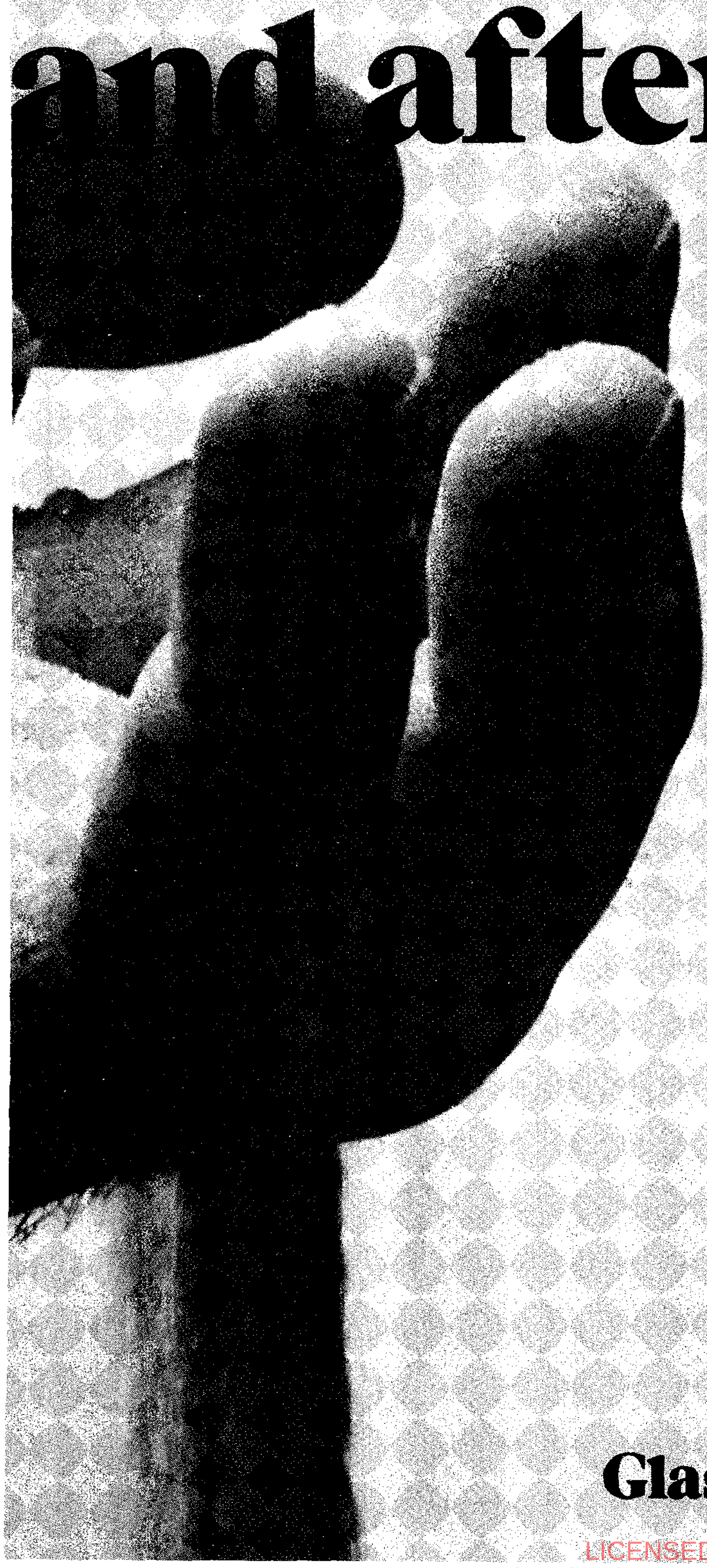

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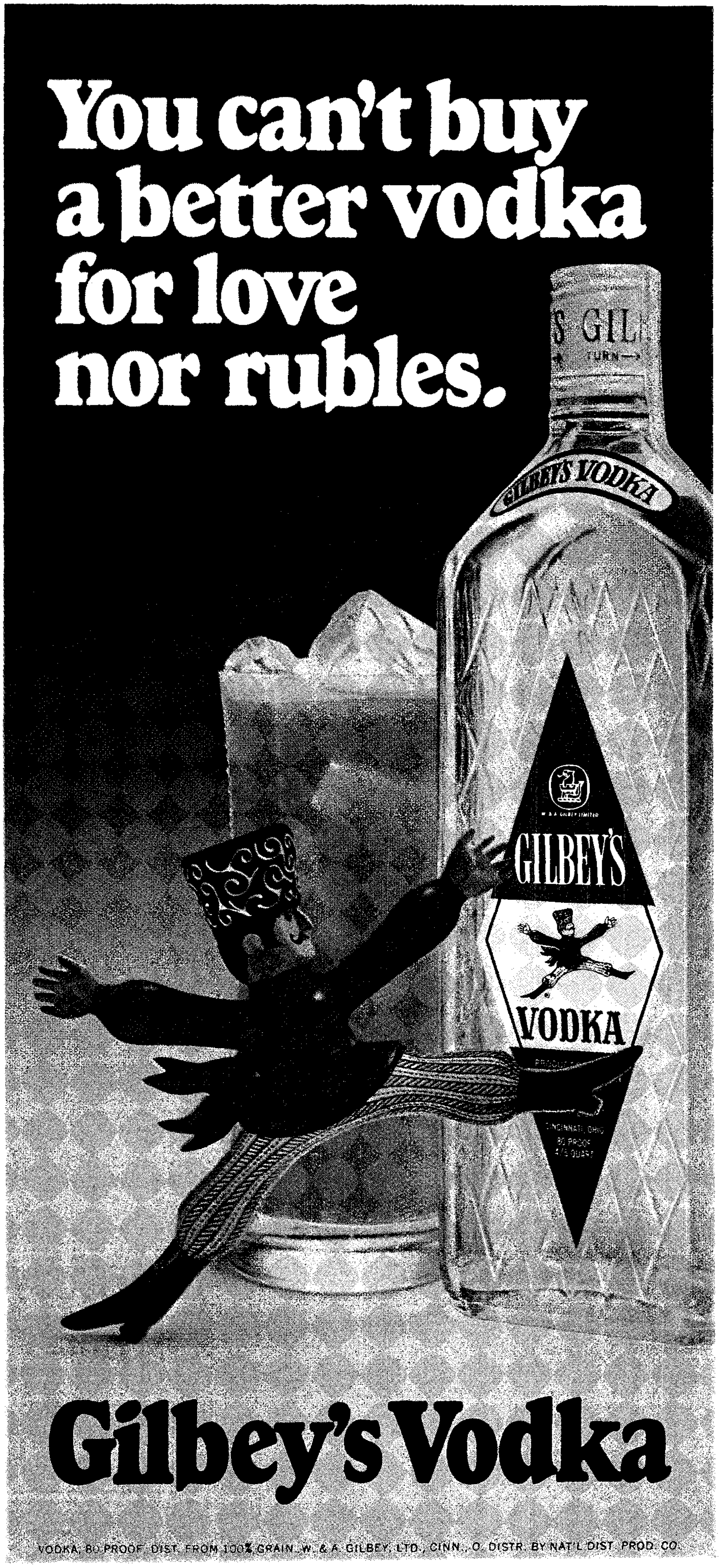
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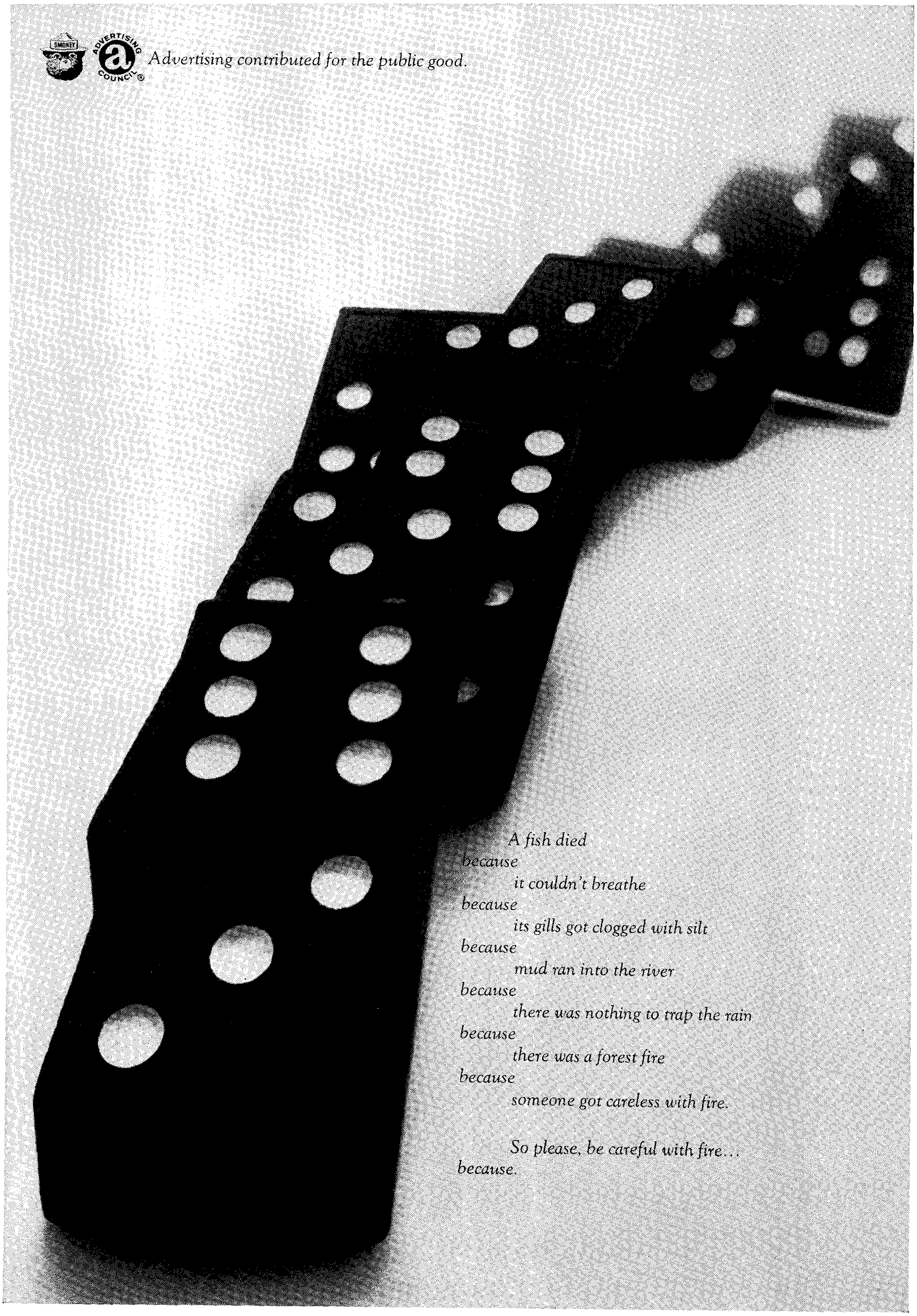
rectors, in addition to himself, were his wife, his mother, and his sister. Hard times followed for a while. (When E.D.S. took offices at a building in Dallas and decorated it with the firm's initials, some local people mistook the place for a restaurant called Ed's.) But persistence and salesmanship paid off. In 1965, when Medicare became law, E.D.S. got in on the ground floor. Perot actually spent a spell working part-time for Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Texas, which had a contract with the Social Security Administration to develop a computerized system for paying Medicare bills. Out of this association came a contract from Blue Cross and Blue Shield for E.D.S. That was only the beginning. Eventually, E.D.S. had subcontracts to administer Medicare or Medicaid in eleven states, including Texas, California, and Indiana; the firm derived the major portion of its revenue from these contracts, making Perot what *Ramparts*, in 1971, scathingly called "America's First Welfare Billionaire." All told, by 1968 E.D.S. had twenty-three contracts for computer systems, three hundred and twenty-three full-time employees, about ten million dollars in assets, annual net profits of over a million and a half dollars, and a growth curve so fantastic as to make investment bankers' mouths water. Perot's personal relations with Wall Street and its slickers began early in 1968, when the market was going through the roof and the hungry investment bankers suddenly realized that the company founded by Perot and his little clutch of refugees from the fur-lined trap of I.B.M. was now ripe for a public sale that might be a bonanza all around. Seventeen investment bankers visited Perot in rapid succession and urged him to put his stock on the market. At first, he said, as he had always said previously, that he never would. He didn't want outside interference in his company's affairs; he just wanted to be left alone to do a job. But the seventeenth banker got to Perot. He was Kenneth Langone, of R. W. Pressprich & Co., a respectable Wall Street firm. Langone was a youngish, sympathetic, fast-talking stock peddler of urban Italian extraction. He and Perot presented a study in contrasts in character, temperament, and background—in almost everything, in fact, except that great binding tie, a shared respect for money. Other investment bankers had offered to sell Perot's stock at a multiple of thirty times the company's current annual earnings, then at fifty times, then at seventy times. Langone, however, offered to sell it at a hundred times the



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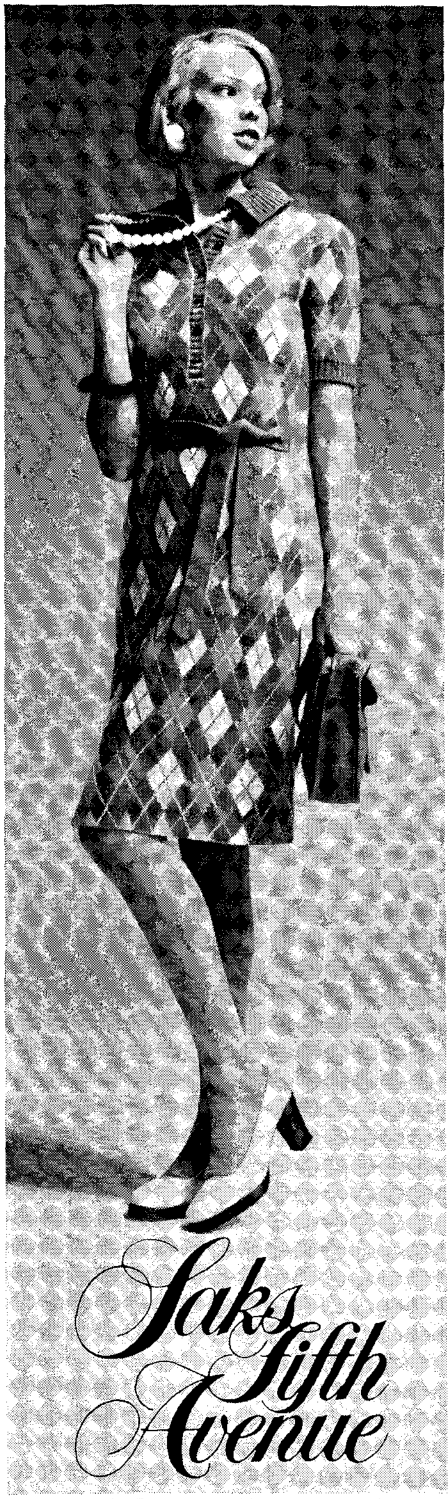

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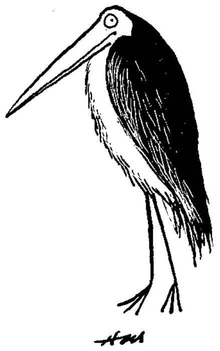
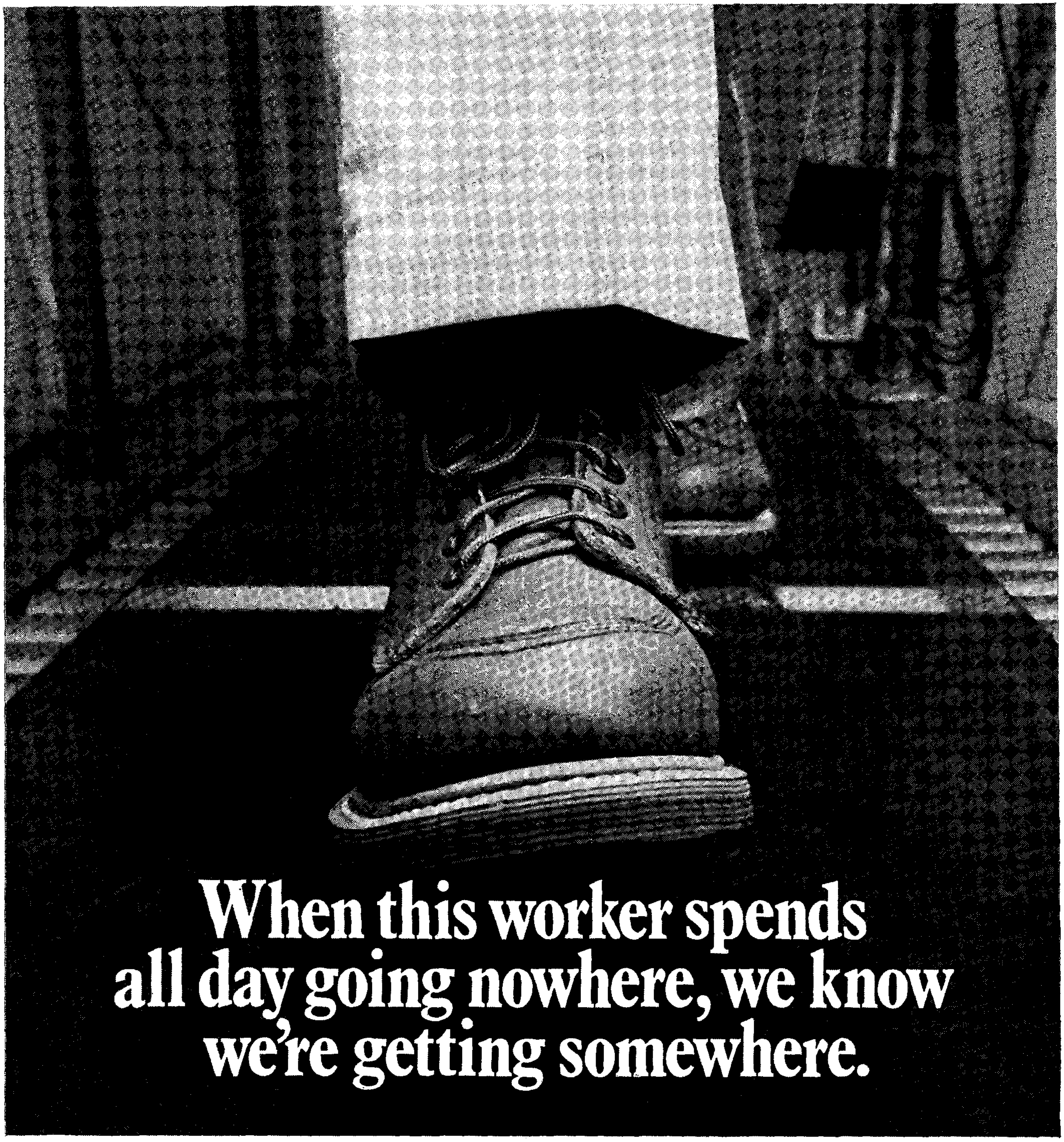
company's current annual earnings—possibly somewhat more. Perot hesitated for several weeks, and finally he said yes to Langone.

Then began Perot's education in the ways of the slickers, and he proved to be an astute pupil. First of all, Langone wanted to know, who were the company's directors? His wife, his mother, and his sister, Perot reported. Langone said that wouldn't do. So Perot wrote himself a more acceptable board, consisting of Hart, Marquez, and other principal employees. Next, the company would have to be recapitalized—at, say, eleven and a half million shares. A preposterous capitalization for a company that earned only a million and a half a year? Necessary, Langone explained, if you wanted that high price-to-earnings multiple and a reasonable stock price as well. E.D.S., then, would be the seller of three hundred and twenty-five thousand shares of stock; Perot himself would be the seller of another three hundred and twenty-five thousand. The rest would be kept by Perot and the E.D.S. employees—around a million and a half shares for the employees (he issued them by way of bonuses), and not quite nine and a half million for Perot himself. Wasn't six hundred and fifty thousand shares for public trading a dangerously small float—likely to make for a highly volatile market, in which small investors might possibly get hurt? Langone told Perot it was plenty. After all, he pointed out, R. W. Pressprich itself would make the market, and could be counted on to maintain a fair and orderly one. The offering price finally agreed upon was sixteen dollars and fifty cents a share—a hundred and eighteen times current E.D.S. earnings. On September 12, 1968, the E.D.S. stock was publicly offered, and it was quickly subscribed for, in one of the most sensationally successful new-issue promotions of the whole headlong era; the bumpkin came out overnight with five million dollars in personal cash and more than two hundred million dollars in stock equity at market value. All the tolerant Wall Street smiles faded abruptly.



Had the bumpkin, then, really been a super-slicker all along, even though he said "haid" for "head" and "yais" for "yes"? Perhaps; but surely not consciously. In fact, Perot could legitimately claim to be by his own lights a pure-hearted moral idealist. His code embodied the early American virtues—thrift, early rising, competition, individualism—and it worked for him. He had the useful—if, to many people, annoying—ability to find a moral homily to support whatever he did. Wall Street had made him rich, so Wall Street might not be so bad—maybe, at bottom, a simpleminded, paper-tiger sort of villain. In the months after the stock offering, Perot became fascinated by the place. He talked to Langone by telephone from Dallas every working day and visited the Street in person whenever he could. On his visits, he would frequent the Pressprich trading room where the E.D.S. market was made. The stock took off. Institutions began buying it. Strange orders came in from places like Geneva and Lebanon, and this made the xenophobic Perot uneasy. Sometimes he would protest, "Don't sell my stock to him. I don't want him for a stockholder." But the traders would laugh and sell the stock anyhow, at ever-rising prices. At last, early in 1970, E.D.S. sold at a hundred and sixty dollars a share. Perot, with his nine-million-plus shares, was now worth, on paper, almost a billion and a half dollars—which, it happens, was almost forty per cent of the federal budget for 1930, the year he was born.

The new billionaire saw himself, characteristically, not as a grandee but as an example to the nation's youth: "Somewhere in the United States there's a young man or woman who will break every financial record I've set," he told an acquaintance. "That's the amount of opportunity that exists in this country." Again characteristically—and in marked defiance of the recent practice among newly rich Texans—Perot set about being a moral billionaire. He made a will in which he left relatively small sums to his five children, "so they'll have the same opportunities I've had." Substantially all his fortune would go, sooner or later, to "the improvement of American life." For a starter, he gave a million dollars to the Boy Scouts in the Dallas area. He gave over two and a half million to the Dallas public-school system to finance a pilot elementary school in a black-ghetto area. For several years, he refused to avail himself of his legal right to take personal-income-tax deductions on his charitable contributions, on the ground that, morally, he owed the tax money to a country that had done so well by him. In 1969, he became obsessed by the plight of United States prisoners of war in North Vietnam, and that December he attempted to intervene personally with the North



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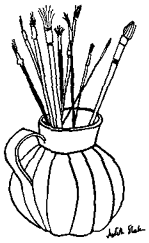
Vietnamese authorities in their behalf. (His efforts, which included two excursions to Indo-China in chartered airliners, failed to produce any concrete results, but they seem to have been not without rewards in personal satisfaction—in serving to convince people, himself perhaps included, that one man alone is, after all, not powerless in the modern world, and that Americans, particularly capitalist Americans, are a force for good, no matter what anyone says.) By instinct, he involved himself in moral confrontations in which, in his terms, he was always the winner. In 1969, a group of young West Coast radicals came to ask him—with tongues fairly protruding from their cheeks, it may be guessed—to finance "the revolution." Did Perot avoid them or send them away? Indeed not; rather, he took the opportunity to give them an object lesson. In his most businesslike manner, he asked, "How long will it take and what will it cost?" The radicals were speechless.



Perot made what he did a virtue, and made a virtue of what he did. But was he a hypocrite? Hypocrisy in common morals, like fraud in common law, is an offense that requires an element of *scienter*—knowledge on the part of the offender that he is committing the offense. Viewed in that light, Perot, being without *scienter*, was innocent.

THE way Perot received the news of his monumental setback on April 22nd was casual to the point of comedy. All that morning, he was closeted in his Dallas office with executives of a potential client company, to which E.D.S. was making its sales pitch. On emerging, around one o'clock, he picked up a phone and called Marquez, down the hall.

"What's new?" Perot asked.

"Well," Marquez said, "the stock is down fifty or sixty points."

Later, Perot said that he had felt nothing at all. The event, he added, had been "purely abstract." Despite a certain liking for history, insofar as history fitted in with his preconceived ideas, Perot did not immediately put the news about his stock in a historical context. He had philosophical inclinations, too, but these, like those of most businessmen, tended to be of the ad-hoc rather than the *gratia-artis* sort. What did occur to him was that the whole thing didn't matter a lot, since the billion and a half dollars he had made in eight years wasn't quite real money anyway, not being readily convertible into cash. It also probably occurred to him that he wasn't left destitute by the sudden crash, since he still had (on paper) that residual billion dollars or so. He had the sense, he said later, that nothing much had really happened.

Exactly what had happened to the market in E.D.S. on the morning of April 22nd is not known. One thing that is certain, however, is that its collapse was not based on any bad news about the company's operations. On the contrary, the news was all spectacularly good: per-share earnings for 1969 were more than double those for 1968, and even for the first quarter of 1970—a time of fast-deepening general business recession—E.D.S. showed a seventy-per-cent increase in profits over the same period in 1969. Obviously, there had to be some other cause. E.D.S. was traded in the over-the-counter market. Less than a year later, the operation of that long-notorious thicket of rumor, confusion, and secrecy would be revolutionized by the introduction of an electronic marvel called NASDAQ, for National Association of Securities Dealers Automated Quotations—a computer system that would make it possible for an over-the-counter trader, by merely punching some buttons and looking at a screen, to see precisely which brokerage firm was making the best current bid and the best current offer in any of several thousand stocks not listed on the stock exchanges. In effect, NASDAQ would bring the over-the-counter market up from *under* the counter—a nether region it still inhabited in April of 1970. At that time, there was no such screen; to get the best price on a thinly traded stock like E.D.S. he might have to telephone a dozen other firms for their quotations, engage in shouted conversations with other traders in his own firm to find out what kind of bids and offers they were receiving, and finally agree to a price that would never be reported to the public at all. In such a market, the opportunities for manipulation were endless. Conducted in windowless back rooms by excitable hagglers, many with a full measure of larceny in their blood, and policed only casually by the overworked and understaffed Securities and Exchange Commission, the over-the-counter market in the nineteen-sixties was the perfect arena for the ingestion of Christians by lions.

What was "wrong" with E.D.S. was that the price of its stock had not dropped at all while the rest of the market had been going through a panic. By way of comparison, University Computing Company, a leader in E.D.S.'s own industry, was selling on April 22nd at a price seventy-five per cent below its peak of the previous year; meanwhile, E.D.S. was selling almost *at* its peak. Good earnings record or not, E.D.S. stock at around a hundred and fifty dollars a share was, from a technical standpoint, in an almost freakishly exposed position. At the same time, much of the available supply of stock was in the hands of fast-performance mutual funds that would quickly unload at any sign of decline. Stock so situated is said by market players to be "weakly held." Such facts do not go unnoticed, nor did they on April 22nd. Presumably, some big punter or some group of punters—perhaps in Geneva, perhaps in Beirut, perhaps right in New York—saw an opportunity to recoup drastic losses suffered over the previous days in other stocks. So they mounted a bear raid on E.D.S., probing its strength with short sales. As it gave way under the pressure and dropped a few points (it may be presumed), they increased the sales. The suddenly lower price then came to the attention of the itchy-fingered portfolio managers of the fast-performance funds that held E.D.S. With their celebrated speed and dexterity, the portfolio managers began unloading. Down and down the bid went—to a hundred and forty-five, to a hundred and thirty-five, to a hundred and twenty—and the panic was on. The men in the back rooms decide fast and move instantly, and in their market a selling panic can blacken the sky as quickly as an August afternoon's thunderstorm.

Toward noon, with E.D.S. down in the eighty-to-ninety range, it firmed; presumably the bears who had started the slide felt that their killing was made and were beginning, in a leisurely way, to consume their prey. That, at least, is the scenario that may be reasonably deduced from the circumstances and events that are known. Langone, of Pressprich, who was in the thick of the collapse, professes ignorance of what happened. He does say, cautiously, "The roof fell in. It was a terrible market, and E.D.S. at such a high price was vulnerable. No one can prove it, but it certainly appears that there was an organized raid of some kind on the stock."

Thus the greatest one-day fall of a titan ever. But what of the investing public? The tens of thousands of men and women who, either directly or through investments in mutual funds, had put some of their savings into

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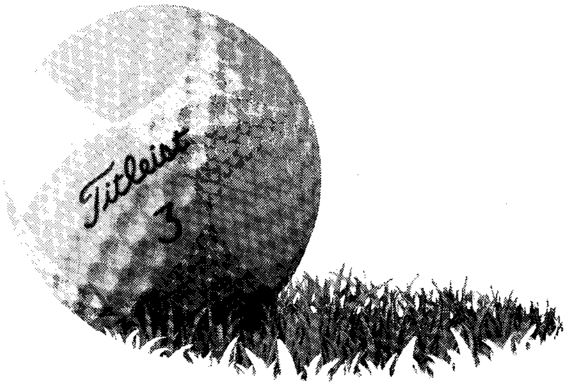

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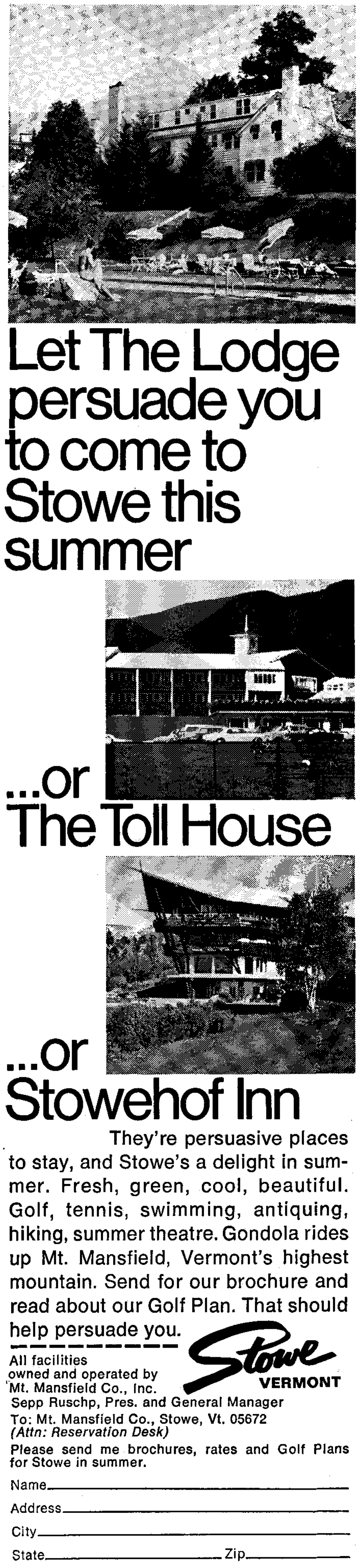

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E.D.S. were far more than bemused spectators of a landmark event in financial history. In a word, they were losers, perhaps of a college fund or a vacation fund or part of a retirement nest egg. Few of them were so fortunate as to have bought their E.D.S. stock at or near its original offering price of sixteen-fifty, for, as is usual with hot new issues, particularly in such a manic market as that of 1968, most of the original issue had soon found its way into the hands of professional traders. It was only later that the public in large numbers came in, buying from the professionals after the stock had been talked about in brokerage offices and mentioned in market letters and pushed by eager commission producers—and, of course, after its price had shot up almost out of sight. In the familiar pattern, the investing public, with its thousands rather than billions, had suddenly become interested in hot stocks at the very height of the boom, and had bought E.D.S. near its top. For an investor who had bought it at a hundred and fifty dollars a share, the fifteen thousand dollars he had risked had in a single day become ten thousand, or the fifteen hundred he had risked had become a thousand. To him, whatever had gone on in Beirut or Geneva or Wall Street on the day of Perot's fantastic setback was emphatically not abstract. In human terms, the real and necessary hundreds or thousands that he lost were more important than the abstract millions that Perot lost.

Had the small investor, then, been gulled? Perot, in issuing such a small number of shares and keeping the rest for himself, had indeed, it appears in retrospect, subjected the public to an unreasonable degree of risk, and afterward he was rather piously rueful about having done so. However, E.D.S., unlike many new companies of the era, was not known for any special tendency to mislead investors through high-pressure salesmanship of its shares or through accounting tricks to pretty up its balance sheets. It was a sound, profitable operation, and the market's madness in E.D.S. shares was the market's own. And, as a matter of fact, even after the big April 22nd collapse, investors in E.D.S. were more fortunate than those who had lately plunged in many better-known issues, including most of the favorites of the boom years. As of April 22nd, an investment in Ling-Temco-Vought at a hundred and seventy was worth eighteen; in Four Seasons Nursing Centers at ninety-one was worth thirty-two (and would shortly be all but worthless); in Data Processing at ninety-two was worth fourteen; in Parvin-Dohrmann at a hundred and forty-two was worth twenty-one; and in Resorts International at sixty-two was worth seven. But, unlike Perot, those who had been led by their own bad judgment, or that of their advisers, to make such investments did not have a billion dollars left.

The very fact that E.D.S. was a relatively sound, respectable young company emphasizes the larger importance of its stock's sudden collapse, so abstract to a lofty general like Perot and so concrete to the foot soldiers of finance. If E.D.S. stockholders had been gulled, so, that April, had tens of millions of other small investors. The E.D.S. crash and Perot's dizzying personal loss were symbolic, in magnitude and unreality, of the 1970 panic. They are the two events of that panic which stand out in memory, like the appearance of Richard Whitney, then the acting president of the Exchange, on the Exchange floor to bid two hundred and five for U.S. Steel on behalf of the bankers' pool at the height of the panic on October 24, 1929—Black Thursday. Nor is it without symbolic importance that the general market collapse of which the E.D.S. crash was a part resembled in so many respects what had happened forty years before—and what wise men had said over and over again for more than a generation, as if by way of incantation, could never happen again. It *had* happened again, as history will; but (as history will) it had happened differently. The nineteen-sixties in Wall Street were the nineteen-twenties replayed in a different key—different because the nineteen-sixties were more complex, more sophisticated, more democratic, perhaps basically more interesting.

IN 1965, Wall Street as a social context—a place to have one's being half of one's waking weekday hours—had changed in the past generation probably more than it had ever previously changed in a lifetime, but it had not had its real revolution. Like the rest of the nation, it was poised on the verge of a takeoff into totally unexpected, and totally uncharted, directions, which presented new ways of looking at life and dealing with it—ways that would seem to have come not out of evolution from the past or out of reaction against it but out of the blue, as if the past did not exist. Wall

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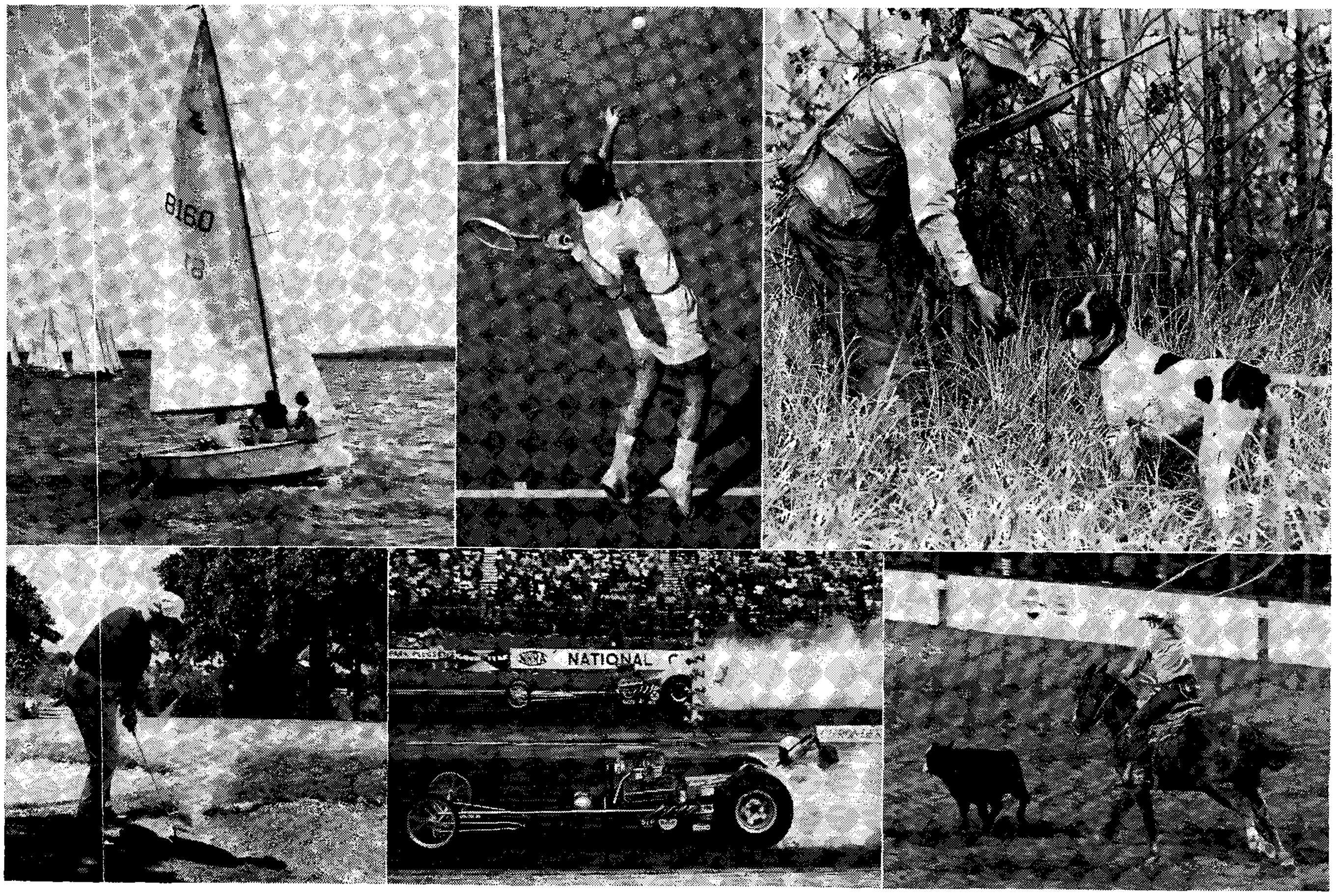

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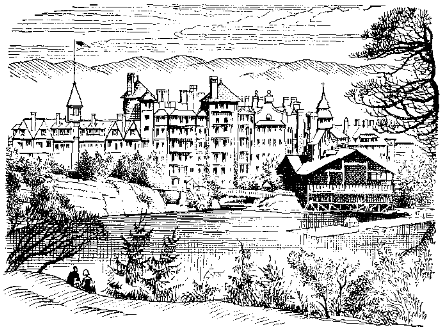
Street as a social context? Twenty paces across from building to building, some six hundred paces from end to end, a few hundred acres making up the whole district, Wall Street as a social context seems at first glance not to exist—not because of its limited acreage but because of its artificiality. It is part of a region where no one—apart from perhaps a thousand seamen and artists and urban hermits—really lives; where nearly half a million people arrive in the morning only to depart in the afternoon, passing the hours between, unless they are so money-obsessed as to want nothing out of life but money for its own sake, with their deeper and more pleasurable thoughts playing over other scenes and other people, somewhere else; where at night a few students and late-working clerks hurry down vacant streets, wary of muggers, or perhaps ghosts; where work is everything, and yet no cows are milked or potatoes dug, no lampshades or shirts or steel ingots produced; where love and desire wax as often and as strong as anywhere else but cannot often be consummated without a trip of several miles by subway, car, train, or boat. For most of this century, the whole area south of Fulton Street has got along without a single hotel or apartment house above the marginal-slum level, and hardly anyone has ever thought twice about this strange fact.

And yet through history Wall Street has been not only a social context but a style-setting one. In the nineteen-twenties, Wall Street's last great era before the sixties, it was a kind of super-university as well as a marketplace. The young Corinthian of ambition coming to it in those days to learn the bond business could get an Athenian education in manners as well as a Spartan outlook on life strategies while meeting people who would help him become first rich and later influential. Walking the storied canyons, as compact as a large campus, as ingrown as any academic community, he might rub shoulders with the newly mighty or the ancient great: with J. P. Morgan himself, Wall Street's unquestioned ruler, who, though born to the purple, had overcome an armed assassin with his bare hands; with Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan's ambassador to nations that needed loans or financial advice; with Herbert Lehman, Otto Kahn, Franklin Roosevelt, Averell Harriman, Ferdinand Eberstadt, Robert Lovett, Thomas Finletter. And—provided only that his background was proper Protestant or old-family German Jewish—he might even meet some of them.



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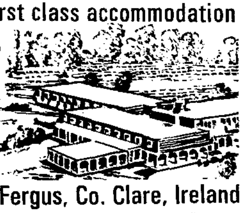

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Then, having prospered over a period of fifteen or twenty years, he would find the grandees he had met along the way easing his path into the important clubs and committees, and even into councils of state. Thus, Wall Street triumphed over (or perhaps profited by) its limitations of space, function, and human situation, and emerged as a kind of American Olympus, where the gods walked, bluffed and blustered, gossiped, made mistakes, and sometimes touched aspiring mortals with financial godhood.

By the middle sixties, the reign in Wall Street of the Old Establishment and its archetypal figure, the Protestant gentleman, had long since been ended by a whole complex of forces and events, of which the paradigmatic one was the exposure of Richard Whitney. The Wall Street of the middle sixties was a far more open society, where performance (a new key word in Wall Street) counted for more than education, manners, or breeding. Within limits, that is. For in the year of the Selma march and the Voting Rights Act—the year when the Texan President of the United States cried "We shall overcome!"—there was no black member of any of the stock exchanges and there were no more than half a dozen blacks working above the messenger-boy or clerical level in the whole nationwide securities business. Blacks simply did not exist in Wall Street. The notion of applying for professional-level jobs there did not occur to them, and the concept of business firms conducting professional training programs as a social duty had not yet gained a foothold either in Wall Street or in the rest of the nation. Even as messengers bearing securities, blacks were not much to be seen; the financial district had no "race problem," because, like so many Northern cities a century before, it had hardly any blacks.

And lunchtime in Wall Street—the only time of potential leisure in the community's life—was still a period of rush and push and bad temper for most people. The high and the mighty—and many of the neither high nor mighty who were white, male, presentable, and doing well enough to pay dues—had their luncheon clubs: the Down Town Association, for the remnants of the old Protestant élite; the Recess, more businesslike but quite respectable, frequented by investment bankers; two large ones, the Bankers and the Lawyers, for almost anyone over thirty (banker, lawyer, whatnot) who worked in the area; the Lunch Club, for young men on the way up; and so on. There were still the expensive restaurants, like Whyte's, on

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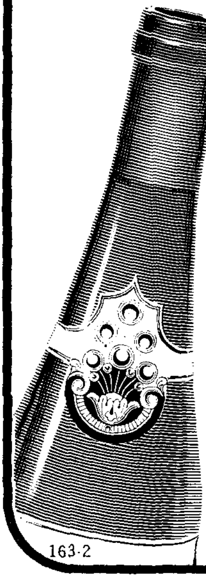

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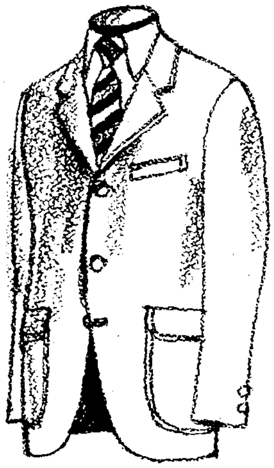

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Most astonishing, in view of the importance of private lunch clubs in Wall Street and their all-male character, was the fact that in many cases the public restaurants in the area did not take advantage of the situation by encouraging women but, rather, fell in line with the clubs by banning them. Whyte's maintained male exclusivity in its taproom; some other restaurants declined to serve women on their premises at all. Without a reservation or a long wait, a woman could scarcely get a decent lunch anywhere in the area at any price. Professionally, prejudice against women in the financial business was wide, deep, and largely unquestioned. Although women made up slightly more than half the total Wall Street work force, there was no woman member of the New York Stock Exchange. Of the thousands of partners in brokerage firms, some sixty were women—most of them in research, the one kind of work in which, by common consent, Wall Street women were allowed to rise above the secretarial level. The explanation for the exception apparently lies in the fact that a research analyst works alone; that is, the women doing research didn't have to deal directly with men, either colleagues or customers. They could be kept hidden in a back room. In sum, Wall Street in 1965 was still unblushingly—one might almost say innocently—male chauvinist in precisely the ways that were to be defined so acerbically later in the decade by women writers and politicians. It stood out as a last bastion of all but unchallenged male supremacy. It thought that working women ought to be office drudges or sex objects, or both.

Judith Shahn

The question of why women in the United States have always been, and to a marked extent still are, considered incompetent to manage money or deal in it with men is probably one for psychology rather than for social history. The great Wall Street chronicler Henry Clews put the matter coolly: "Wall Street is not the place for a lady to find either fortune or character." Hetty Green, the nineteenth-century shipping heiress who over some fifty years built a fortune of a few million dollars, most of it tied up in trust, up to more than a hundred million—and who once threatened the notoriously ruthless Collis P. Huntington with a revolver when she thought he was cheating her in a deal—stands almost alone as an American woman of unquestioned financial genius, and she achieved this standing at the cost of being generally considered a shrew. Then, there was the astonishing firm of Woodhull, Claflin & Co., of 44 Broad Street, *floruit circa* 1870-72, which was affectionately known as "the bewitching brokers," consisting, as it did, of Victoria Claflin Woodhull, free-love advocate and later free-lance Presidential candidate, and her almost equally amazing sister, Tennessee (later Tennie C.) Claflin. The sisters made a big stir, and apparently even some money, in the harsh post-Civil War Wall Street, but they were scarcely financial geniuses; they and their firm were protégés of the septuagenarian financier Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose mistress Tennie had briefly been. Perhaps the explanation, or one explanation, of the genesis of the lasting prejudice is to be found in the Hetty Green-Collis Huntington episode: Americans of both sexes have always tended subconsciously to equate financial deals with physical fighting—the latter a form of competition in which the hardest-shelled feminist admits women to be usually ill-equipped to compete equally with men.

At any rate, women in the mid-nineteen-sixties still tended to accede to the view that they could not or should not compete with men in financial affairs. Highly competent and successful women in other fields—the arts, publishing, real estate, retail trade—still found it consistent with their self-esteem to affect a coy bewilderment when conversation turned to the stock market or the intricacies of finance. In Wall Street, women analysts accepted with little protest being excluded or jostled at lunch, and signed their research reports "Jones" or "Smith" rather than "Mary Jones" or "Susan Smith," so that their readers would not discount the findings. Wall Street feminists discussed their views only in private. "Up against the Wall Street!" a women's-lib group cried later in the decade, but not in 1965.

In political ideology, Wall Street was somewhat more liberal—or less reactionary—than it had been in the past. The day of the Liberty League, the ultraconservative, largely Wall Street-based group formed during the nineteen-thirties in reaction to Roosevelt and the New Deal, was over; there were no more J. P. Morgans requiring aides to screen from their eyes all newspapers containing photographs of Roosevelt, so as to protect the Master's blood pressure. Liberal Democrats, many of them Jewish, were about as common as conservative Republicans in the positions of power, and one of them, Howard Stein, of the Dreyfus Corporation, became the chairman of the finance committee for Eugene McCarthy's 1968 Presidential campaign. All this was not entirely a matter of high-mindedness, however. With the federal government mostly in liberal-Democratic hands, there was little to be gained by conservative intransigence on the old issues—balancing the budget, preventing federal meddling in business, cutting the high costs of welfare and Social Security. And then many of the men putting together the stock market's new darlings, the conglomerates, were liberals, and, of course, it didn't hurt a Wall Street analyst or salesman to be on close and sympathetic terms with such men. There were even former Communists high in the financial game. Much of Wall Street had long had a surprisingly tolerant attitude toward Communism, derived from a perspective that put any alien ideology so far beyond the pale as to make it an object of polite interest. In the early postwar years, a young man out of Columbia and the Army went to work for Lazard Frères & Co. and was assigned to the library, where he took to browsing in the firm's extensive collection of books on Marxism and Communism; an unscheduled conversion took place, and the young man left Lazard's library, and Wall Street, to join the Party.

Another young man—Bart Lytton, born in New Castle, Pennsylvania, in upper-middle-class circumstances—came of age in the Depression, joined the W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project, and became a Communist. His mother wrote him, "You who were raised in country clubs, you who used to buy a dozen golf balls and two tennis racquets at a time, you who could have been the Governor of Pennsylvania—you want to run off and join the radicals. Well, go eat bread with your comrades then." After a time, he left the Party, but without totally and violently rejecting its beliefs, as so many renegades did. In 1939, he went to California to become a screenwriter and public-relations man, and in 1948 he moved into the savings-and-loan business. By 1965,

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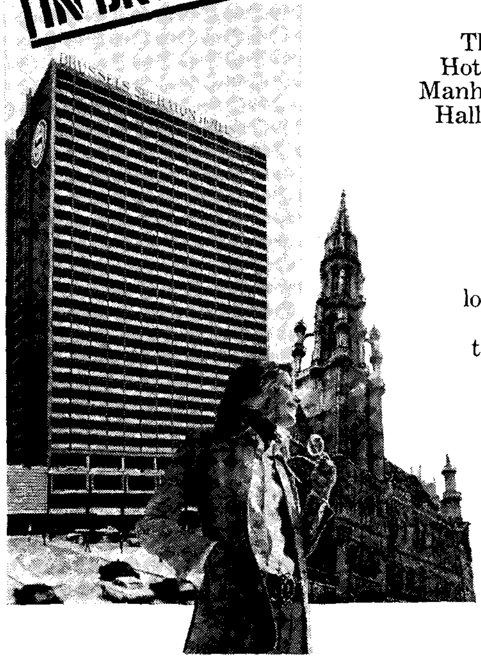

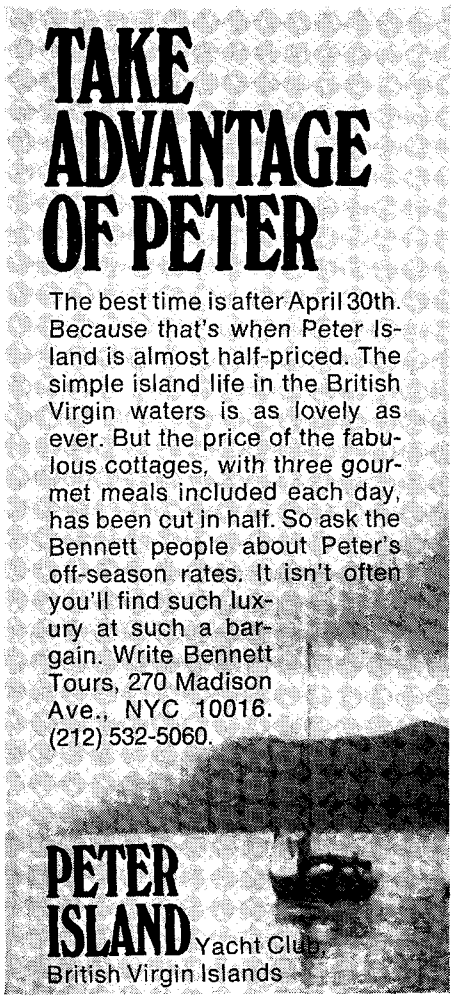
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his Lytton Financial Corporation had grown so fantastically that it was among the five biggest savings-and-loan companies in the country; Lytton, with hundreds of millions of his own, was describing himself without refutation as "the most successful businessman in this decade in the United States." He served for four years as finance chairman of the California Democratic Central Committee, backed John F. Kennedy with a two-hundred-thousand-dollar contribution in 1960, was a major benefactor of local art museums and a founder of one, and decorated his company's annual reports with pictures of himself with Elizabeth Taylor, Levi Eshkol, and Hubert Humphrey. He boasted that he considered a morning wasted when he didn't wake up five hundred thousand to a million dollars richer than he had been the night before. Then, in 1966, his headlong business style backfired, and his company collapsed into reorganization; meanwhile, though, the Communist Party of the United States had apparently been a far more effective academy of commerce for him than the Harvard School of Business Administration is for most.

The youth explosion that overtook Wall Street life, and most particularly the management of money, had not occurred as of 1965, but the fuse was burning short. The explosion had an easily determined sociological cause. For almost a generation, from the 1929 crash to the bull market of the nineteen-fifties, young men of talent and ambition had grown up thinking of Wall Street as anathema and would not work there, leaving a vacuum when the Wall Street leaders who had started there before 1929 began to retire, and the positions of power and responsibility fell open. (Between 1930 and 1951, for example, only eight men were hired to work on the New York Stock Exchange trading floor.) The positions were now being filled, *faute de mieux*, by the soon to be celebrated sideburned young hotshots of the late nineteen-sixties, most of whom had started working in Wall Street after 1960. Indeed, by 1969 half of Wall Street's salesmen and analysts were men who had come into the business since 1962 and, consequently, had never seen a bad market break. Probably the prototypal portfolio hotshot of 1968 entered Wall Street precisely in 1965. Of course, he was no hotshot in 1965. He was a young man with conservative clothes and neatly trimmed hair who had a degree from a business school, or perhaps a liberal-arts college, and who, assessing his chances for a quick fortune, had hit on the business of picking stocks for mutual funds as a good bet and accepted a starting salary of perhaps seventy-five hundred dollars. Portfolio management had the appeal of sports: one cleanly won or lost, and the results were measurable in numbers. If one's portfolio was up thirty or fifty per cent for a given year, one was a certified winner, so recognized and so compensated, regardless of whether one was popular with his colleagues or had come from the right ancestry or the right side of the tracks; as in sports, the winner became an instant star, his name known and revered in Wall Street. In 1965, the gunslinger-to-be was only a brisk young man poring over reports in a bull pen or a tiny back office. In three years, his salary might quintuple or he might be raking off a fat percentage of his portfolio gains, his sideburns would be longer and his shirts louder, and he would be the characteristic figure in a new Wall Street.

The Old Establishment's loss of power and influence was partly its own fault. Morally and intellectually, it seemed to be in decline. That keen observer of Anglo-Saxon Protestant manners and morals the writer Louis Auchincloss, who keeps in touch with his fictional material by maintaining a lively Wall Street law practice, found in the nineteen-sixties that the attitude of the standard-bearers downtown toward ethical niceties was largely one of indifference—of "Everybody else is cutting corners, why not us?" A young Anglo-Saxon Protestant financial lawyer of the time was moving periodically from one respected firm to another while leaving behind him a trail of court judgments resulting from a habit of passing bad checks. Apart from the victims, nobody—including the eminent and unassailably respectable chiefs of the young man's various firms—cared to blow the whistle. In the crush of business resulting from the stock-market boom, the pressure for legal manpower was such that the chiefs needed to hire young men of talent, and to promote them, without wasting much time on checking credentials.

In 1965, however, it was at last open season on Anglo-Saxon Protestants even when they stayed plausibly close to the straight and narrow. Their sins, or alleged sins, which had once been so sedulously covered up by the press and sometimes by the government as well, were now good politics for their enemies. They had become useful as scapegoats—as was perhaps shown in the poignant personal tragedy of Thomas S. Lamont. The son of Thomas W. Lamont, the Morgan partner who may well have been the most powerful man in the nation in the nineteen-twenties, Tommy Lamont was an amiable, easygoing man. He was a high officer of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company and a director of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, and on the morning of April 16, 1964, when Texas Gulf publicly announced its great ore strike in Timmins, Ontario, he notified one of his banking colleagues of the good news at a moment when, although he had good reason to believe that it was already public knowledge by the S.E.C.'s lights, it was not. The colleague acted quickly on Lamont's tip, on behalf of some of the bank's clients; then, almost two hours later, when news of the mine was unquestionably public, Lamont bought Texas Gulf stock for himself and his family. He thought he had done nothing wrong; indeed, inasmuch as he had known all about Timmins several days earlier and had taken no advantage of the fact by either word or deed, he had clearly resisted a powerful temptation to wrongdoing. But the S.E.C.—promulgating an entirely new doctrine of insider trading, to the effect that fiduciaries with inside information were required not only to wait until after public announcement before acting on it but to wait an additional "reasonable amount of time"—accused him of violating the securities laws. In so doing, it lumped him with flagrant violators—some Texas Gulf geologists and executives who had bought stock on the strength of their knowledge of Timmins days and even months earlier, and who made up the bulk of the S.E.C.'s landmark insider case of 1966.

Could it be, then, that the S.E.C. knew quite well that it had little or no case against Lamont, and dragged him into the suit purely for the publicity value of his name? The outlandishness of the charge against him, and the frequency with which his name appeared in newspaper headlines about the case, suggest such a possibility. At all events, the publicity and attendant opprobrium were too much for Lamont, and soon after the S.E.C. made its charges his health began to decline. In the end, he, almost alone among the defendants, was vindicated, by the dropping of all charges against him. That happened too late, however, to do him any good. The vindication came after his death, to which, some of his friends main-

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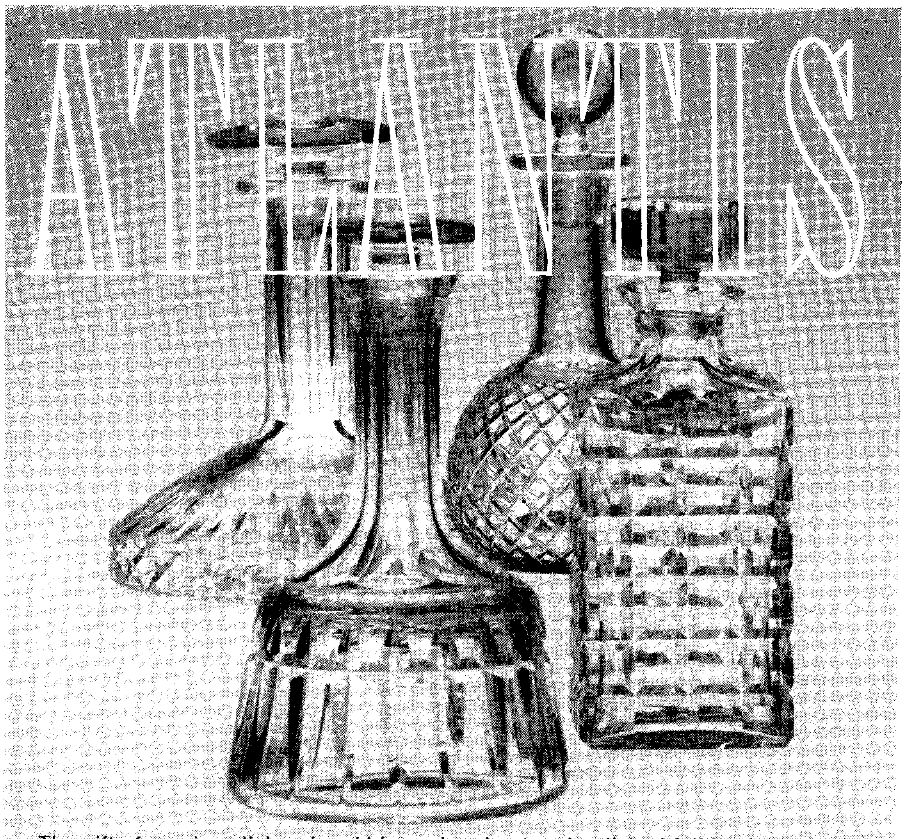

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tained, he was hounded by the ruthlessness and irresponsibility of bureaucrats who sacrificed him to get public attention to their cause—who made him, because of his name and lineage, a wholly involuntary martyr to the public interest.

Even in strictly religious terms, it was hardly surprising that Protestantism had lost its dispensation as Wall Street's established church. The faith itself, in Wall Street's part of the country, had largely lost its traditional character. The Protestant church in New York City was becoming a black church. Shortly before 1960, Negroes became for the first time a majority of the city's Protestants, and by 1968 six out of ten members of Protestant churches in New York City were black. White membership was declining rapidly, and the various Protestant churches in the area, responding to their new constituency, were abandoning their old role of serving as the austere and worldly conscience of economic rulers and were becoming agencies to fill the spiritual, and sometimes the material, needs of the culturally and economically deprived. Was this deeply integrated and sometimes activist church, then, the one for virtually all-white and surely nonactivist Wall Street? Apparently not.

The new downtown religion was liberal Judaism. German Jews had been among the founding fathers of Wall Street; the Seligmans, the Goldmans, and the Sachses established American investment banking before even Pierpont Morgan's bulky presence arrived on the scene, and from the time, in 1901, when Kuhn, Loeb & Co. fought Morgan to a standoff in a battle for control of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the Jews of Wall Street had enjoyed recognition as equals of the Yankees in both prestige and power. But those Jews had tended to be sedulous apes; awed and inspired by the new nation to which they or their fathers were immigrants, inclined to put Europe behind them except in matters of business, they became more Yankee than the Yankees, more Protestant than the Protestants, and thus did little to change the atmosphere. Moreover, with a few exceptions—like Paul M. Warburg, the Kuhn, Loeb partner who was one of the founders of the Federal Reserve System—they were by common consent excluded from the formal and official Wall Street leadership, and it went without saying that they never assumed the leadership of any but Jewish firms. In the nineteen-sixties, a great change came. By that time, some of the staid old Jewish firms had literally Protestantized themselves; their Anglophilia and Yankeephilia had reached the point where many of their partners and some of their senior partners were Protestants not by conversion but by birth. Meanwhile, a newer strain of Jews, most of them more recent immigrants, with origins in Eastern Europe, were taking over Wall Street leadership in a way that their predecessors had never aspired to. Even at the conservative New York Stock Exchange, the power struggle now came down mostly to an armed truce between Jews, Catholics, and Protestants; its president, Keith Funston, a Yankee Protestant if there ever was one, was widely thought of by the membership as a compromise candidate, acceptable—like a Liberal Party member—precisely because his constituency was weak.

The change brought with it a new ethical climate. The new Jewish men of power were not temperamentally religious any more than the old Protestant ones had been, but they, like the Protestants, brought with them a certain culture, a certain set of attitudes and responses, a certain outlook on life, and these qualities determined the new climate of Wall Street. It was a style a little less dour—not less materialistic or grasping but more candid and humorous about the materialism as well as the manner. It was a style not less interested in the trappings and icons of culture but undoubtedly by tradition more capable of enjoying culture—a style with more of a bent for justice and less of an acceptance of caste. It was a style neither more nor less honest than that of the Protestants but probably less inclined to be hypocritical about honesty. And it was probably—although this would be hard to prove—a style more inclined to dash and daring as opposed to respectability, less concerned about the preservation of values and appearances and more sympathetic toward speculation and outright gambling.

INTO this fast-changing yet still relatively complacent Wall Street of the mid-decade there came, in June, 1965, a thunderbolt from the north. The Texas Gulf ore strike at Timmins, in early 1964, had dramatized Canada to United States investors as

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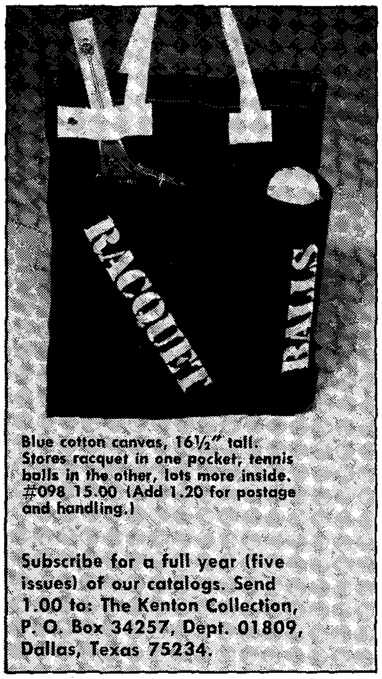

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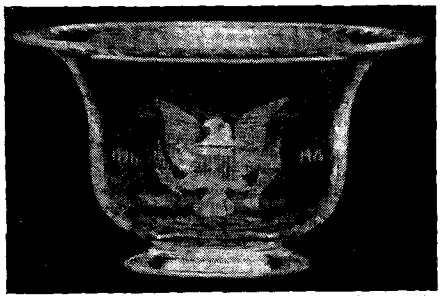

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The Canadian economy in general was growing fast, along with the exploitation of the nation's mineral resources, and among the Canadian firms that had attracted the favorable attention of American investors long before 1964 was the Atlantic Acceptance Corporation, Ltd., a credit firm specializing in automobile loans, and headed by one Campbell Powell Morgan, a former official of the International Silver Company of Canada. Morgan had an affable manner, a vast fund of ambition, and—as appeared later—a marked weakness for shady promoters and a fatal tendency toward compulsive gambling. As early as 1955, two years after he had founded Atlantic, Morgan saw the possibilities of raising expansion capital in Wall Street, and elements in Wall Street saw the possibilities of making profits in Toronto. Morgan was a countryman of Alan T. Christie, a Canadian-born partner in the small but rising Wall Street concern of Lambert & Co. The founder and head of this firm—whose members liked to describe it as a "*banque d'affaires*," and to pronounce its name the French way, "Lambaire"—was Jean Lambert, a suave gentleman, born and educated in France, who had come to America and married Phyllis Bronfman,

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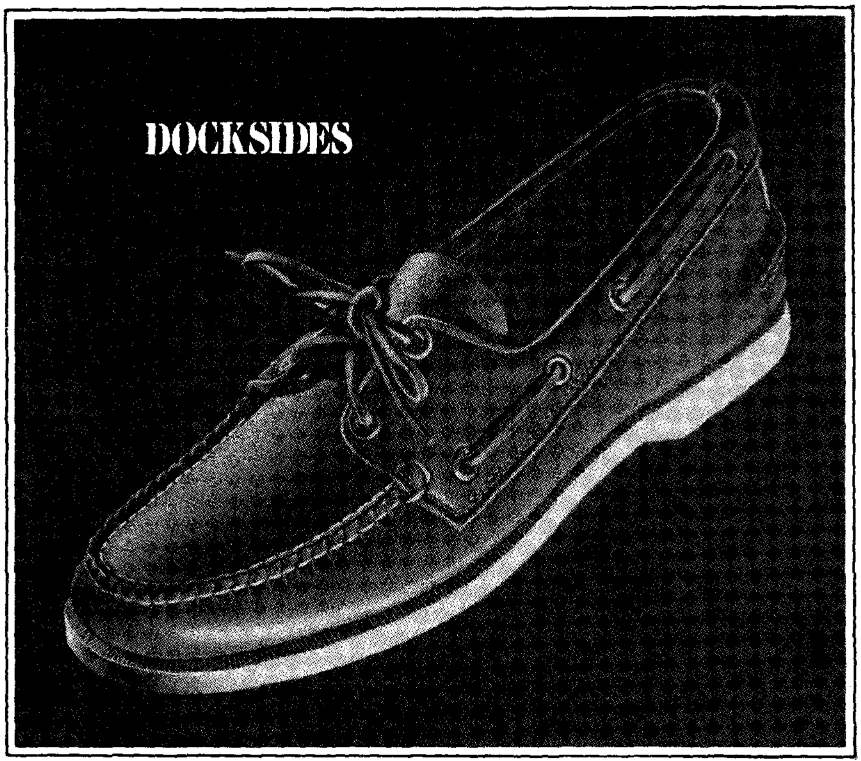

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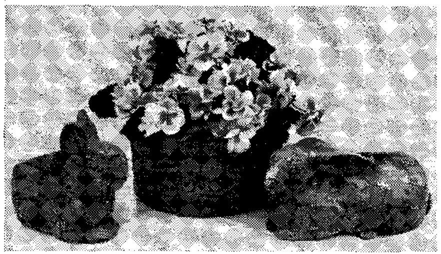

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daughter of the president of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams, Ltd. A divorce had ensued, but nine hundred thousand dollars of Bronfman money had stayed in Lambert & Co., whose founder liked to be regarded as an international statesman of finance—as a delegate to the celebrated Bretton Woods monetary conference of 1944 (where he had served not as a delegate but as a translator), and as the architect of a "Lambert plan" for international monetary reform. At Christie's recommendation, Lambert & Co. in 1955 put three hundred thousand dollars into Atlantic Acceptance, thereby becoming Atlantic's principal American investor and chief booster in Wall Street and other points south.

The years passed, and Atlantic seemed to do well, its annual profits steadily mounting, along with its volume of loans. Naturally, it constantly needed new money to finance its continuing expansion. Lambert & Co. undertook to find the money in the coffers of American investing institutions, and Lambert had just the air of European elegance and respectability, spiced with a dash of mystery, that was needed to impress the authorities of such institutions. Characteristically, Lambert, backed by Christie, decided to start at the top. In 1959, Christie called on Harvey E. Molé, the head of the United States Steel and Carnegie Pension Fund, which was the largest institution of its kind in the world, with assets of more than a billion six hundred million dollars. Christie invited the Steel fund to invest in Atlantic. Molé, born in France and educated at Lawrenceville and Princeton, was no traditional ramrod-stiff trustee type; rather, he fancied himself, not without reason, as a money manager with a component of dash and daring. Atlantic Acceptance was just the kind of relatively far-out yet (it appeared) intrinsically sound investment that appealed to Molé's Continental sporting blood. The Steel fund took a bundle of Atlantic securities—including subordinated notes, convertible preferred stock, and common stock—amounting to nearly three million dollars. The following year, Lambert & Co., again starting at the top, approached the Ford Foundation, far and away the largest institution of its kind. The foundation's investment men made a check (perhaps not a very careful check) on Atlantic with the company's management, its competitors, and various Canadian banks; apparently, the findings were favorable, for the Ford Foundation took a good-sized plunge in Atlantic debt securities.

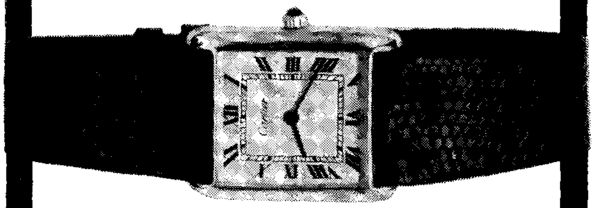
After that, getting more money was easy. With the kings of American institutional investing in the camp, the courtiers could be induced to surrender virtually without a fight. Now Lambert & Co. could say to the fund managers, "If this is good enough for U.S. Steel and the Ford Foundation, how can you lose?" Before the promotion was finished, the list of American investors in Atlantic had become a kind of *Burke's Peerage* of American investing institutions: the Morgan Guaranty and First National City Banks; the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway; the General Council of Congregational Christian Churches; Pennsylvania and Princeton Universities (perhaps not coincidentally, the man in charge of Princeton's investment program was Molé); and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., which, to the delight of Lambert, gave the enterprise its valuable imprimatur by taking over as agent for the sale of Atlantic securities in the United States. Perhaps the final turn of the screw, as the matter appears in hindsight, is the fact that the list of Atlantic investors eventually included Moody's Investors Service, whose function is to produce statistics and reports designed specifically to help people avoid investment pitfalls of the sort of which Atlantic would turn out to be an absolutely classic case.

But nobody knew that then. Indeed, in the early nineteen-sixties Atlantic seemed to exceed the wildest hopes with its astounding rate of growth. Its reported sales for 1960 were twenty-four million six hundred thousand dollars; for 1961, forty-five million six hundred thousand; for 1962, eighty-one million. The growth rate itself might well have been interpreted as a danger signal. In the loan business, the easiest way to expand faster than your competitors is by consistently making loans that they are unwilling to make because they consider them unsound. And that was precisely what Atlantic was doing, intentionally and systematically. But the presence of the Steel fund, the Ford Foundation, and the rest on the investor list served as an effective smoke screen; any cautious critics were easily dismissed as grumps, and the bandwagon rolled on.

Late in 1964, Atlantic—hungry for capital, as always—sold more stock, and early in 1965 Kuhn, Loeb helped place eight and a half million dollars' worth of additional Atlantic long-term debt with American institutional investors. By this time, Lambert & Co.'s stake in Atlantic amounted to seven and a half million dollars. The firm's commitment was a do-or-die matter; it would stand or fall with Atlantic. Moreover, it is now clear that by this time Campbell Powell Morgan and his associates were conducting a systematic fraud. Atlantic would use the new capital flowing from Wall Street to make new loans that its principal officers knew to be unsound; the unsoundness would be deliberately camouflaged in the company's reports, in order to mislead investors; and the spurious growth represented by the ever-increasing loans would lure in new investment money, with which further unsound loans would be made. Morgan had taken to intervening personally each year in the work of his firm's accountants—some of whom were willing to commit fraud at their client's request—to insure that a satisfactory rise in profits was shown through overstatement of assets and understatement of allowances for bad debts. For 1964—as would come out later—Atlantic's announced profit of a million four hundred thousand dollars should, under proper accounting procedures, have been reported as a loss of sixteen million six hundred thousand.

The game, like all such games, could not go on forever. By early 1965, suspicion of Atlantic's operations was in the wind. In April, the New York Hanseatic Corporation, a large dealer in Atlantic, asked the Toronto-Dominion Bank for a credit check on Atlantic. The response—which in retrospect appears dumbfounding—was favorable. If the bank had actually been able to penetrate the mystifications of Morgan's accountants, it would have discovered that by that time Atlantic was in fact insolvent. For several years, at the instigation of some of the various international schemers who had a fatal attraction for Morgan, the firm had been increasingly involved in a desperate and doomed plunge in a shaky venture far from home: between 1963 and early 1965 it had committed more than eleven million dollars to the Lucayan Beach, a hotel with a gambling casino attached, on balmy Grand Bahama Island. A Royal Commission later described the investment as "the last throw of the dice . . . to retrieve all the losses created by years of imprudence and impropriety." But the Lucayan Beach venture, which was managed incompetently and fraudulently, did not flourish, and the losses were not to be retrieved.

The ingenuity with which Atlantic's desperation was concealed from the in-



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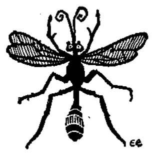
vesting public—even from its usually most knowledgeable sectors—is indicated by the fact that on May 21st, a mere three weeks before the bubble burst, the Madison Fund, a good-sized American investing institution, bought a million dollars' worth of Atlantic paper through Kuhn, Loeb. On June 14th, the Toronto-Dominion Bank abruptly refused to honor a five-million-dollar Atlantic check covering notes that had matured. This was technical failure, but worse was to come. That same day, it became known that forty-one Wall Street brokers had just received orders, for various stocks closely connected with Atlantic, on the letterhead of Sassoon's Far Eastern Trust, Ltd., of Nassau, Bahamas, and accompanied by ostensibly certified checks amounting to nearly six million dollars, drawn on the same bank. The certification, however, was faked, and the bank on which the checks were drawn was nonexistent. Later, it emerged that this strange affair was not Morgan's doing but part of a Byzantine scheme hatched by one of his unreliable associates. Still, the untimely whiff of fraud did nothing to restore confidence in Atlantic in its hour of need. More notes were called, and, as a result, on June 15th the firm required twenty-five million dollars to cure the default. Of course, it did not have and could not raise such a sum.



So the game was up at last. Waves of shock and bewilderment ran through the United States investment establishment. There were frantic thrashings for several subsequent days, including the dispatching to Toronto of a Kuhn, Loeb member with the resounding name of Thomas E. Dewey, Jr.—son of the former New York State Governor and Presidential candidate. To no avail. Atlantic shortly went into formal receivership, leaving the American *Burke's Peerage*, which seemed to have been gulled in a way that would do discredit to a shrewd schoolboy investor, shorn of a sum that was at first estimated to be around fifty million dollars. The repercussions of the failure, which was the greatest in Canada's history, were wide, deep, and long-lasting. Shortly after Atlantic's default, a confidential report prepared for the Montreal Trust Company, Atlantic's receiver in bankruptcy, began to reveal just how unsound the whole Atlantic operation had been. "There is a paucity of credit information," the report said, "and, as far as we were able to ascertain, no real financial control. . . . There appears to have been no reporting system. . . . On real estate, machinery, or other types of fixed-asset loans, apparently no appraisals were obtained and there was no evidence on file of the value of loan collateral. . . ." In sum, procedures considered "necessary in the conduct of a financial business" were missing. At the end of 1965, the Ford Foundation bit the bullet and formally wrote off four million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of its Atlantic investment as worthless; it continued to carry on its books two million dollars of Atlantic paper that showed little promise of turning out to be any better. The Steel fund revealed that it held two and a quarter million in Atlantic notes, twelve thousand shares of common stock, and a hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in convertible preferred shares. Connecticut General Life Insurance was stuck with a two-million-dollar note and two hundred and forty thousand dollars in convertible preferred, Massachusetts Mutual Life with nearly four and a half million dollars in notes. And so it went. An officer of the First National City Bank, still another loser on Atlantic, explained with poignant rue that the whole operation had had an "aura of respectability." Brave and candid, or simply unguarded, the comment pointed the moral: The Old Establishment of American investing had fallen for its own fading mystique. Believing, with a tribal faith that can only be called touching, that no member of the club could make a serious mistake, the members had followed each other blindly into the crudest of traps, and had paid the price of their folly. As for the unfortunate Lambert & Co., it simply vanished; one week its Wall Street office was present and active, the next week it was gone.

But the Atlantic collapse meant more than that. For the Canadian economy as a whole, it meant the threat of a credit panic, and in the first two months after the default the Bank of Canada was forced to increase the national money supply by a billion dollars to avert such a panic. The northward flow of American funds, already slowed by President Johnson's balance-of-payments plea in February, 1965, became a trickle. A Royal Commission of Ontario was formed to look into the entire Atlantic matter. In the autumn of 1965, there was a government crackdown on the casual ways of Bay Street. In May of 1966—while the Canadian economy was still suffering from the Atlantic shock waves—Morgan, dying of leukemia, testified dramatically to the commission from his deathbed. The commission reported later that his testimony had been given under circumstances "in which the physical weakness of the witness was a painful and pervasive fact," and that he had complained about colleagues of his who had had their "fingers in the till," neither admitting nor denying his own complicity in fraud. He died that October, but the commission's work went on; at last, in December, 1969, it issued its final report, in four volumes, with a total of twenty-seven hundred pages. Among its findings and conclusions were that the misrepresentations in Atlantic's financial statements had been "deliberate, designed to encourage the purchase of the shares and notes of the company;" that "the activities of C. P. Morgan, prosecuted with considerable energy and ingenuity as they were, have been shown to be dishonest;" and that the loss to Atlantic's investors in the debacle had been not the fifty million dollars of the original estimate, but in excess of sixty-five million dollars. In the last analysis, much of that had come not out of the pockets of millionaire professional investors but out of those of ordinary shareholders in mutual funds and insurance companies, donors to leading universities, pensioners of United States Steel, and recipients of the largesse of the Ford Foundation.

The sad affair of Atlantic, its effects spreading southward like the frigid Canadian air that often suffuses much of the United States in winter, was a foretaste of the homegrown bad weather soon to appear in Wall Street. The smooth operator with a streak of the gambler; the company more interested in attracting investors than in making real profits; the resort to tricky accounting; the eager complicity of long-established, supposedly conservative investing institutions; the desperation plunge in a gambling casino at the last minute; the need for massive central-bank action to localize the disaster; and, finally, the reform measures instituted too late—all these elements were reproduced with uncanny faithfulness in American financial scandals and mishaps later in the nineteen-sixties.

—John Brooks

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

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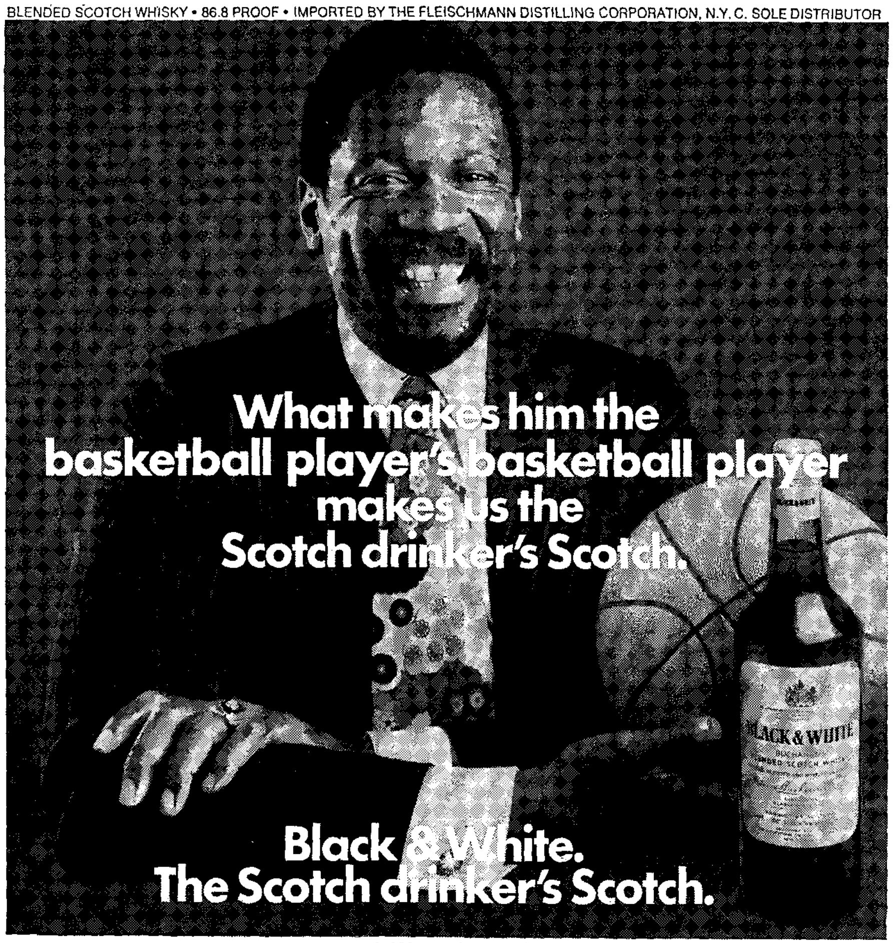
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

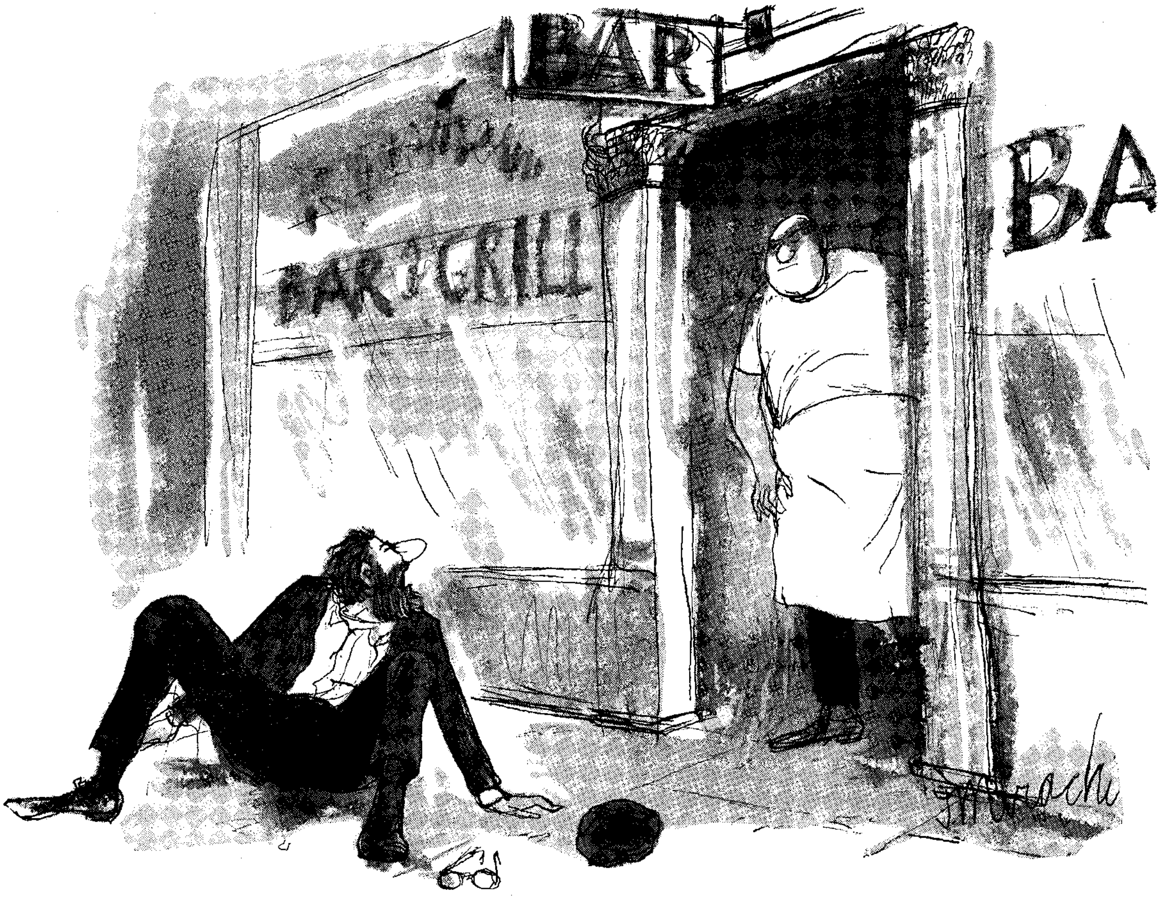
Hot and Cold, Getting Colder

"THE LAST OF SHEILA." The clue to this urbanized thriller is printed here right under your nose, if only you don't move. Which is to reword the one enormous, eminently missable hint given by the film itself. "The Last of Sheila" outstares you by plowing straight on its brilliant course while you waste time working out possible double bluffs.

Enough said. To mention almost any detail but ones of the cruisegoing, games-playing paraphernalia would be to give the larger game of the film away. The script is by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins, writing in a hard-edged, fast-talking show-biz mood that will probably be paradoxically accessible to anyone who has watched even one talk show on TV or listened to one smart-aleck conversation between rich metropolitan grownups on holiday chattering about marriage, suntan oil, skeletons in well-known cupboards, and "billing" as understood by the movie industry rather than Con Ed customers. The dialogue goes snap, crackle, pop, and the jokes come like grapeshot. Herbert Ross directed the picture in debonair sympathy. The plain braininess of the film has its own kind of enchantment.

Most of the action takes place on the yacht of a man called Clinton (James Coburn). The yacht was inherited from his dead wife. He seems somehow desperate, under a surface of cocky, unlikable energy. It is as if he thought of himself as being about as real as a clockwork toy wound up from the back. Others in the cast are Richard Benjamin (looking grim, with a mustache), Dyan Cannon, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, Raquel Welch, and James Mason (who has a particularly brave scene in a sequence involving an ice-pick). The conversation is full of merry talk about death and current events and movies. Someone says, "We went to Streisand's opening at the Sands directly from the cemetery;" and later on, when a member of the snoozing crew is asked for: "Jesus! Watts, Pakistan, and now naps for sailors. Drop me down a Tab, willya? My tongue feels like a Turkish parade ground." There isn't much sex, and everyone is kittenishly nasty about it, covering up who knows what misery.

Clinton, a skilled games-player whose ship's lounge includes plenty of equipment for Scrabble, anagrams, bridge, and elaborate jigsaw puzzles, has spent a month devising a diabolical week-long detective game on a principle stated by one of the characters: "We all know stuff about each other; we just don't know the same stuff." This is probably as far as any hints about the plot should go, except to say that the accoutrements include things like foam-rubber earphones to plug into a cassette machine listened to by Ian McShane, manipulating two conducting puppets; a Polaroid camera; a knowledge of carats and also of sleeping tablets; frenzied thoughts about rewrites; a devilish scorecard; an unseen figure pulling the propeller switch of a ship at anchor; and a pagan scene in a confessional box, part of a sequence in which everyone is dressed up in monks' habits, looking like something in a halfway masculine and satiric version of "The Singing Nun." As entertainment, the film suffers by comparison with, say, an Agatha Christie, because of one's knowledge here that a lot of people are likely to be killed and an even greater number of sensibilities pulped. As the product of three quick-witted heads at work (Sondheim's, Perkins', Ross's), the picture seems to possess a good deal of compassion for sophisticated people in extremity. Its calculated effect of encouraging second-guessers among the audience swiftly puts a heel on any mosquitoes among us who are being too clever by half. Don't be deceived by inward appearances: most of them are misleading. This is a glittering film, with a deliberately expressionless cast, interestingly acting to throw you still farther off any trails you think you are on. I particularly liked the performance by Joan Hackett (we saw her in "The Group"): vulnerable, idiosyncratic, deceptively self-reliant in her looks, with thoughts of doom visibly chasing across her mind when she falls silent.



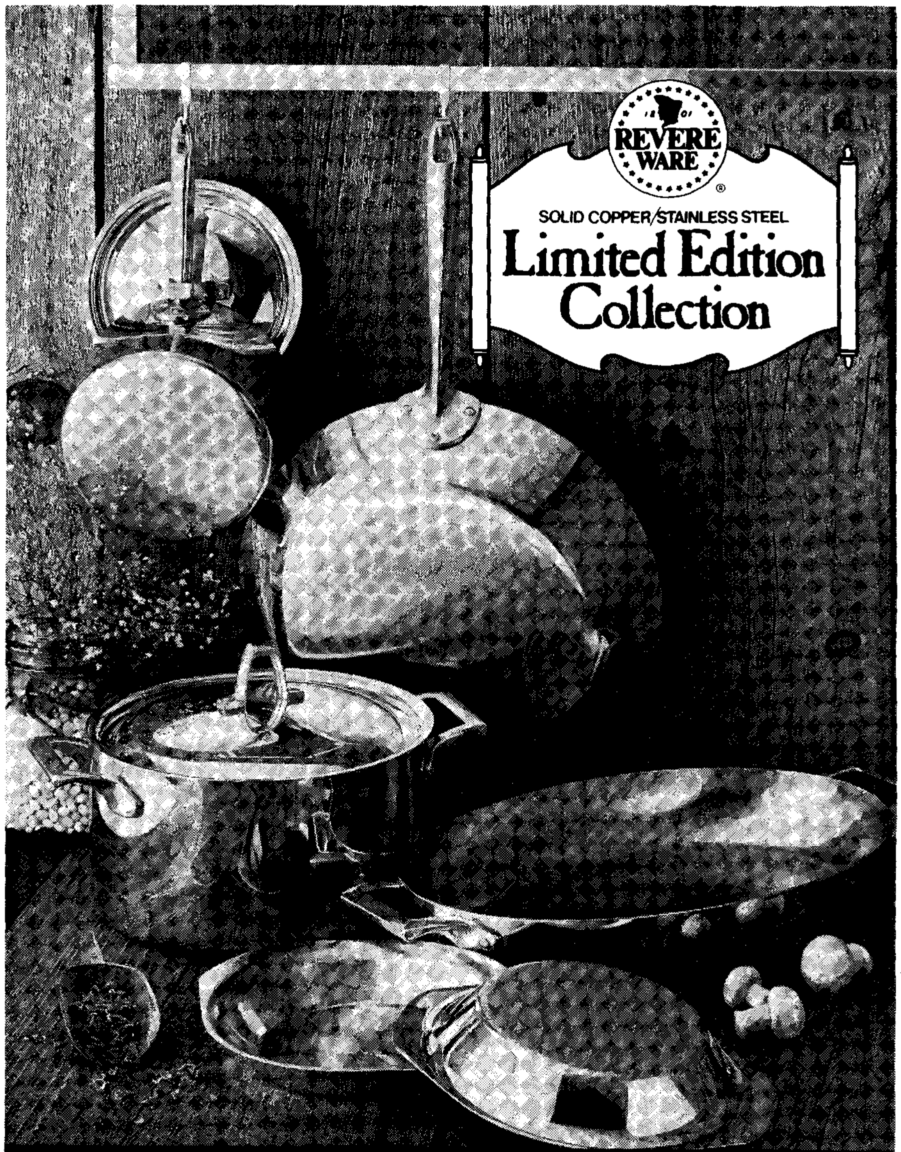
"In all fairness, I demand that you toss out an extreme right-winger as well."

The film's admiration for its players is really a form of being bully-struck. The characters have sold out to the entertainment world's ruling class, intellectually and emotionally as well as financially. The sale warps their judgment, for this particular ruling class is even more treacherous than most and it takes its members down crevasses of folly, of phony wit, of wishing to be daring. But, since these same members actually deal largely in the platitudinousness of wishing to shock, and since we live in a continent filled with like truisms from the media, a lot of the style the characters so reminiscently speak in sticks to the mind like feathers to the fingers of a lunatic who has covered himself with marmalade. Their remorse, if they ever feel it, is almost purely about disappointing their kind, because they have broken the rules of play.

“BLUME IN LOVE.” Mr. Bloom in Dublin. Can Paul Mazursky really have meant the Joyce reference in the love comedy that he has just written, produced, and directed? I think he must have. (This is the Paul Mazursky who, with Larry Tucker, created “Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice” and “I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!”)

The story is about the incorrigible love of a young lawyer called Blume (George Segal) for his frailly determined and beautiful young wife, Nina (Susan Anspach). He inconsequentially takes his secretary to bed one afternoon and then seems hurt beyond words when Nina stomps out on him. They have no children. What they chiefly share is their analyst: a point that seems dramatically unlikely and medically unethical, but the character becomes very funny as played by Donald F. Muhich. He is a bland, portly man with a maddeningly Socratic method of going about things, and an unchanging, gently buzzing voice that is used as an adroit disguise for rudeness. It seems about to lull him to sleep himself as he listens to it going on, as if he were a mother intoning a chicken-soup-with-barley recipe over and over again above a cradle to send her little one to sleep.

The action takes place mostly in Los Angeles, with romantic sorties to Venice. Flashbacks and flashforwards show us that Venice is for love. Two homosexuals—a plummy-mouthed, fat, older, tacit man who looks vividly at a long-haired, blond, equally silent boy in a white polo-neck sweater, who has the figure of Vanessa Redgrave—end up in a clinch listening to “Tristan und Isolde” played by the orchestra in the Piazza San Marco, where the musicianship must have been spruced



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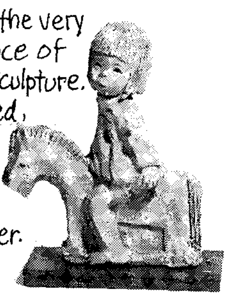
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Blume, dottily in love with Nina long after the split, is thrilled when his law office can cancel the projected divorce case of a distraughtly greedy woman sweetly played by Shelley Winters, who says she wants the house and the beach house and the Jaguar and, no doubt, the broth-temperature swimming pool, because her husband has run off with an air hostess (or perhaps one just flies off in such cases, and is invited on the public-address system to put one's seat in the upright position and deplane from the front exit, while the eloped-with one painstakingly coils up the headphone wires).

Blume seems to think of himself, in a rather holy and untouchable way, as a being with a right to good fortune; he seems the product of a system of cozy transcendentalist manufacture probably thought up on the West Coast. His self-forgiving attitude includes his attachment to his bumbling analyst, who plays the role in his life and budget of a fad-religion consulting practitioner who might be called in to cope with a case of German measles or of being sacked from the board of directors. Just as nothing will convince a true member of a crank church that such "errors" ("evidence of wrong thinking," "beliefs of mortal mind") actually exist, so Blume cheerfully fails to admit that his wife is fed up with him. She just has feelings of hostility to him. Any jargon removes stings. She falls in with a practically moribund layabout (Kris Kristofferson), who strums an electric piano on welfare with an absence of ear that must have made Segal, who can play the banjo well, get a headache after a day's shooting with him.

Exhaustion reigns. The amiable strumming clot, who met Nina at the welfare office where she works, doesn't seem likely to exert himself to the extent of making love, though he certainly takes near-erotic care of his whole-food diet. Nina, too, is tired, though she seems to stand for Hollywood's idea of the gutsy. She is much given to colds. Blume, clearly seeing himself as a creature made in the image and likeness of God, must be the mirror of a very messy and meretricious deity. He is a boneheaded good-looker who purveys the drummed-up insistence that he can function which often results from psychoanalysis for driven but birdbrained men. Bravely, he tries to bury his pining for Nina by going out with a quite amiable-looking but very unattractive health-food nut, though he would obviously be more inclined in

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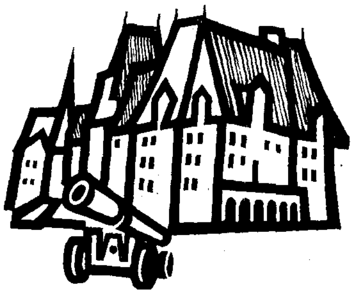

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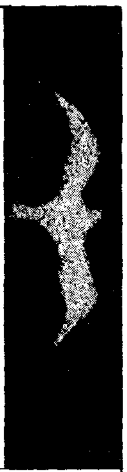
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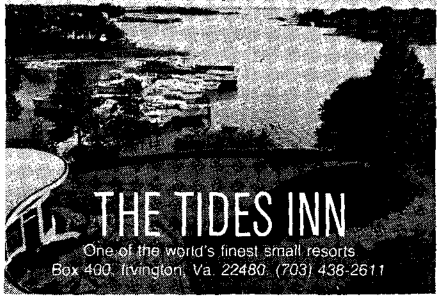
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normal life to burst into tears and go to bed with a hot-water bottle instead of with a girl full of carrot juice. The vegetarian dampens his feelings of manliness, and he has to tell his analyst that he can't cope with anyone in bed while he is still in love with Nina. The film, rushing to its foreseeable close with the haste of a tortoise afflicted by gout, shows Nina landing up pregnant by Blume: he rapes her while the terrible pop musician is out seeing "Gone with the Wind" for the eleventh time. Nine months later, while Blume is mooching around Venice in a raincoat—a choice of clothing which always implies melancholy and loneliness in this sort of film—she emerges quite suddenly from the little passage in the Piazza San Marco that leads toward the Gritti. Love burgeons again within Blume, who looks even more startled to see her than we are. (Did she fly over the Pole? Where did she get the money? What airline accepts a nine-months-pregnant woman?) They start having espresso coffee, speaking to a comically written waiter who recurs through the film and who always insists on using Italian if Blume has spoken English, and English if he has used his very good Italian. But the espresso cools because she gets a contraction. Her ex, now her ex-ex, takes her away happily in a direction that appears to lead to the Doges' Palace, though the palace is short of doctors, as one remembers it, or even of anywhere to lie down. Nina has many minor endearing characteristics, such as eating toothpaste, and Blume's efforts to be chummy toward the out-of-work musician involve him in companionably singing flat ("horizontally," as Mae West once said), which may have been hard on a born musician like Segal, but the flappy silliness of the whole film undermines its rather calculated little eccentricities. It sets out to charm and stays to offend, having the vulgar fluorescence peculiar to mock-mod Hollywood romantic comedy.

"YOU'RE in my apartment," says Al Jolson as a hobo to Madge Evans, overstating things valiantly in the hope of cheering her up when he has rescued her from death by drowning and taken her to a cold pseudo cave in Central Park which he thinks of as home. In "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (1933, now re-released, at the First Avenue Screening Room), Al Jolson wears whiteface for the first time. He also sports an earth-stained but dandy white suit in his part as a tramp. He seems pretty pedagogic and beneficently

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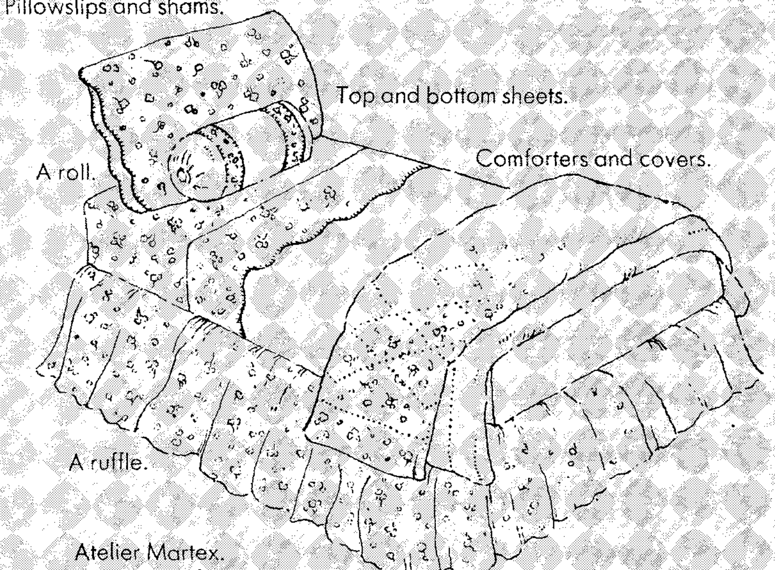

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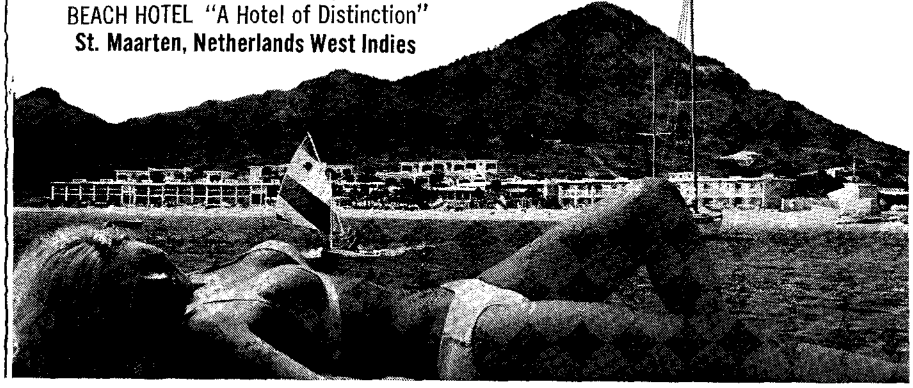

educated when the girl can't remember her name or where she lives: "Did you ever hear of amnesia or aphasia?" he asks. Spruced up considerably, or "dressed like a capitalist," she is taken for a ride round the Park with the sweet and rather pointless intention of getting her to recall things. Egghead, the park paper-gatherer, played by Harry Langdon (as usual looking engagingly like a preternaturally well-equipped toddler who has rouged his lips and used a ton of eyeliner after messing about in his mother's makeup box), appears much to regret her going away on the ride: to someone of his perpetual infant age, partings seem to be for good. Lewis Milestone directed the story, which has songs by Rodgers and Hart, and interesting spoken rhythms that are one of the American musical cinema's many beautiful and moving attempts to find an unimitative equivalent of operatic recitative.

We are in a world where men are tried for the anti-social offense of being employed. Acorn, a minute black who lives in a windowless apartment, has read about a man called Napoleon; the Al Jolson character, called Bumper, says sternly, "He was *ruined* by an angel." Bumper is a friend of the mayor (Frank Morgan), who negligently slums with the hobo to find out what poverty means, at a time when most people knew very well. The girl's single dramatic moment, apart from her attempted suicide, is one of perfidy, when her cured amnesia saves her from the more difficult dictates of admitting true love for the bum instead of for the mayor. A film to welcome back, especially for what it tries to do for the progress of the American musical film in the direction that Gluck began for opera.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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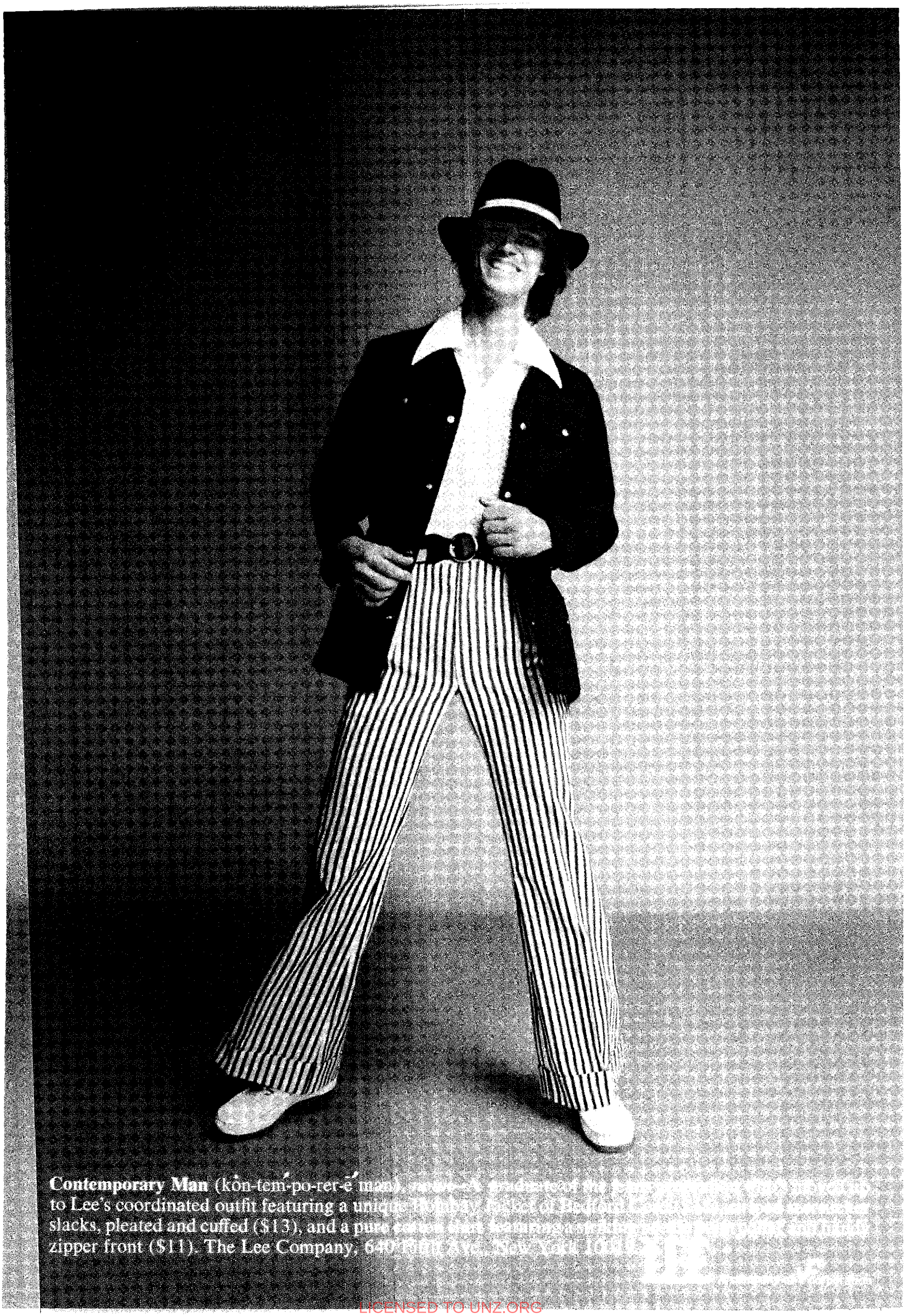

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THE RACE TRACK

Far Miss

NO winner of that Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies this year. Windy's Daughter, who won the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, and the Mother Goose, at a mile and a furlong, finished eleventh in the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a half, at Belmont Park last Saturday. She tried to emulate Secretariat in the Belmont Stakes a week before, but with about three furlongs to go she stopped almost to a walk. Anyway, the finish was a thriller. In the last quarter, Magazine stormed to the front, to win by a length and a half from Bag of Tunes, who beat Lady Love by a neck, with Poker Night fourth, a nose behind. Thirteen racers, an unusually large number for this event, paraded for the fifty-seventh renewal of the classic, and as a whole they weren't very impressive on looks. For young fillies attempting a mile and a half for the first time, it was a strenuous trial. In fact, not one of the lot had gone the distance in a workout recently. Maybe that's the new way of training.

Windy's Daughter, a speedster from California, where she was unbeaten in her seven races last season, was first to break the line at the start, and, cutting over to the rails, led round the clubhouse turn. Rokeby Venus, a half sister of Arts and Letters, was right with her, and together they went all out, passing the mile marker in 1:35⅗. Rokeby Venus was first to tire, and wound up next to last. The mile and a half was run in a light rain, but it didn't seem to impair the footing much, for the time hung out was 2:27⅘. Still, that is three and four-fifths seconds slower than Secretariat's time for the same distance in the Belmont. Magazine was away slowly and was no better than ninth for a mile, and then she began to run—past tiring horses. So did C. V. Whitney's Bag of Tunes, who started even more slowly. Magazine is a smooth bay by Prince John out of Dayline, and is owned by Max Gluck, who races in the name of Elmendorf, his farm in Kentucky. Unraced at two, she won her first three at Aqueduct this spring, then was fifth in the Mother Goose. Her share of the Oaks purse was $70,200.

BELMONT PARK closed last Saturday, so it's back to the Big A until July 28th. Then hey for Saratoga Springs! The races coming up at Aqueduct worth putting down in your date book are the Brooklyn Handicap, on the Fourth of July; the Dwyer Handicap, for three-year-olds, on July 14th; and the Suburban, on July 21st. If Secretariat were to run in the Suburban (which he won't), it would be the Race of the Year.

With Secretariat resting, the Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge hopped up to Boston and won the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs last Sunday. He did it by three and three-quarters lengths, running the nine furlongs in 1:48⅕, which equals the track record, set by Whirlaway when he won the race in 1942. Bee Bee Bee, who beat Riva Ridge in the Preakness last year, finished fourth.

FARTHER afield: Our Native, who was third in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, wore down Hearts of Lettuce at the end of the mile and a furlong of the Ohio Derby at Thistledown, a track on the edge of Cleveland, last weekend, and won it. Arbees Boy was third. Twelve ran, and, to the surprise of many, Hearts of Lettuce (by the way, that's what my favorite observer calls Arts and Letters) took the lead at the start, instead of Shecky Greene. Another surprise was that Knightly Dawn, winner of the Jersey Derby, ran last. He's rated as a superior mudder, but he didn't like the heavy going at Thistledown. . . . Speaking of running last, the favorites in both divisions of the Oceanport Handicap at Monmouth Park last Saturday did just that. Lexington Park, winner of the first, paid $13.20, and Dartsum, winner of the second, paid $36.80. Bookmakers in England will lay bigger odds than those that you can't pick the horse who will run last in any race. Try it some time.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH

Dr. Morton Randall reported to the Cedars Division Patient Welfare Committee during the April meeting that a patient under his care complained of burning herself with the chicken soup. He added that this soup was not brought in from the outside, but was served from the cart.—*Cedars-Sinai Hospital publication, Los Angeles.*

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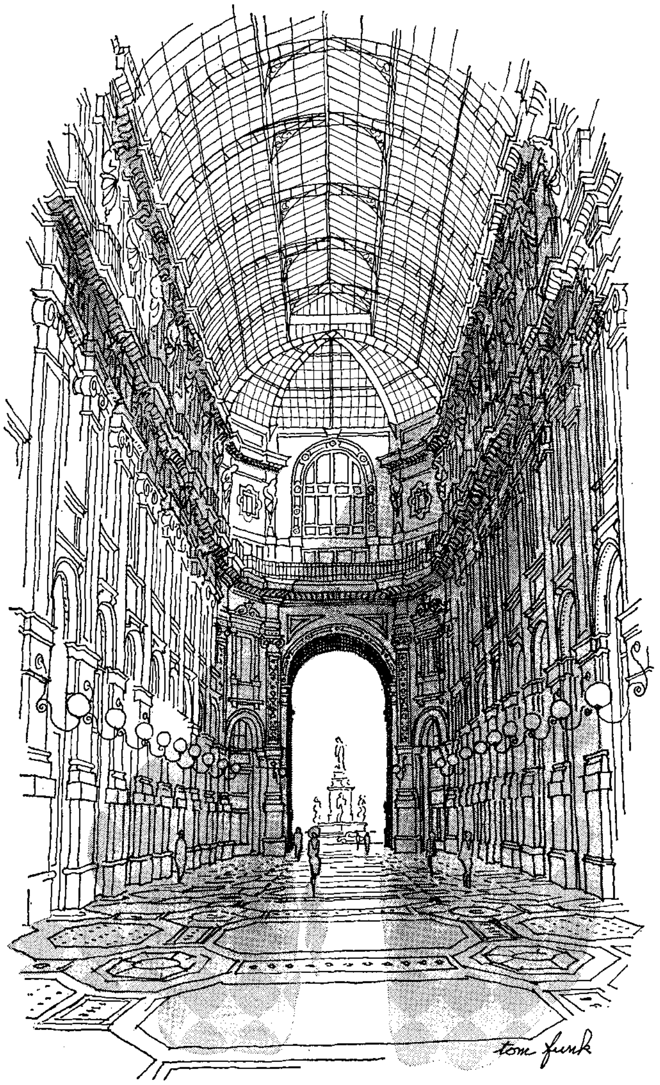
LETTER FROM MILAN

EARLY last fall, with no warning, the inhabitants of Milan awoke one morning to see newspaper headlines announcing that their cathedral, the city's most famous and most deeply venerated monument, was in danger of collapse. To save it, the papers said, not only drastic restoration measures for the ancient Duomo but also a ban on all automobile traffic in the surrounding piazza and streets would be mandatory; only buses, trolleys, and the subway would be allowed to go on operating in the area—and at greatly reduced speeds in the immediate vicinity of the cathedral. According to most of the news stories, the building was being shaken to pieces by automobiles, though readers were also informed that the continuous rumble of midtown traffic was not the only source of trouble; the spires of the Duomo were rotting in the polluted air, and its foundations were sinking into soil made soft by the draining of the subterranean water supply. In other words, a few decades of what one reporter called "the fury of progress" had done the huge cathedral more harm than centuries of weather and war. "Our cathedral is seriously ill," said Cardinal Giovanni Colombo, adding, "Without the Duomo, Milan is no longer Milan. Any sacrifice [to save it] would seem tolerable." Cardinal Colombo's emotional appeal was echoed in continuing accounts of the situation which occupied the front pages of the city's newspapers for days. Most stories referred to the Duomo as a living entity—a beloved relative, a dear friend, "the old heart of Milan." One writer—Alberico Sala, in the *Corriere della Sera*—painted a touching picture of a cherished invalid whose loving family would hover around the bedside until the happy day, however distant, when the patient would be declared cured.



The intensity of the emotions aroused in the Milanese by their cathedral is by no means a new phenomenon. Ever since they began building it, in 1386, under the rule of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, one of the city's most celebrated tyrants, the Duomo has been an unceasing source of civic pride and preoccupation. The entire population contributed to its initial construction fund, from aristocratic ladies who donated their jewels to a prostitute, nicknamed Fast Rafalda, who contributed "one lira three cents and four denarii." Work on the building has never stopped, despite the many changes of rule, sieges, sackings, and revolts that Milan has undergone in the centuries since. The Duomo was officially declared completed in 1950, but the proclamation was purely symbolic, for one section or another of the structure is constantly undergoing repairs. In Milanese dialect, the phrase *"la fabbrica del Domm"* ("building the Duomo") means a job that will never be finished.

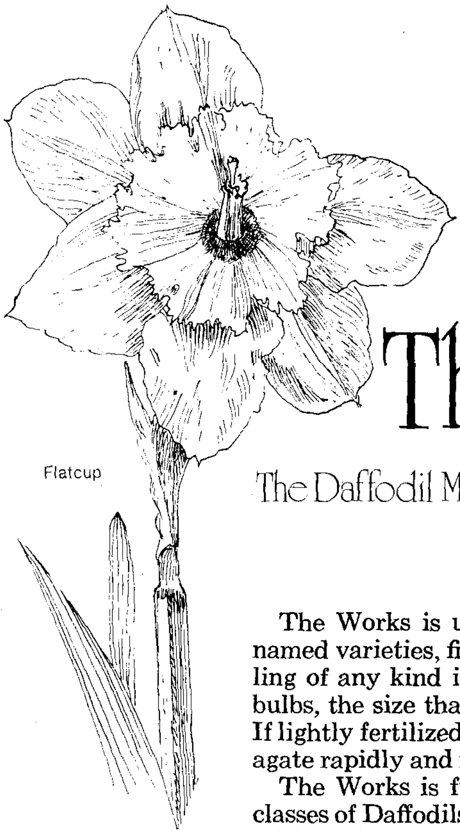
"Yesterday I visited the Duomo, to build which an entire mountain of marble is being forced to assume forms in the worst taste," Goethe wrote to a friend in 1788. "The poor stones are still being tormented every day, while that absurdity, or rather that wretchedness, re[illegible] finished." [illegible] architectural and [illegible] al complexity of the [illegible] ally Gothic structure, with its well over three thousand statues, including ninety-six giant gargoyles and a hundred and thirty-five standing figures that crown its forest of lacy spires, is obviously not to everyone's taste. A number of foreign visitors have likened it to a giant wedding cake. Napoleon, when he first saw it, is said to have observed that its construction had gone quite far enough—though he didn't object to having himself crowned King of Italy in it a while later, on May 26, 1805. Architecturally, the Duomo has always aroused a certain amount of controversy, and no leading critic has ever proclaimed it an aesthetic masterpiece. At best, the experts have tended to regard it with a mixture of amused awe and contempt.

Over the centuries, the Milanese have remained resolutely indifferent to the judgments of experts and outsiders; they adore the great building, and have always treated it as familiarly as their own homes. Toward the end of the last century, they used to picnic gaily on its roof on hot summer days, and nowadays, whenever it is raining hard or the city is reeling in the unbearably steamy heat of August, they take refuge within it, sitting and chatting quietly in the rear pews, safe and comfortable under the shadowy arches and enormous stained-glass windows of their most astonishing and remarkable public achievement. One local critic has observed, "Even more than a church, the Duomo of Milan stands as a great testament, the symbolic manifestation of an inexhaustible collective memory, the great deposit of the history and remembrances of an entire city."

On the first Sunday after the area around the cathedral was closed to automobile traffic, the Milanese showed up in thousands to see for themselves how their Duomo was getting on. They found its front entirely hidden behind an ugly latticework of iron scaffolding and plastic sheeting, and entire areas inside barred to the public. The spectacle was essentially a dismal one, but the atmosphere of the day itself was not, despite a downpour that drenched the city during the morning. By afternoon, when the sun finally appeared, the entire Piazza del Duomo had taken on the festive air of a jolly public park. Children sailed paper boats in the flooded gutters, young people bicycled through the streets, entire families turned out to buy balloons, feed the pigeons, and generally disport themselves without having to thread their way among parked cars or dash for safety across walkways imperilled by onrushing traffic. Thus, the crisis of their crumbling cathedral enabled the Milanese to rediscover the pleasures of a quiet holiday in the center of their own city. "It's now up to the Milanese," observed Mayor Aldo Aniasi, "to ask themselves whether a temporary measure, necessitated by technical reasons, ought to become a permanent one."

The idea of banning all private traffic from the center of town is certainly not a new one, and such measures are currently being adopted everywhere, but Milan, unlike most other Italian cities, has relatively few tourist sites and does not glory in the visible splendors of her past. Milan is the industrial and commercial capital of Italy, and is more French than Italian in its architecture and more American than Italian in its outlook. Under normal circumstances, closing off the center of the city, with its luxury shops and large department stores, to create what has been called a "great pedestrian island" would have aroused instant and ferocious opposition. As it was, immediately after the closing of the Piazza del Duomo—which paralyzed vast areas of the city as motorists attempting to get across town were blocked for hours in side streets—the municipal authorities were accused of having used the ailing Duomo as a pretext for doing something they had wanted to do anyway. Mayor Aniasi denied the charge, but admitted that the creation of pedestrian islands all over the city had indeed been under study for some time and insisted that the condition of the Duomo had compelled the city government to act swiftly.

DUOMO or no Duomo, most thoughtful citizens agree that something has to be done about restoring human qualities to life in Milan. In reminiscing recently about his years as a struggling young writer in the city, the novelist Goffredo Parise—the author of "La Grande Vacanza" and "Il Crematorio"—who currently lives in



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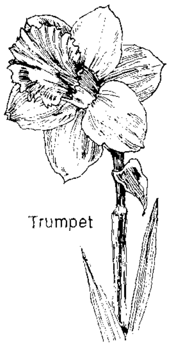

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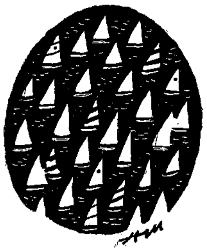
Rome, observed, "If I now have to speak of Milan, I confess to a frequent nostalgia—for Via Mozart, for example, which looked like a street in Paris or Vienna; for certain doorways along Corso Venezia, through which you can glimpse gardens as splendid as botanical parks. Sometimes in good weather, cold and without fog, on Sundays, Milan basks in imperial silences behind those old and great biscuit-shaped Milanese houses. But it has to be very cold and a Sunday for that to happen. And the church bells, which are among the saddest and most beautiful in Italy! But I'm talking of the past; the present—in Rome, Milan, or wherever—has been invaded by the automobile. . . . The traffic has suffocated the soul, the dignity, the very existence of man."

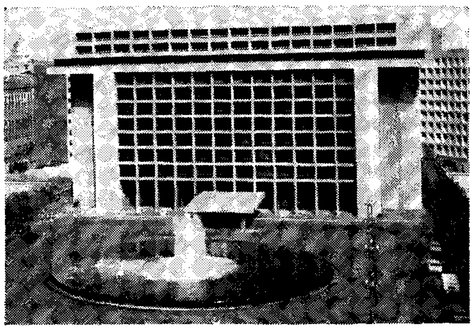
Milan has approximately seven hundred thousand automobiles, and banning them from various parts of the city would alleviate many problems but, of course, would not solve the basic dilemma, which is simply one of too many people. There are now an estimated one million seven hundred and twenty thousand. During the past decade, some seven hundred and fifty thousand newcomers—of late, mostly from the impoverished south—have flocked into the industrial region of Lombardy, attracted by the hope of finding work. Milan's factory-studded metropolitan area contains tens of thousands of industries, including most of the nation's biggest, and in recent years they have been providing employment for over a million workers, skilled and unskilled. An economic recession that has afflicted the country as a whole for the past two and a half years has slowed down the influx but by no means halted it, and every day one can see the newcomers tumbling wearily out of long, dusty trains in the central railroad station. From there, as from the center of a huge web, they fan out into the city and the industrial suburbs in search of work, contributing to a process that has in the past few years all but overwhelmed the area's housing, educational, and social facilities. "As long as things were going well, we could absorb all these people," an executive at Montedison—the former Montecatini chemical works—said recently. "But today, with strikes and layoffs and inflation and growing unemployment everywhere, we can no longer take care of them."



As a matter of fact, neither private industry nor the government has ever made any effort to take care of the newcomers; the *terroni*, or people of the earth, as they have been called by the native Milanese, were simply caught up in the hectic production pace of the boom years and allowed to shift for themselves in a society dedicated basically to nothing but the making of money. The physical results of such a policy, or absence of policy, are easy to see. Beyond the inner city, a place of elegant old houses, gleaming new skyscrapers, and expensive shops, Milan and such satellite towns as Monza and Sesto San Giovanni have become a hideous urban sprawl of factories and jerry-built housing, all piled together with no apparent regard for zoning laws, and unrelieved by parks, or even concrete playgrounds. In some areas, the population has doubled, and even tripled, and Milan proper has become a human beehive, with a population density of almost twenty-five thousand people per square mile. At the present rate of growth, it has been estimated that the city will contain over three and a half million people by 1979, and just where they are all going to live, and how, has become a persistent nightmare for Mayor Aniasi and his Socialist administration.

Apart from the chaotic traffic conditions and the lack of adequate housing, the most serious immediate effect of the city's unregulated growth has been a chronic breakdown of public services. The schools are so overcrowded that the students riot periodically and their teachers go out on strike to protest the nearly unbearable working conditions. The city's public transportation, though it is the best in Italy, is plagued by growing inefficiency, which sometimes occasions interminable delays, and the subway system, which upon its completion about ten years ago was Milan's pride, is now rapidly becoming obsolete. Most recently, the mails have become the focus of outraged public attention. Letters can take as long as a month to travel, say, from Milan to Monza, a distance of about ten miles, and mail to other parts of Italy sometimes never gets there at all. A reporter's spot check of conditions at the central post office, in Via Ferrante Aporti, uncovered a mountainous backlog of undelivered mail—enough, he estimated, to fill ten freight cars. The building itself he found to be not only horribly overcrowded but unventilated, badly lit, infested by mice and other vermin, and so damp that on rainy days the subterranean lower corridors, where people work at sorting and stacking, become flooded and have to be evacuated. The postal service is, of course, a branch of the national government, and the Milanese have tended—as they usually do—to blame Rome for the situation, but the fact is that things seem to be worse in Milan than elsewhere. Many of the city's business firms, being dependent upon the mails for their survival, have taken to trucking even their Italian correspondence and shipments across the Swiss border at Chiasso, since the notoriously efficient Swiss clear them on the same day, and, for some reason, mail from abroad gets delivered much faster than the local variety. A series of on-again, off-again strikes—called "hiccup strikes"—by the city's exasperated postal workers has done little to improve the situation, but has at least served to dramatize their plight.

THE deepening economic crisis in Italy has hit Milan harder than any other part of the country and has probably aroused more resentment here, perhaps because the city has always taken enormous pride in its commercial primacy, and because the Milanese, unlike most other Italians, are unused to coping with widespread poverty and growing unemployment. Strikes that have all but paralyzed the nation over the past few months, while the government of Premier Giulio Andreotti struggled unsuccessfully for survival, have been uglier and more violent here than elsewhere. When a hundred and fifty thousand chemical and metal workers took to the streets last fall, the demonstration quickly turned into a pitched battle with the police, and dozens of people were hospitalized. Not only factory hands but teachers, students, doctors, sugar workers, editorial employees, and civil servants, who have been demonstrating peacefully in most of the rest of Italy, here almost always clash with the law. When striking ground personnel at Italy's airports had been agitating futilely for a new contract over a period of five months, the situation was quickly brought to a head here by workers at Linate and Malpensa Airports who marched onto the runways, immobilizing for several hours an international jumbo jet full of distraught passengers and precipitating an ugly brawl with the police, which ended in arrests and injuries. During Italy's increasingly frequent one-day general strikes, which have affected some fourteen million workers and on several occasions brought the country to a complete



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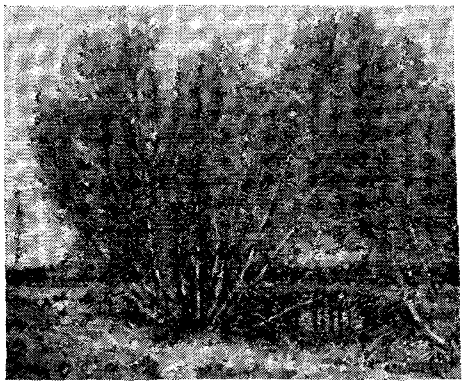

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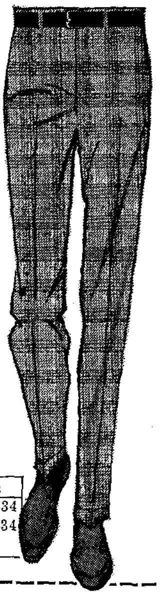

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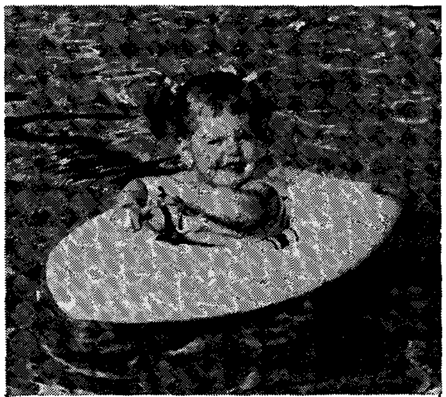

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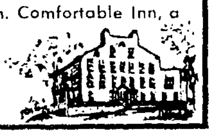

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standstill, Milan takes on the air of an occupied city on the eve of revolt. The streets are empty, and every potentially strategic corner, especially around the main piazzas and in the more elegant residential districts, is occupied by helmeted, shield-carrying phalanxes of green-uniformed riot cops or clusters of rifle-toting carabinieri grouped around rows of Army trucks and jeeps. "It reminds me of the German occupation," an old Milanese friend of mine said as we edged around the troops in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery one day on our way back to my hotel. "But now we no longer know who the enemy is. The workers, the employees, the politicians, the authorities—they are all very self-righteous and all very much in the wrong. They think only of themselves and their needs, never of the country as a whole."

The kinds of difficulties that Milanese industries have been coping with in recent months are perhaps typified by the situation at the Pirelli rubber and cable company, a firm that once employed about thirty thousand workers at its twenty-three plants and that was often cited during the boom years as an outstanding example of Italy's postwar industrial miracle. The symbol of the company's success was a gleaming thirty-one-story glass-and-steel skyscraper that it erected in the heart of the city. From there, its boss, Leopoldo Pirelli, and his staff presided over one of Europe's most actively expanding industrial empires, with interests all over the world. In 1971, however—which a company spokesman called "our worst year since the war"—the company books showed a net deficit of over fifteen billion lire (about twenty-six million dollars), and the figures for last year are expected to be even worse. The plants are currently operating at less than seventy per cent of capacity, and two main lines, automobile tires and products used in the building industry, continue to show alarming decreases in sales.

While it is hardly unusual for a large business firm to get into trouble, for any of a multitude of reasons, such a situation is especially depressing in Italy, because the nation's economic welfare is totally dependent upon a relative handful of such large companies, most of them in and around Milan, and management and labor seem totally incapable of seeking a solution through coöperation, or even of accepting any share of responsibility for a crisis affecting the common welfare. Two years ago, when Pirelli began laying off workers and offering financial induce-

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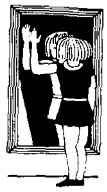

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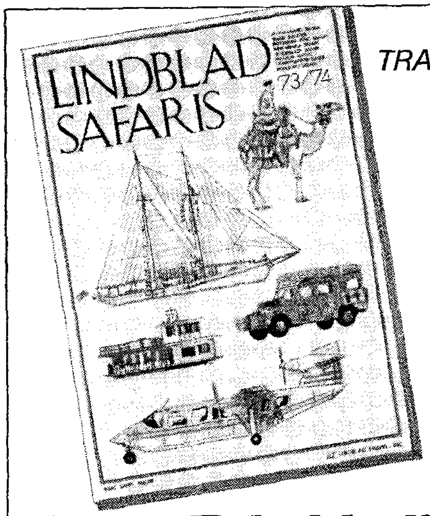
ments to others to accept early retirement, spokesmen for management confessed only to having committed a few minor miscalculations concerning company operations and world-market evaluations—nothing that could not be immediately solved at the operational level. Recently, however, a company official declared, "We have an excess of labor in all categories," and he went on to point out that labor costs had risen by seventy-five per cent during the past three years. The Italian worker, according to this official's figures, costs seven per cent more than his German counterpart, thirty-five per cent more than his British counterpart, and thirty-eight per cent more than his French one, and Leopoldo Pirelli himself subsequently told an interviewer that Italian workers, despite their superior economic situation, are less productive than foreign ones. The frequent strikes and slowdowns that the company has undergone in the past few years have prevented it from filling orders on time, and rising labor costs are pricing its products out of world markets. Pirelli has now succeeded in reducing its rolls by about twenty-five hundred people, and would like to unload thirty-five hundred more and to reduce working hours in several of its plants as well.

The answer of the company's strongly unionized workers to such proposals has been as unsympathetic as one might expect. Protest strikes, endless union meetings, and other forms of agitation in the plants have only exacerbated an already tense situation; nor have the union leaders been at all chary about placing the blame where they think it belongs—squarely on the heads of a management that, they say, obviously does not care about the welfare of its employees and that committed a series of unpardonable blunders for which it now expects the workers to pay. The language used by union spokesmen in their public statements has hardly been temperate, and a number of manifestos posted on walls at the main company plant, in the suburb of Bicocca, have referred to the Pirelli management and its attitude as "Fascistic." In such an atmosphere, it hardly seems possible to expect, or even hope for, coöperation between the two sides. Umberto Venturini, an independent economist, pointed out in an article in the weekly *Il Mondo*, "Everybody now ought to keep quiet, from the Pirelli management, which in these past few years committed a series of grave errors, whose consequences are now being reaped by employees and



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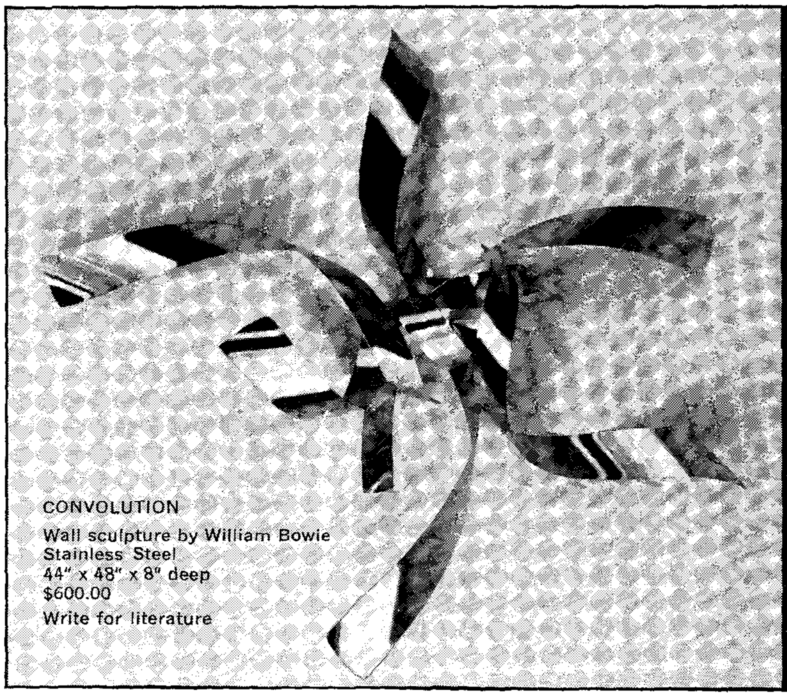

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stockholders alike, to the unions, whose demands have resulted in seriously compromising the company's competitive position."

What will probably happen eventually is that the central government will intervene, as it has already done in a number of other sectors of the economy, to prevent—by means of subsidies, tax relief, and, if necessary, further special legislation—the possible disappearance of one of the country's major companies. In the past few years, the nation has witnessed the failure of a horde of smaller private ventures, whose collapse has thrown thousands of workers into the street and left behind the eloquent testimony of hundreds of empty, broken-windowed factory buildings, which now disfigure the countryside of the peninsula. "The seriousness of what is happening is indisputable," a recent editorial on the front page of the *Corriere della Sera* noted. "The loss of a job, in a country as traditionally poor as ours, has always been the greatest fear of any family of workers or white-collar employees. . . . Let us not forget that even today, for countless Italians, a reduction in earnings does not mean a few less weekend trips but something very different. The shoes for one's children, their schoolbooks, the rent or the heating bill become living nightmares when the family budget is scanty. No less serious than the material privations is the humiliation of enforced idleness."

The enforced idleness has, in its turn, contributed to the turbulence in the streets of Milan—though the city has always had the reputation of being Italy's most lawless. Certainly, a great many spectacular acts of violence do occur here, from politically motivated incidents, such as the gunning down a year ago of a young police inspector named Luigi Calabresi outside his own home and the bombings of public buildings that almost inevitably mark some controversial political anniversaries, to gangland-style murders and armed robberies, which occur daily. On one recent day, for instance, four bandits held up a bank in a crowded quarter of the city and took seventeen million lire. Before they could get away, they were surprised by a squad car full of police, but they decided to shoot it out, and a wild chase ensued, by car and on foot, before two of the men were caught. The episode was witnessed by thousands of people, one of whom told reporters that it was the best holdup he'd seen in weeks.

Twenty years ago, when I first came here, Milan was frequently referred to in the press and by acquaintances of mine as "the Chicago of Italy," and the comparison is still being made. A journalist friend told me last winter, "When you Americans think of crime in Italy, you see the Mafia. But our Mafia, which operates mostly in Sicily, is very correct, and usually works within precise limits and defined boundaries. The Milanese underworld knows no limits and recognizes no boundaries." An angry police officer declared not long ago that it was simplistic to compare Milan today to the Chicago of Al Capone, but the facts seem to contradict him. When a gang of robbers headed by four brothers was arrested here some time ago, the four were found to be the owners of a large villa in Nervi, a yacht, ten midtown apartments, six automobiles, and other property valued at a total of over two hundred million lire, or three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As one indignant editorial writer pointed out, very few legitimate businesses do half as well. If the comparison with the Chicago of American legend is indeed too facile, the ugly mood in Milan's streets does make it seem more valid today than when I first heard it.

IT is disheartening to have to report so much gloomy news about some of the day-to-day aspects of life in Milan, because the quintessential spirit of the city—optimistic, hardworking, passionately concerned—remains much the same as it was a decade or two ago. Then, too, one always has the feeling in Milan that, no matter how badly things may seem to be going, some sort of solution to every problem will eventually be found. I was reminded forcibly of this when I went to see Paolo Grassi, the new general manager of La Scala, a few days after the triumphant opening of the 1972-73 season with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Grassi expounded eloquently on the problems, largely financial, that afflicted his theatre, but he never once suggested that La Scala, in its hundred-and-ninety-fourth season, might have to shut down, or even suspend operations. "Italy has thirteen major opera houses and symphonic organizations that receive state aid in the form of sub-

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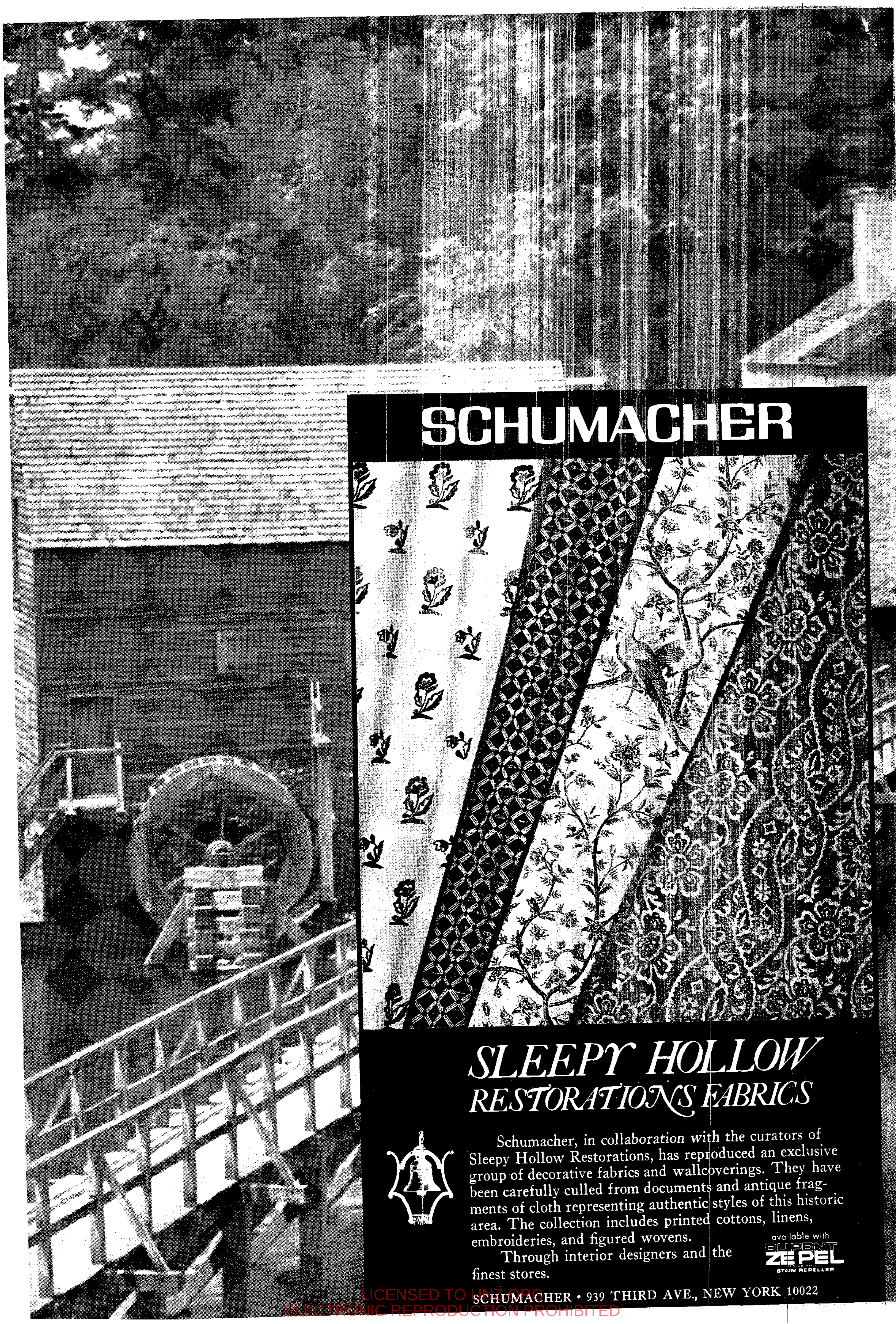

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SCHUMACHER • 939 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK 10022 sidies," he said at one point. "But the state must always think of La Scala first. We cannot be treated like the San Carlo of Naples or the Reggio of Turin. We are on another level of performance entirely. I don't say we never make mistakes—we make many—but La Scala is still La Scala. Like Garibaldi's, our name is internationally known—and in places where people don't know that Giovanni Leone is President of Italy or what an Alfa Romeo is."

Grassi, a moon-faced, short, heavyset man with a mustache, a receding hairline, and alert dark-brown eyes, is fifty-three years old. He took over his present job a year ago, after serving since 1947 as managing director of Milan's Piccolo Teatro, consistently the country's best theatrical repertory company. During the past twenty-five years, Grassi has also made himself one of the city's leading cultural spokesmen. When he took on the job at La Scala, it was expected that he and his colleagues—Massimo Bogianckino, the artistic director, and Claudio Abbado, the musical director, who are also new to the opera house—would, in the words of one critic, "gallop in troika toward new organizational, artistic, and social frontiers." In 1969, it was recalled, Grassi had been instrumental in founding the Teatro Quartiere, a project to take the Piccolo out of its small home base in the center of the city and bring live theatre, under a borrowed circus tent, directly into the so-called dormitory suburbs, those endless blocks of gloomy apartment buildings in which tens of thousands of people live, out of easy reach of even a movie. Thanks to the low cost of tickets (a top price of twelve hundred lire, or a little over two dollars) and the enthusiastic coöperation—including an initial contribution of fifty million lire—of Mayor Aniasi's administration, the Teatro Quartiere proved a success and has become, like Joseph Papp's park performances, a permanent feature of the city's cultural life.

The incredible cost of running La Scala would probably make any operatic equivalent of the Teatro Quartiere impossible. "We are already ten billion lire in debt," Grassi told me. "And there is a chance that soon we will not even be able to meet the interest payments on our loans. Over two-thirds of our yearly budget of nearly nine billion lire [fifteen million dollars] goes to pay the seven hundred people who are employed permanently in the theatre. With the remaining third, we must put on our season and maintain the highest

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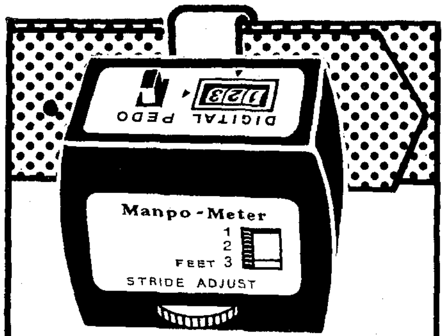

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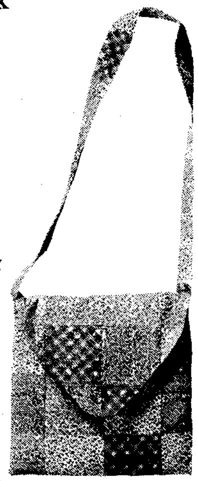

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artistic standards as well as meet our responsibilities to the city as a whole. Let the government in Rome think about all this a little." Grassi points out that for the past four years, despite inflation and zooming costs, Rome has not increased "by so much as one lira" the total of sixteen billion in subsidies that it parcels out to Italy's thirteen favored opera companies. "But that—the money—is the government's problem," Grassi concluded. "I have a *theatre to run*."

This year's repertory has consisted of a total of fifteen operas and nine ballets—some of both, like Monteverdi's opera "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and Gluck's "Le Cinesi," put on in La Piccola Scala, the intimate little theatre behind the main stage. The operatic repertory selected by the new management troika for this first season was eclectic, ranging from such familiar items as Bellini's "Norma," Verdi's "Aida," Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" to such less performed works as Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," Wagner's "Das Rheingold," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." It also included a couple of modern works—Luciano Berio's "Laborintus II" and Salvatore Sciarrino's "Amore e Psiche." "The key to the selection of our repertory is history," Grassi explained. "And history is made up of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. We must never fossilize ourselves in old positions and concepts or pander to a particular audience. If it were up to me, though, I would do all Verdi. I never get tired of Verdi."

Grassi's primary concern this year has been to bring more people, and a greater variety of them, into his theatre (which gives the impression from within of being enormous, but actually seats only about thirteen hundred). To accomplish this, he has opened the dress rehearsals to an invited public, consisting mainly of the city's intellectual élite—many of them people who have not gone to the opera in years and would never go merely to hear a celebrated soprano trill her way through a standard chestnut or to bask in some famous tenor's stentorian high C.

In addition to his attempt to reëngage the intellectuals, Grassi's other major effort has been directed toward the working classes and students. For them in particular, he has scheduled special opera performances, ballet, and a piano concert; orchestra and box seats for these evenings range in price from the equivalent of about two dollars to a dollar, and standees pay thirty-five

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cents. For the regular performances, five hundred and fifteen new seats have been installed in the upper balconies, and there have been other changes aimed at making the theatre more comfortable and accessible to people who can't afford to pay top prices. In future years, Grassi would like to reduce the size of the yearly repertory and increase the number of performances of each work, though he realizes that this may not be possible. "It's a desire, not a promise," he said. "Much depends on those sacred monsters, the artists. For instance, Caballé was available for only five performances of 'Norma,' and Gavazzeni would conduct a 'Norma' only with Caballé. In future, we'd like not to have to submit to such conditions. The theatre should be for everyone. Its life force is like that of a city—it stems from the people in it, and it manifests itself by what happens in public, whether on a stage or in the street. La Scala, like our Duomo, *is* Milan, and through what we do here we can speak for Milan to the rest of Italy and to the world." —WILLIAM MURRAY

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SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—One of President Nixon's chief supporters among the nation's Republican governors said Sunday the President should be "cross-examined" on the Watergate scandal by the press in a series of news conferences.

Virginia Gov. Linwood Holton said this was the only way Nixon can "regain complete confidence in the American people."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

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BOOKS

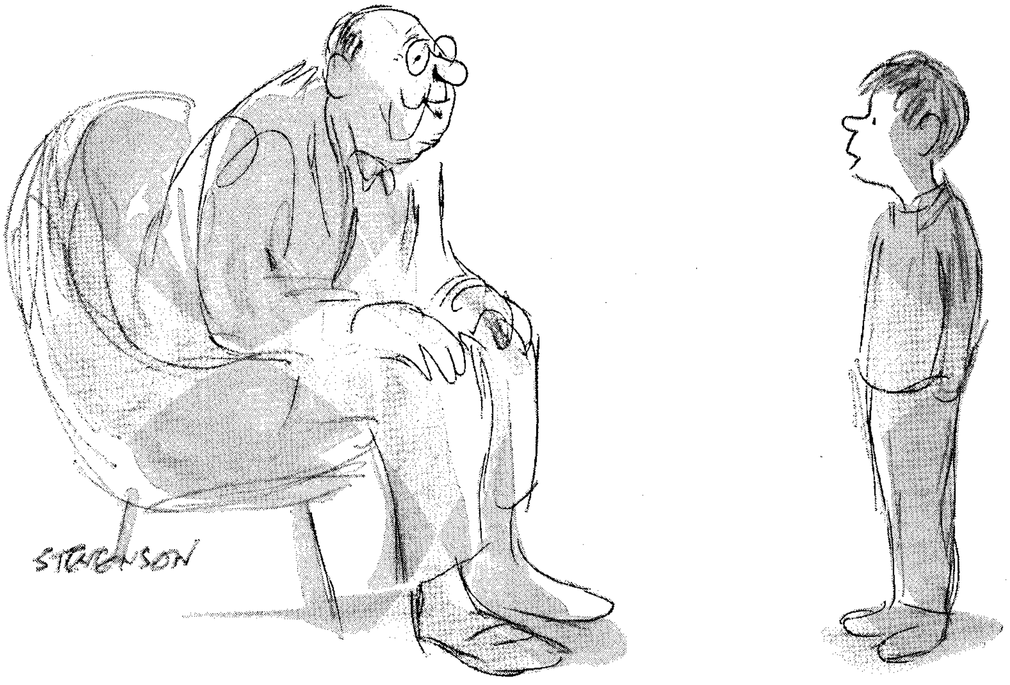
Living by the Sword

THOMAS McGUANE is one of our best young novelists, and it's cheering to watch him approach his apogee. From the beginning, he has seemed the heir apparent of two interlocking schools: in his conscious concern with aspects of American virility, as in his tool-like, purpose-built prose, he is a more modern, more ironic Hemingway; in his eye and ear for the perversions of American life and (hence) language, he is the successor, in narrative and dialogue, of Twain and Lardner and Richard Bissell.

But listen to how he writes. Of his protagonist, high on drugs, he says, "Thomas Skelton was in a globe of his own hallucinatory despair, a little blown away it is true; but nothing quite as serious as that sense of internal collapse and loss almost of armature that made it increasingly difficult to so much as sit up straight." Of the venue of his third novel, "Ninety-Two in the Shade" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), he says, "Nichol Dance was . . . part of the world of American bad actors who, when the chips are down, go to Florida with all the gothics and grotesqueries of chrome and poured-to-form concrete that that implies." Of the violent death that preoccupies all the characters in the book—and, by extension, all Americans—he says, "Skelton perplexed himself as to how many dead had been transported through this hallway. If you had a specific answer to that, you would possess innumerable anecdotes about mortality with which to regale your friends; or if you had no friends, then to address to that not so finite darkness in which we are all corporate shareholders." Of a hotel for derelicts next door to the fuselage of the force-landed and abandoned plane in which Skelton lives, he says, "He looked next door. There were three lighted windows in the hotel, each with a silhouetted wino like a playing card. I bid three winos." Of the contrast between the age before and the present one, he says, "The astronauts are nose to bung in their 'capsules;' while Captain Nemo sat at an ormolu control console; and if the astronauts have a capsule, Nemo had a Duomo."

McGuane's first novel, "The Sporting Club," was a rather mechanical, neat, but soulless chronicle of machismo; his second, "The Bushwacked Piano," was a sprawling, untidy, heartfelt diagram of American alienation; his third, "Ninety-Two in the Shade," is a short, tight, dense tale of the classic American confrontation between waste of time, waste of life, and death, on the one hand, and sublime mastery of a talent, gift, skill, or trade, on the other. In short, the subject is the heights and depths of human possibilities. Thomas Skelton, its hero, is the emblem of the new race of young men who have found nothing in life to engage their intelligence, their sensibility, their American bent for the tackle and trim of a métier. Having dropped out, apparently, while he was a student of marine biology, having wandered bootlessly in the North, he returns to his home, Key West, with the determination to become a fishing guide. The enterprise is full of risks: Key West is rife with unpleasant reminders and bad examples. His family, still on the scene, subsumes him in a kind of earthly trinity: his freebooting, rapacious grandfather, still planning coups, is the last man of the frontier; his failed father, reduced by inanition to living diurnally in a large crib covered with mosquito netting, has passed the torch of self-testing to his son; Skelton himself, determined to steer between his forebears' courses, faces the opposition of established guides when he begins his new career of guiding. In particular, there is the opposition of Nichol Dance, a refugee from his own violence (he has killed a man in Kentucky), an immensely skillful and intuitive guide, and a dangerous drunk. Dance's menace is spelled out *en clair:* crossed by a dockmaster, Roy Soleil (I don't know about you, but I relish McGuane's meticulously outrageous tinkering with names; perhaps I just like, as Jimmy Durante used to say, those kind of carryin's-on), he gashes Soleil with the grapnels of a fish gaff. It may be a comment on Skelton's own taste and talent for violence that he refuses to follow the style of Faron Carter, a fishing guide of the old school, who plays by the rules and steadily amasses a fair catch, and that he elects instead to set himself up as a hunch-playing rival—and, presumably, eventual successor—to the wild Nichol Dance.

The relationship of the two men is



"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

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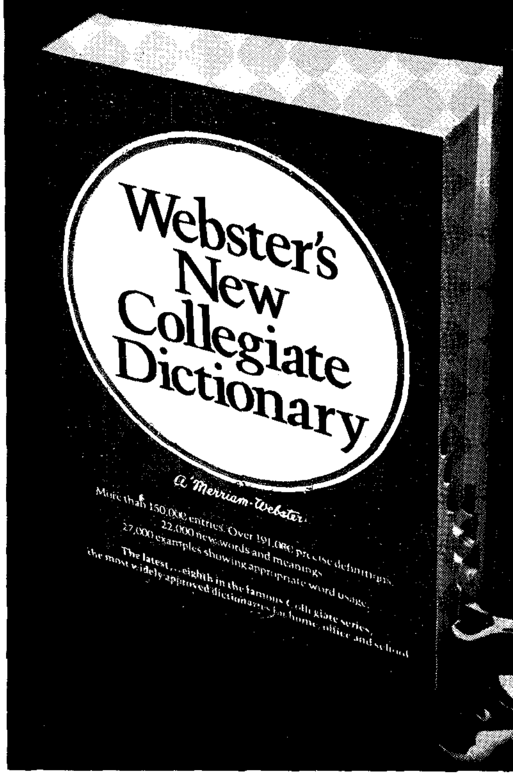
sealed in a sequence of events that ring with the inevitability of a medieval romance. Dance goes to jail for gaffing Soleil, and appoints Skelton his assistant guide in his absence. Skelton goes out with a fishing party Dance had booked. He gets off the boat to follow a hooked fish up an estuary, and when he returns to where he had gone ashore he finds that Dance, suddenly rematerialized, has confirmed Skelton's apprenticeship by hazing him: Dance has reclaimed the fishing party and made off with it, stranding Skelton, frustrated, boatless, and far from home. Skelton must thus choose between sheepish adolescent good-fellowship and adult revenge. He chooses revenge and burns Dance's boat to the waterline. The battle is now translated to an adult level: Dance's honor requires that he shoot Skelton to death; Skelton's honor requires that he continue guiding and thereby confront Dance's desire for vengeance.

The book is a black comedy that has the grinding inevitability of tragedy. Skelton is clearly Dance's equal as a man, but he is on the defensive; he is the hunted. All is resolved with an appointment in Samarra—Snipe Point, in fact—at which both men play out their allotted, immutable parts. There is a slight patness here, no doubt dictated by the classically tragic form; there is, too, from time to time, a slight didactic pomposity, as if McGuane, having learned certain cardinal lessons of life, were hastening to repeat them, with due solemnity, to us. But "Ninety-Two in the Shade" is a fine book, if less than a perfect one. More, it is an earnest of McGuane's steadily burgeoning talent. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RUNAWAY HORSES, by Yukio Mishima, translated from the Japanese by Michael Gallagher (Knopf). Behind the samurai pose of Yukio Mishima was a delicate and vulnerable spirit—a spirit that seems almost to have adopted that pose as a means of redeeming some basic feeling of falseness and shame. When Mishima committed suicide, three years ago, he left a tetralogy of novels, the first of which, "Spring Snow," tells of a sensitive young man, named Kiyoaki Matsugae, who is ruined by illicit love. "Runaway Horses," the next novel in the tetralogy, presents a young hero, Isao Iinuma, who reincarnates Kiyoaki's soul some twenty years later, in the early nineteen-thirties. The sensitiveness that led



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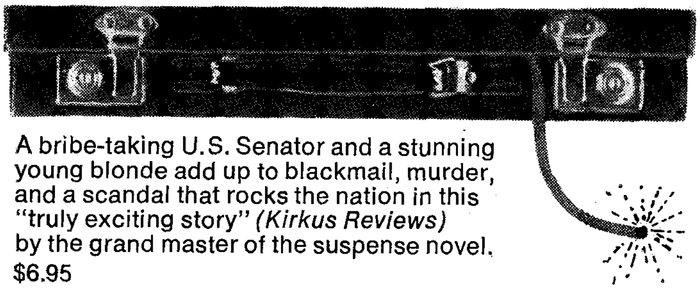

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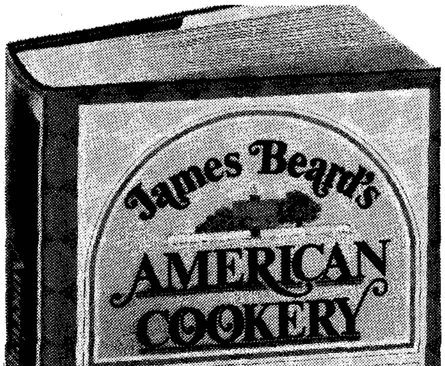

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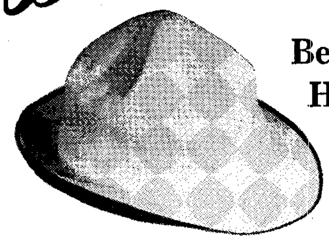
EVENING IN BYZANTIUM, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte). Jesse Craig, forty-eight, once a film producer of note but now passé, though hardly out of money, is in Cannes for the Film Festival, staying in a hundred-dollar-a-day suite, drinking a great deal, making a lonely round of the movies, nodding to myriad old acquaintances, and generally conveying the impression that he is a lost but not yet pitiful man. A brash young newspaperwoman asks him a lot of questions, causing him to look inward, and as he dreams we learn that he has a wife of more than twenty years from whom he is estranged, that he has two emancipated daughters living in America, that he has a beautiful and rakish mistress in Paris, that he is in trouble with the Internal Revenue Service, and that he doesn't know what to do with himself from minute to minute. As the story ends, Craig is back in New York, being discharged from the hospital where he has almost died from an attack of ulcers. Having been warned to take it very easy for a year, he hurries into the nearest bar and stands there having his first drink and contemplating an uncluttered future, for he is now wifeless, mistressless, and more or less daughterless. This moony tale is written in brightly colored, workmanlike language. The time is 1970.

GENERAL

A SECOND FLOWERING: WORKS AND DAYS OF THE LOST GENERATION, by Malcolm Cowley (Viking). The author proposes: "A new generation does not appear every thirty years; . . . it appears when writers of the same age join in a common revolt against the fathers and when, in the process of adopting a new life style, they find their own models and



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spokesmen." This book examines such a generation, with particular emphasis on certain of its distinguished and more representative members. They are Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, Thornton Wilder, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, and Hart Crane, all of whom were born between 1894 and 1900. Mr. Cowley was born in 1898. He knew most of his subjects when they were young and struggling, he knew them when they were only a little older and famous (Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wilder, and Wolfe were acclaimed before thirty), and (except for Wilder) he has outlived them all. He thus sees them plain in the distant past, in the middle distance, and at the postmortem moment of assessment. It is a vision informed by insight at every level. One might add that throughout each career, sounding as a kind of refrain, is a dedication to hard work. Even Crane, the most bedevilled of the group, attributed the quality of one of his poems to "the extreme amount of time, work, and thought put on it." And of Hemingway Mr. Cowley observes quite simply, "He had more talent, he worked harder, and he had a peculiarly studious habit of mind." And they were all early and everlasting readers. Photographs.

BELL: ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL AND THE CONQUEST OF SOLITUDE, by Robert V. Bruce (Little, Brown). There were two Alexander Bells before Alexander Graham—his father and grandfather—and all devoted their life's work to human communication through speech: they taught elocution, they devised pioneering systems of phonetics, they worked with the deaf and the mute, they were obsessed with the human voice and its possibilities. Although the focus is on the genius, personality, and staggering achievements of the youngest Bell, his two elders, who were redoubtable men in their own right, are given their due in this probably definitive book. The author has been able, for the first time, to draw upon Bell's notebooks, working papers, letters, and family documents, and, aided by a talent for clear explanation of scientific and mechanical matters, he gives us a good idea of what went on in Bell's mind; in the case of the telephone, for instance, which Bell invented at the age of twenty-eight, he dwells not so much on the dramatic and well-known

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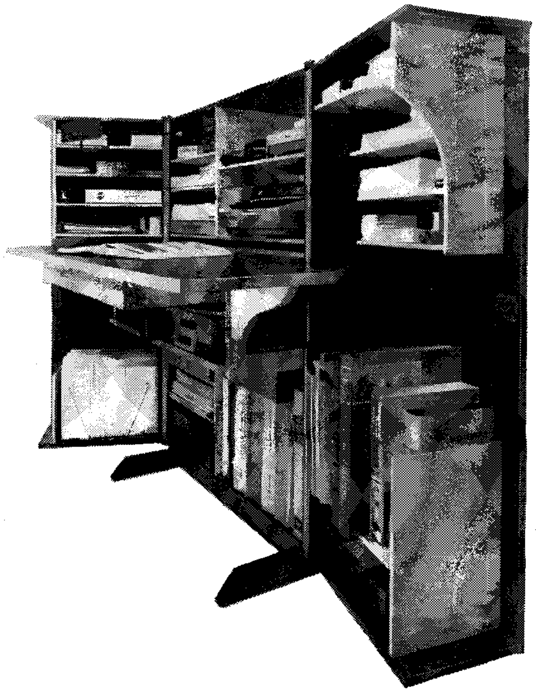

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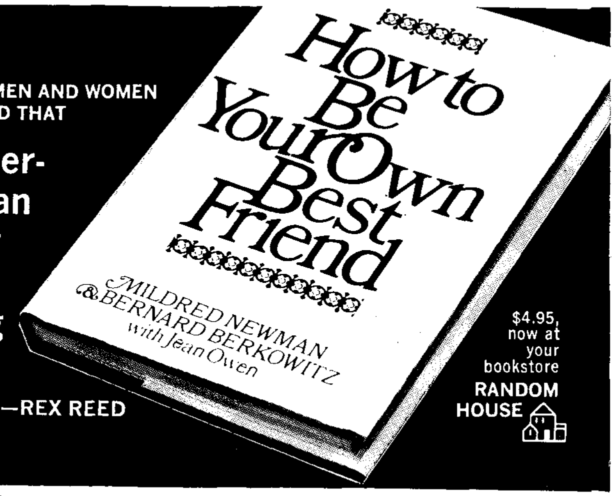
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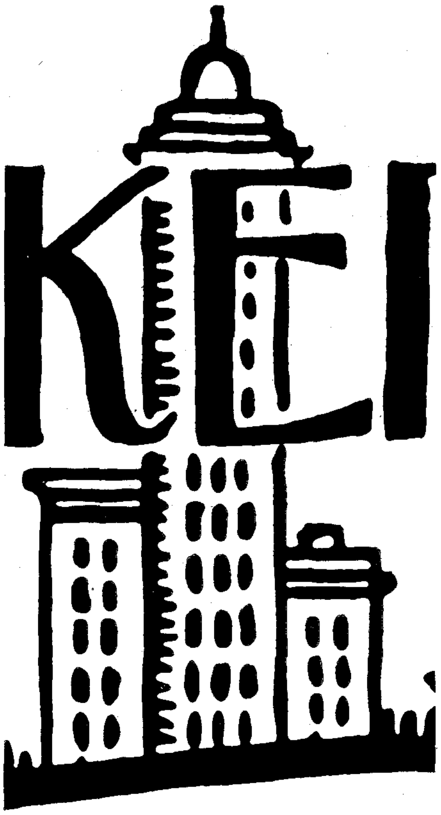

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climax of the story as on the working out of the idea.

FROM HONEY TO ASHES, by Claude Lévi-Strauss (Harper & Row). This second volume in the series "Introduction to a Science of Mythology" continues the French anthropologist's lifelong exploration and analysis of the myths of the South American Indians. The present volume examines myths relating to honey and tobacco, two of the substances most widely used by the Indians, and demonstrates how the two have consistently opposite associations (honey, sensual; tobacco, spiritual) and how tobacco was seen as "reëstablishing between man and the supernatural that communication which the seductive power of honey (which is none other than that of nature) . . . interrupted." Unfortunately, as Professor Lévi-Strauss's structural analyses of myths become more precise, hence useful to other anthropologists, his books become more and more inaccessible to the general reader. Only the extraordinarily beautiful texts of the myths themselves—which are full of events like grandmothers turning themselves into jaguars and anteaters, and language like "In former times, night did not exist. It was daylight all the time. Night slept beneath the waters"—make the book worth the layman's while.

NOTE: "The Devils and Canon Barham," a collection of Edmund Wilson's last essays, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

THE-MEANING-OF-A-WORD

Stanley Munsat,
University of North Carolina

1. What-is-the-meaning-of (the word) "rat"?
2. What is the meaning of a word?
3. What-is-the-meaning-of a word?
4. What is the-meaning-of-a-word?
5. What is the-meaning-of (the word) "rat"?
6. The meaning of the word "x" is "y."
7. The square root of x is y.
8. The-meaning-of (the word) "rat."
9. The meaning of (the word) "rat" is the idea "rat."
10. What-is-the-charge-on that power line?
11. The charge on that line is 600 volts.
12. What are the patient's symptoms?
13. What were your childhood diseases?—*Abstract of a paper delivered at the Pacific Division meeting of the American Philosophical Association.*

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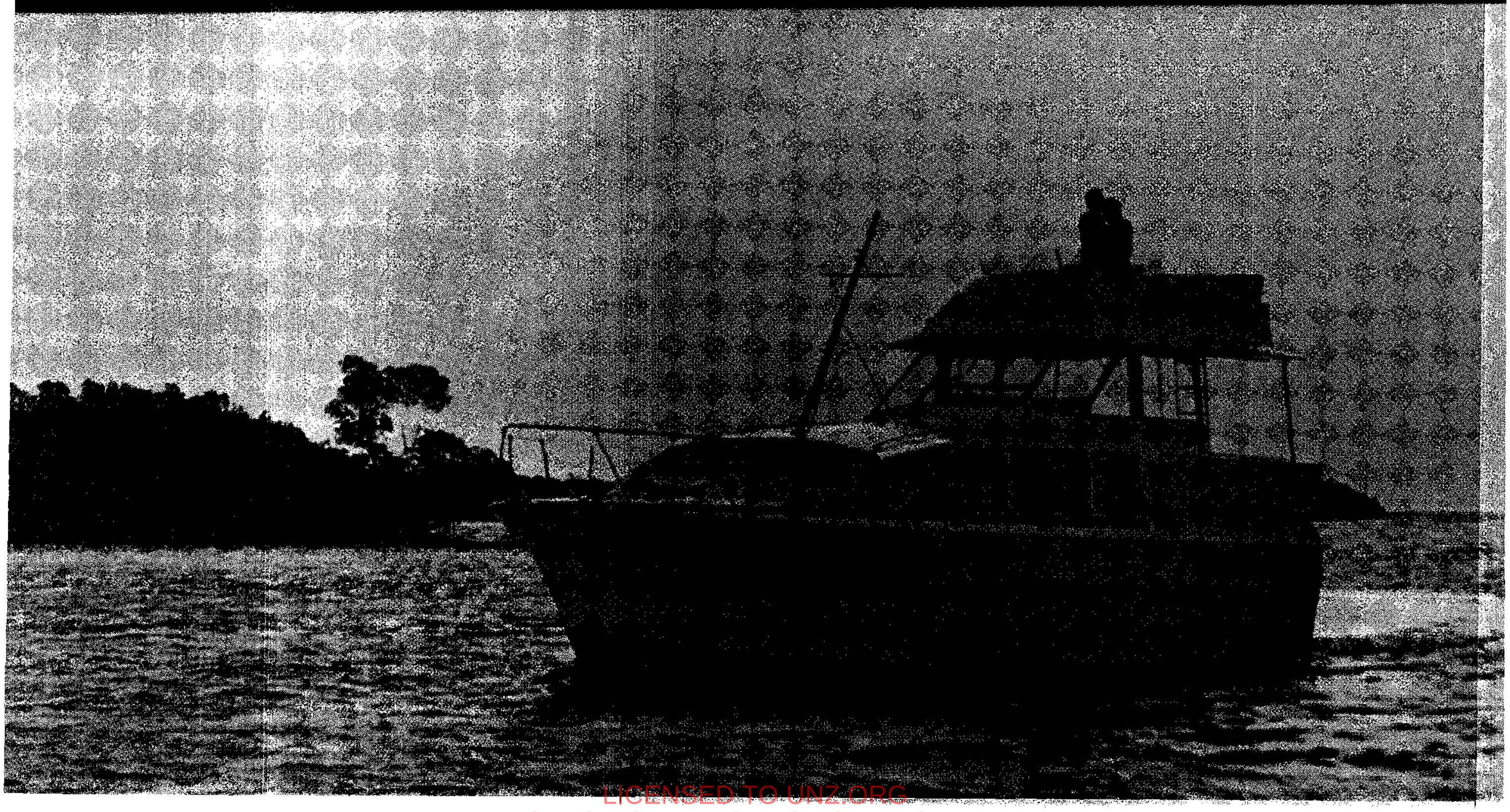

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Here's what Myra Waldo wanted to know about her new General Electric microwave cooking center.

Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. Some of her most popular cookbooks include: *The Complete Round the World Cookbook*, *Myra Waldo's Chinese Cookbook* and *The Complete Book of Wine Cookery*. Miss Waldo's questions about microwave cooking are part of a continuing series answered by General Electric.

Q. How does microwave cooking differ from conventional cooking?

A. In conventional cooking, the air or liquid surrounding the food is heated and heats the surface of the food. This heat is conducted into the interior of the food and cooks it. In microwave cooking, the microwave energy is absorbed only by the food and does not heat the surrounding air. This energy causes the food molecules to vibrate against each other, resulting in friction and creating heat which is conducted through the food and cooks it faster. General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers (Model J896 and Model J856), plus a countertop portable microwave oven (Model JET80). Cooking speed varies with the type of food being prepared, but here are some comparison times:

FOOD	CONVENTIONAL COOKING TIME	MICROWAVE COOKING TIME
Chili	35 Min	15 Min
Thaw Frozen Fruit	10 Min	2 Min
Lasagna	45 Min	17 Min
Stuffed Peppers (6)	60 Min	22 Min
Brownies	25 Min	9 Min
Salmon Loaf	60 Min	14 Min
Scalloped Potatoes	90 Min.	21 Min.

Q. Can I put something from the freezer directly into a microwave oven?

A. Yes. Frozen vegetables (even those in cooking pouches), frozen package entrees and home-frozen dishes can all be prepared quickly and easily with microwave energy. You can soften ice cream or butter to serving consistency in only a few seconds. Meats, depending on size and thickness, generally take only minutes to thaw.

Q. Can I make pastries in my microwave oven?

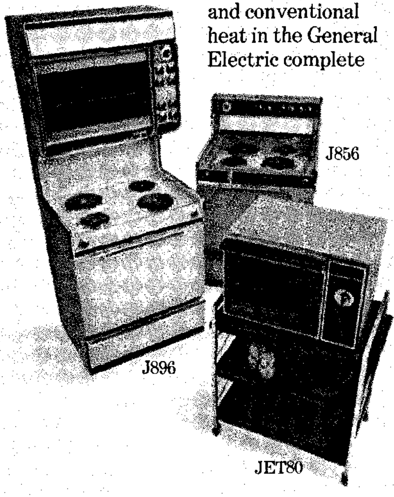
A. Yes. You can expect excellent results with General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers because they have heating elements to provide the conventional heat for browning, while the microwaves provide the speed in cooking. Our portable microwave oven is very effective for pastries which do not require a brown crust for appearance, such as brownies.

Q. When foods are cooked in liquids, does the liquid boil out more rapidly than in conventional ovens?

A. No. There's usually more liquid left because of the shorter cooking time. In a conventional oven, heat and longer cooking time result in more evaporation of liquids and natural juices.

Q. Will a potato skin turn crisp in the baking process?

A. Yes. By using the combination of microwave energy and conventional heat in the General Electric complete microwave cooking centers, potato skins can become very crisp. However, in our portable microwave oven, the natural moisture in a potato keeps the skin moist, and because of the speed of microwave cooking, the skin does not dry out enough to become crisp.



Q. Can I bake a soufflé in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can create superb soufflés with a General Electric complete microwave cooking center, because it supplies conventional heat for browning at the same time the microwaves are baking the soufflé. Because soufflés require delicate treatment, they're not recommended for our portable oven.

Q. Does a microwave oven require any special electrical installation?

A. No. The total connected load of a General Electric complete microwave cooking center is about the same as required by comparable electric range models. Our portable microwave oven requires only a standard 120 volt, 15 ampere grounded outlet.

Q. Is my microwave oven self-cleaning?

A. Yes. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers feature our P-7® Total-Clean™ oven, because they also have a conventional oven and conventional heat bakes on food spills and splatter. The surfaces inside our portable microwave oven remain cool enough so food soils don't bake on. You can clean them easily with a damp cloth.

Q. Can I get my microwave oven serviced easily, should I ever need it?

A. Yes. General Electric's Customer Care... Service Everywhere™ goes with every microwave oven we sell. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go in the U.S.A., you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

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If you'd like to know more about microwave cooking, write: General Electric, Dept. M.O., Ap4-206A, Appliance Park, Louisville, Kentucky 40225.

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